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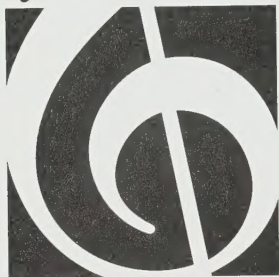
HYMNAL  
COMPANION  
To the  
BOOK OF COMMON  
PRAYER  
WITH TUNES

NO. 1210.

$\frac{2}{6}$



FACULTY  
*of* MUSIC



UNIVERSITY  
OF TORONTO

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John Cozens

THE  
HYMNAL COMPANION

TO THE  
Book of Common Prayer,  
WITH ACCOMPANYING TUNES.

UNDER THE MUSICAL EDITORSHIP OF THE LATE  
JOSEPH THOMAS COOPER,  
ORGANIST OF CHRIST CHURCH, NEWGATE STREET, AND OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

*CANTATE DOMINO.*

SECOND EDITION.

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## PREFACE.

NEARLY seven years have elapsed since the first edition of this work was published. During these years not only have most of the hymn-books in widest circulation been re-issued in a revised form, or supplemented with an Appendix; but their accompanying tune-books also have been re-cast under the Editorship of the first authorities in Ecclesiastical music. This fruitfulness in the Church's service of song has stamped with the seal of general approval a large number of tunes, which at that time were unwritten, or but little known.

As stated in the Preface to the first edition, "This volume has been prepared by a Committee of friends. It contains those venerable tunes of the English Church which have been so long and justly prized, and, through the kind courtesy of their authors and proprietors, a very large number of those modern or revived compositions which have made the last few years an era in Church music, and also several valuable original tunes now first offered for the service of the sanctuary. The most grateful thanks of the Editor of the Hymnal are due first to those friends who have consecrated to the compilation and arrangement of this work an amount of cultivated taste and earnest devotion, which no motives lower than the highest could have sustained,—among whom he cannot refrain from making affectionate mention of C. R. Cuff, Esq., who has been unwearied in this labour of love,—and then to those authors and proprietors of tunes who have so freely and generously placed their valuable compositions at our disposal. The tunes have as far as possible been selected by the Committee on the same principles which guided the Editor in the compilation of the hymns—namely, the selection of those upon which the Church of Christ appears to have set most plainly the broad stamp of her approval. A careful collation of many of the most popular modern tune-books has proved that it is with tunes as with hymns: a very large number of the same tunes are found in every standard compilation. These form the wide and solid foundation of this Musical Edition of the Hymnal Companion. Other tunes, which are evidently rising into like general acceptance, have been adopted wherever permission could be obtained or purchased. While not a few compositions for hymns less generally known, or, as it is believed, less happily set to music before, have been contributed expressly for this work."



It is on the same basis that this revised and enlarged Tune-book has been compiled; and it is now issued under the musical Editorship of the eminent organist, J. T. Cooper, Esq. He is not indeed responsible for the original selection of the tunes, which has been, as before, the work of a few friends who are deeply interested in this work of praise; but every tune has passed under his careful supervision. And a reference to the names of the authors of the tunes, or to the sources from which they are taken, will prove that nearly all are the work of our first composers, or have the sanction of the highest musical authorities. In the final revision for the press we have enjoyed the further advantage of every tune passing under the critical eye of E. J. Hopkins, Esq., the distinguished organist of the Temple Church. His name, and that of the musical Editor, will be in themselves a sufficient guarantee for the work.

How largely those who have been engaged in this selection are indebted to the kindness of others may be gathered from the following acknowledgments, which are most earnestly and gratefully tendered them. The tunes marked with a cross † have been purchased, often on most liberal terms, from their respective authors or owners; and those marked with an asterisk \* are additional tunes not included in the former edition. It will be found that one hundred and twenty more tunes are thus supplied.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has graciously permitted the use of *Gotha* (96, &c.), the composition of the lamented Prince Consort.

Our thanks are also due—

To the Rev. HENRY ALLON for the use of *Houghton* (279, &c.), by the late Dr. Gauntlett, from the “Congregational Psalmist.”

To W. AMPS, Esq., for *Venice* (150, &c.).

To the BISHOP OF ARGYLL AND THE ISLES for *Ewing* (239, &c.).

To E. AYLWARD, Esq., for \* *Sarum* (82).

The late Sir HENRY W. BAKER, Bart. (on behalf of the Compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern), most liberally allowed us the use of *Eventide* (13), *St. Columba* (20), *St. Matthias* (25, &c.), *Nicæa* (33), \* *Cruger* (113), *Hollingside* (140), *Stephanos* (142), *St. Cross* (170), *Southwell* (230), *Jenner* (239), *St. Cuthbert* (253), *St. Gall* (259), \* *Kocker* (325), *All Saints* (360), *Pilgrims* (366), \* *Dominus regit me* (395), *St. Philip* (488), *Melita* (533), and \* *Metrical Litany Chant* (546). The Committee, engaged in this work, feel the greater obligation for the permitted use of these admirable tunes, many of which are now indissolubly associated with the hymns they accompany, from the fact of “Hymns Ancient and Modern” having obtained so vast a circulation that its copyright compositions have a tenfold value. And at the same time they gratefully acknowledge that in assigning other tunes to hymns in this Hymnal they have often been assisted by the felicitous taste displayed in the Musical Edition of “Hymns Ancient and Modern.”



We are also indebted—

To H. BAKER, Esq., Mus. B. Oxon, for his tune *Hesperus* (16, &c.).

To W. S. BAMBRIDGE, Esq., for the use of *Prayer* (212), *Calvary* (266), and *Clewer* (479).

To the Rev. S. M. BARKWORTH for \* *Fiat lux* (118), \* *Dilexi decorem* (209), and \* *Via crucis* (467).

To the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD for \* *Eudoxia* (412).

To JOSEPH BARNEY, Esq., for *Holy Trinity* (30, &c.) and *St. Hilda* (175).

To MRS. BERE for *Troyte's Chant No. 1* (337), *Troyte's Chant No. 2* (354, &c.), and \* *Bridehead* (421).

To FRANK BRAINE, Esq., for *Hayes* (42) and \* *St. Barnabas* (136), from "Hymns for the Church or Home Circle."

To MESSRS. BREWER for the use of \* *Brookfield* (337), by the late Rev. F. Southgate.

To the Rev. R. BROWN BORTHWICK for *St. Peter's, Reinagle* (102, &c.) and *Flensburgh* (367).

To the Proprietors of the BRISTOL TUNE-BOOK for *St. Fabian* (139, &c.) and *Fairfield* (310).

To ARTHUR H. BROWN, Esq., for \*† *Holy Church* (156, &c.) and for the \*† *Metrical Litany Chants* (545, 547, 549).

To Dr. Z. BUCK for *Veni Creator* (537).

To Dr. BUNNETT for the arrangement of \*† *St. Peter's, Mancroft* (361), and for the \*† *Metrical Litany Chants* (545, 548, 550).

To MESSRS. BURNS, OATES, and Co. for the use of *Macfarren* (38, &c.).

To MESSRS. BUSSELL and Co. for the use of \* *Euroclydon* (534), by the Rev. G. W. Torrance.

To G. T. CALDBECK, Esq., for \* *Pax tecum* (32).

To the CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE SOCIETY, with the sanction of James Turle, Esq., for *Emmanuel* (196), *Westminster* (211, &c.), *Cloisters* (307), and *Atone-ment* (478).

The Rev. R. R. CHOPE most kindly allowed us the use of any tunes in his valuable collection, upon acknowledging the source from which they were taken of which permission we have largely availed ourselves, selecting \* *Herbert* (11), \* *St. Richard* (26), *St. Werbergh* (49, &c.), \* *St. Sylvester* (85), *St. Osmund* (104, &c.), *Northampton* (123), *Magdalene* (143), *St. Blaise* (233), \* *La Carita* (or *St. Thomas*), by Wall (273), *St. Alban* (343, &c.), *St. Lambert* (423), \* *St. Aelred* (535), and the arrangement of some other tunes.

J. T. COOPER, Esq., to whose musical judgment and patient cordial co-operation we are so greatly indebted, has not only given us the use of his original tunes *Milman* (41), *Kirkby Lonsdale* (141), *Paraclete* (297), \* *St.*

*Perpetua* (326), \* *Paradisi* (475), but also entirely re-arranged and harmonized many other tunes.

Our thanks are due—

To Messrs. CROSSLEY and CLARKE for the use of *St. Stephen the Sabaite* (142), and \* *St. John Damascene* (234), from “Hymns of the Eastern Church.”

To C. R. CUFF, Esq., for \* *Pastor* (157), *Rosslyn* (417), *St. Clement* (445), *Watton* (465), \* *Metrical Litany Chants* (546, 550), and for many valuable adaptations, as *Hinton Martell* (114), *Mansfield* (284), *Bethel* (312), *Mehul* (419), &c.; and for his unfailing counsel and help throughout the revision of this work.

To the Rev. T. DARLING for *Christ Church* (116, &c.), by Dr. Steggall.

To J. H. DEANE, Esq., for *Sorrento* (35, &c.).

The late Rev. Dr. DYKES, whose cordial sympathy and assistance we shall ever remember, and here desire gratefully to record, composed for the Editor of the Hymnal Companion \* *Etiam et mihi* (154), *Olivet* (224), \* *Semper cum Domino* (240), *Eucharist* (393), *Irene* (455), *Visio Domini* (476); and permitted us to use *Lux benigna* (18) *Nicæa* (33), *St. Werbergh* (49), *Barrington* (56, &c.), \* *Dies Iræ* (68), \* *St. Sylvester* (85), *St. Agnes* (119, &c.), *Hollingside* (140), *Magdalene* (143), \* *St. Bees* (148, &c.), *St. Cross* (170), *Sychar* (171, &c.), *Sanctuary* (187, &c.), *Hosanna* (190), *St. Cuthbert* (253), \* *Rivaulx* (254), \* *Dominus regit me* (395), *Melita* (533), and \* *St. Aelred* (535). Thus no fewer than twenty-five tunes in this collection are due to that gifted and lamented musician.

We are indebted—

To the Lady VICTORIA EVANS-FREKE for \* *Lux Prima* (7), by G. A. Macfarren, Esq., \* *Ellers* (214), by E. J. Hopkins, Esq., and \* *Alleluia* (494), by J. Barnby, Esq.

To Sir G. ELVEY for the use of *St. George* (51, &c.).

To the late Dr. GAUNTLETT for the use of † *Nocturne* (22), † *Vigil* (61), † *Vox Domini* (69), † *University College* (92, &c.), † *Triumph* (107, &c.), † *St. George* (108, &c.), † *St. Alphege* (160, &c.), † *St. Albinus* (185), † *St. Salvador* (217), † *St. Fulbert* (219, &c.), † *Egypt* (324), † *Beaumaris* (386), † *Agnus Dei* (389), † *Salisbury* (500), and \*† *Metrical Litany Chant* (547). Several of these admirable tunes were composed expressly for this work.

To Sir JOHN GOSS for \*† *St. Paul's* (60, &c.).

To the Hon. and Rev. F. R. GREY for \* *Trinity* (256) and *St. Aidan* (333).

To the Hon. and Rev. J. GREY for \* *St. Basil* (379).

To the late CANON HAVERGAL for having permitted us to make free use of the harmonies and arrangements contained in the “Old Church Psalmody”—a permission most courteously continued to us by his family since his lamented death. The tunes \* *Midian* (153), *Evan I.* (194, &c.), \* *Goldbach* (239, &c.),



\* *Massah* (249), \* *Evan II.* (267), \* *Baca* (304), \* *Samos* (321), \* *St. John* (411, &c.), \* *Old XXVth* (487), are his composition. And we are indebted to his daughter, Miss F. R. HAVERGAL, for \* *Nymphas* (74), \* *Hermas* (179), \* *Rabenlei* (410). and \* *Lois* (443), and for many valuable suggestions regarding other tunes.

The late T. HEWLETT, Esq., not only granted us the use of *Dalkeith* (14, &c.), but also *Glenelg*, (463), which appeared first in this work.

Our thanks are also due—

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To BISHOP JENNER for *Jenner* (239, Part II.).

To JAMES LANGRAN, Esq., for *Deerhurst* (222, &c.).

To the BISHOP OF LINCOLN for *Wordsworth* (471), with the sanction of Messrs. Rivingtons.

To H. J. LESLIE, Esq., for \* *Alpha* (425).

To Messrs. MASTERS for † *Redhead*, 47 (36, &c.), † *Redhead*, 4 (106, &c.), \*† *Redhead*, 76 (133, &c.), and \*† *Irby* (414).

To the late Rev. W. MERCER for *Philippi* (31, &c.), *Swabia* (59), and the arrangements of *Halle* (269), *Frankfort* (527), and *Hernhutt* (529).

To Messrs. MORGAN and SCOTT for \* *In sinu Jesu* (440).

To Messrs. NISBET for the use of *Tabor* (24), *Barrington* (56, &c.), *Lancashire* (70, &c.), *Greenland* (137, &c.), *Calvary* (174), *St. Asaph* (178, &c.), and *Evangelist* (308, &c.), from the valuable Presbyterian Tune-book published by them.

To Messrs. NOVELLO for \*† *Kensington New* (64, &c.), by J. Tilleard. *Mendelssohn* (78, &c.), *St. Mildred* (177, &c.), and *Christ Chapel* (203), by Dr. Steggall, \*† *Castle Rising* (313), by the Rev. F. A. Hervey, \*† *St. Gertrude* (322), and \*† *St. Edmund's* (338), by Dr. Sullivan, \*† *Astra Matutina* (364), by E. H. Thorne, \*† *Nissi* (441) and \*† *Hebron* (482), by J. Barnby.

To the Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY for \* *Eastham* (72) and *St. Austin* (257).

To HENRY PARKER, Esq., for \* *Rest* (339).

To ARTHUR PATTON, Esq., for \*† *Vigil* (58).

To J. WALCH, Esq., for \* *Sawley* (288, &c.).

To G. A. POPE, Esq., for \* *Canonbury* (458).

To Messrs. RICHARDSON for \*† *Stella* (299, &c.) and † *O Paradise* (475).

To SAMUEL SMITH, Esq., for \* *Gaudete* (79).

To Sir R. P. STEWART for \* *Victory* (180), \* *Cæli enarrant gloriam* (260), \* *Ora labora* (315), \* *Rejoicing* (442), \* *Boston* (444).

To the late Rev. F. SOUTHGATE for *St. Agatha* (252, &c.).

To Dr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN for \* *St. Patrick* (218), \* *Nearer Home* (237), \* *Cæna Domini* (383), and \* *Metrical Litany Chant* (548).

To E. H. THORNE, Esq., for † \* *St. Thomas* (358).

To JAMES TURLE, Esq., for *Lostwithiel* (368).

TO BRADBURY TURNER, Esq., for the harmonies of \* *Eunice* (405).

TO E. H. TURPIN, Esq., for \* *St. Chrysostom* (251) and \* *Tallis XCVth* (496), from "Hymn Tunes (Weekes)."

TO the Executors of the late BISHOP TURTON for *Ely* (2, &c.).

TO C. J. VINCENT, Esq., for the harmonies of \*† *Fatherland* (17), \*† *Pax tecum* (32), \*† *Consolator* (460), for \*† *Seaham* (271), \*† *Thornfield* (536), and for the following tunes composed for this work—\*† *Southwick* (71), \*† *Tecum volo vulnerari* (169), \*† *Glory* (238), \*† *Sunderland* (244), \*† *Mysterium* (258), \*† *St. Athanasius* (280), \*† *Teesdale* (281), \*† *Via veritas vita* (355), \*† *St. Jude* (470), and \*† *Requiem* (484).

TO J. C. WADE, Esq., for *Holy Cross* (305, &c.) and *Iver* (468).

TO the late Rev. EDWARD C. WALKER, for *King's College* (296), and \* *Kirkbraddan* (342, &c.).

TO J. C. WARD, Esq., for the arrangements of *Ceylon* (112, &c.).

TO F. WEBER for *Paradise* (353, &c.).

TO the late Dr. SEBASTIAN WESLEY for † *Aurelia* (83, &c.).

We desire to acknowledge our indebtedness to Miss M. L. Bradshaw for the music of *Consolator* (460).

Besides the foregoing, this Edition embraces the following compositions not included before, some of them being old standard tunes, and others, tunes whose authorship we have failed to discover, or to which, so far as we are aware, no copyright attaches in England,—\* *Jacob's Double Chant* (29), \* *Gibbons* (87), \* *St. Denis* (100), \* *Communion* (151), \* *Fides* (159), \* *Breslau* (309, &c.), \* *Excelsior* (312), \* *St. Alban Haydn* (323), \* *Marlborough* (336), \* *Munich* (345), \* *Dolomite Chant* (378, &c.), *Italian Chorale* (390), \* *Cologne* (415), \* *Gospel* (462), \* *Meinhold* (485), \* *Astoria* (508), \* *Requiem Shultes* (523, &c.), \* *Attwood* (537), and \* *Brading* (539).

Great efforts have been made to discover the authors of tunes and owners of copyright. But if any cases have eluded their vigilance, the Committee can only throw themselves on the kind indulgence of those whose permission would gladly have been sought.

May it only be vouchsafed those who have prepared, and those who shall use this manual of praise, to join hereafter the choir of those harpers harping with their harps, as they sing that new song, which none can learn but those who are redeemed from the earth.

E. H. B.

CHRIST CHURCH VICARAGE, HAMPSTEAD,  
Easter, 1877.



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When gathering clouds around I view . . . . .								<i>Grant</i>	463
When God of old came down from heaven . . . . .								<i>Keble</i>	243
When his salvation bringing . . . . .								<i>King</i>	419
When I can read my title clear . . . . .								<i>Watts</i>	276
When I survey the wondrous cross . . . . .								<i>Watts</i>	167
When Jesus left his Father's throne . . . . .								<i>Montgomery</i>	413
When languor and disease invade . . . . .								<i>Toplady</i>	459
When little Samuel woke . . . . .								<i>J. Taylor</i>	411
When our heads are bow'd with woe . . . . .								<i>Milman</i>	36
When this passing world is done . . . . .								<i>McCheyne</i>	302
When wounded sore the stricken soul . . . . .								<i>C. F. Alexander</i>	121
Where high the heavenly temple stands . . . . .								<i>Bruce</i>	223
While shepherds watch'd their flocks, &c. . . . .								<i>Tate &amp; Brady</i>	73
Who are these like stars appearing . . . . .								<i>Schenk (Cox)</i>	360
Who is this so weak and helpless . . . . .								<i>How</i>	81
Why should I fear the darkest hour . . . . .								<i>Newton</i>	333
Why those fears behold 'tis Jesus . . . . .								<i>Kelly</i>	328
With joy we meditate the grace . . . . .								<i>Watts</i>	293
With the sweet word of peace . . . . .								<i>Watson</i>	536
Ye boundless realms of joy . . . . .								<i>Tate &amp; Brady</i>	519
Ye servants of God . . . . .								<i>C. Wesley</i>	521
Ye servants of the Lord . . . . .								<i>Doddridge</i>	57
Yes God is good in earth and sky . . . . .								<i>Gurney</i>	435
Your harps ye trembling saints . . . . .								<i>Toplady</i>	511
Zion's King shall reign victorious . . . . .								<i>Kelly</i>	103

N.B.—Many of the above Hymns are copyright: if information is sought regarding these, it will be supplied, so far as he is able, by the Editor of the Annotated Edition, the Right Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH, D.D., Lord Bishop of Exeter.

The following Tables may afford some assistance to the Clergy in selecting suitable hymns for the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the year. Sacramental and other Special Hymns must, it is obvious, be appointed as required.

# PSALMS AND HYMNS PROPER FOR SUNDAYS.

First Sunday of Advent . .	54	64	71	517	67	115	61	13
Second „ „ . .	45	72	263	58	261	63	260	66
Third „ „ . .	55	62	68	113	59	211	69	30
Fourth „ „ . .	8	56	60	116	368	65	57	70
First Sund. after Christmas .	1	80	527	82	81	83	84	85
Second „ „ . .	537	90	529	203	232	299	302	21
First Sunday after Epiphany	3	93	94	88	112	89	264	214
Second „ „ . .	95	228	311	100	114	369	376	16
Third „ „ . .	96	245	312	101	117	395	370	277
Fourth „ „ . .	97	285	356	106	118	453	475	23
Fifth „ „ . .	98	291	450	107	318	465	498	28
Sixth „ „ . .	490	403	122	108	397	458	466	530
Septuagesima Sunday . .	27	259	140	528	470	262	496	17
Sexagesima Sunday . . .	134	46	205	292	365	147	378	339
Quinquagesima Sunday . .	123	212	158	323	461	145	133	32
First Sunday in Lent . . .	5	35	119	380	488	138	150	19
Second „ „ . .	155	382	121	128	467	139	126	11
Third „ „ . .	156	148	489	129	135	385	305	281
Fourth „ „ . .	36	149	387	130	136	141	468	25
Fifth „ „ . .	144	526	124	131	37	175	389	142
Sixth „ „ . .	160	137	125	132	161	159	162	143
Easter Day . . . . .	177	180	186	182	187	179	183	185
First Sunday after Easter .	7	181	184	178	188	268	273	24
Second „ „ . .	189	195	53	325	358	451	499	197
Third „ „ . .	190	202	359	287	452	504	513	198
Fourth „ „ . .	191	246	497	303	360	517	523	366
Fifth „ „ . .	192	252	237	341	505	361	514	519
Sunday after Ascension Day .	221	218	219	220	224	240	234	238
Whitsunday . . . . .	241	242	41	244	249	251	253	537
Trinity Sunday . . . . .	33	254	516	257	526	34	258	256
First Sunday after Trinity .	6	223	265	298	520	541	362	26
Second „ „ . .	2	204	226	266	371	506	534	550
Third „ „ . .	199	332	267	372	10	239 <sup>1</sup>	522	227
Fourth „ „ . .	201	508	269	229	333	239 <sup>2</sup>	373	313
Fifth „ „ . .	9	334	270	374	524	239 <sup>3</sup>	16	29
Sixth „ „ . .	209	357	509	271	542	18	335	230
Seventh „ „ . .	491	336	233	274	510	72	140	13
Eighth „ „ . .	11	275	525	531	337	82	167	236
Ninth „ „ . .	10	304	276	494	338	83	471	31
Tenth „ „ . .	206	306	278	546	71	342	502	483



Eleventh Sun. after Trinity .	345	14	279	307	93	404	85	27
Twelfth „ . . .	512	308	280	235	464	142	535	343
Thirteenth „ . . .	193	346	282	309	425	197	238	473
Fourteenth „ . . .	12	314	286	394	500	340	263	283
Fifteenth „ . . .	194	281	315	113	434	202	311	20
Sixteenth „ . . .	492	48	288	316	474	281	323	410
Seventeenth „ . . .	133	49	301	289	503	253	317	15
Eighteenth „ . . .	507	47	169	290	319	441	354	214
Nineteenth „ . . .	3	51	515	293	285	320	360	367
Twentieth „ . . .	207	294	191	224	321	467	475	18
Twenty-first „ . . .	511	495	233	295	518	322	523	476
Twenty-second „ . . .	208	519	273	296	326	19	287	264
Twenty-third „ . . .	501	493	205	244	251	327	300	417
Twenty-fourth „ . . .	210	225	330	227	521	266	469	215
Twenty-fifth „ . . .	4	297	200	310	344	329	533	22
Twenty-sixth „ . . .	213	324	460	520	331	337	231	216

## PSALMS AND HYMNS PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

St. Andrew . . . . .	110, 318, 351, 353 (with proper stanza)
St. Thomas . . . . .	265, 268, 353 (with proper stanza), 357
Nativity of Christ . . . . .	76, 73, 78, 79, 77, 74, 75, 367
St. Stephen . . . . .	220, 352, 353 (with proper stanza), 368
St. John Evangelist . . . . .	9, 295, 360, 353 (with proper stanza)
Innocents' Day . . . . .	347, 353 (with proper stanza), 443, 445
Circumcision . . . . .	86, 87, 303, 309
Epiphany . . . . .	91, 92, 99, 102, 103, 110, 527
Conversion of St. Paul . . . . .	310, 322, 353 (with proper stanza), 359
Presentation of Christ . . . . .	95, 96, 348, 349
St. Matthias . . . . .	325, 351, 353 (with proper stanza), 363
The Annunciation . . . . .	74, 81, 304, 350
Ash Wednesday . . . . .	120, 488, 489, 136, 146, 156, 137, 149
Monday before Easter . . . . .	134, 138, 163, 488
Tuesday before Easter . . . . .	124, 281, 307, 312
Wednesday before Easter . . . . .	129, 133, 140, 476
Thursday before Easter . . . . .	164, 171, 172, 489
Good Friday . . . . .	166, 170, 173, 547, 165, 163, 167, 168
Easter Even . . . . .	174, 176, 475
Monday in Easter Week . . . . .	6, 498, 513, 517
Tuesday in Easter Week . . . . .	2, 181, 499, 504
St. Mark . . . . .	285, 353 (with proper stanza), 359, 361
SS. Philip and James . . . . .	352, 353 (with proper stanza), 355, 370
Ascension Day . . . . .	217, 218, 222, 224, 225, 226, 227, 237
Monday in Whitsun Week . . . . .	243, 248, 252, 546
Tuesday in Whitsun Week . . . . .	247, 250, 246, 245

St. Barnabas . . . . .	293, 351, 353 (with proper stanza), 374
St. John Baptist . . . . .	320, 338, 341, 353 (with proper stanza)
St. Peter . . . . .	353 (with proper stanza), 354, 368, 370
St. James . . . . .	234, 309, 353 (with proper stanza), 361
St. Bartholomew . . . . .	325, 353 (with proper stanza), 355, 358
St. Matthew . . . . .	353 (with proper stanza), 304, 311, 315
St. Michael and All Angels . . . . .	364, 365, 366, 367, 24
St. Luke . . . . .	121, 353 (with proper stanza), 373, 374
SS. Simon and Jude . . . . .	353 (with proper stanza), 319, 321, 322
All Saints . . . . .	354, 368, 369, 370, 452, 480, 494, 528

## PSALMS AND HYMNS PROPER FOR DAYS OF FASTING.

The forty days of Lent . . . . .	Hymns 119—175
The Ember Days . . . . .	Hymns 42, 537—539, 550
Rogation Days . . . . .	Hymns 38—41
Fridays throughout the year . . . . .	Hymns 35—37, also the Passion Hymns.

Hymns proper for Service appointed for the Twentieth Day of June,  
being the day on which her Majesty began her happy reign  
Hymns 543, 544.

## MARKS OF EXPRESSION.

<i>p</i>	signifies <i>piano</i> , soft.
<i>pp</i>	„ <i>pianissimo</i> , very soft.
<i>mp</i>	„ <i>mezzo piano</i> , moderately soft.
<i>f</i>	„ <i>forte</i> , loud.
<i>ff</i>	„ <i>fortissimo</i> , very loud.
<i>mf</i>	„ <i>mezzo forte</i> , moderately loud.
<i>cr</i>	„ <i>crescendo</i> , by degrees note by note louder and louder.
<i>di</i>	„ <i>diminuendo</i> , by degrees note by note softer and softer.

Each mark of expression is intended to continue in force till the next occurs.



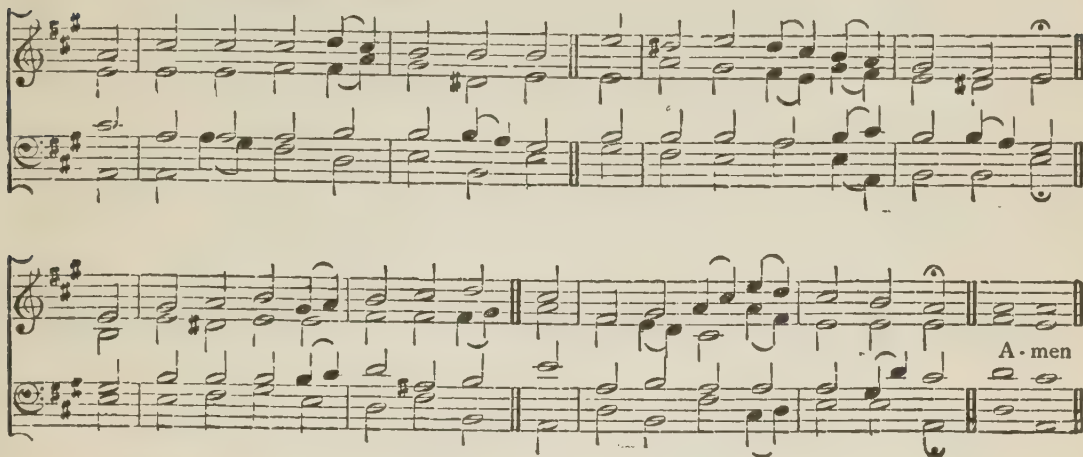
# Morning Prayer.

"VOUCHSAFE, O LORD, TO KEEP US THIS DAY WITHOUT SIN."

## 1. THE MORNING HYMN.

L.M

BARTHELEMON.



*"I myself will awake early."*—Ps. cviii 2.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

*♩* Thy precious time mis-spent redeem ;  
Each present day thy last esteem ;  
Improve thy talent with due care ;  
For the great day thyself prepare.

*mf* By influence of the light Divine  
Let thy own light to others shine ;  
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays  
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High praise to the eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,  
May your devotion me inspire,  
That I, like you, my age may spend,  
Like you may on my God attend.

All praise to thee who safe hast kept  
And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.

*p* Lord, I my vows to thee renew,  
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

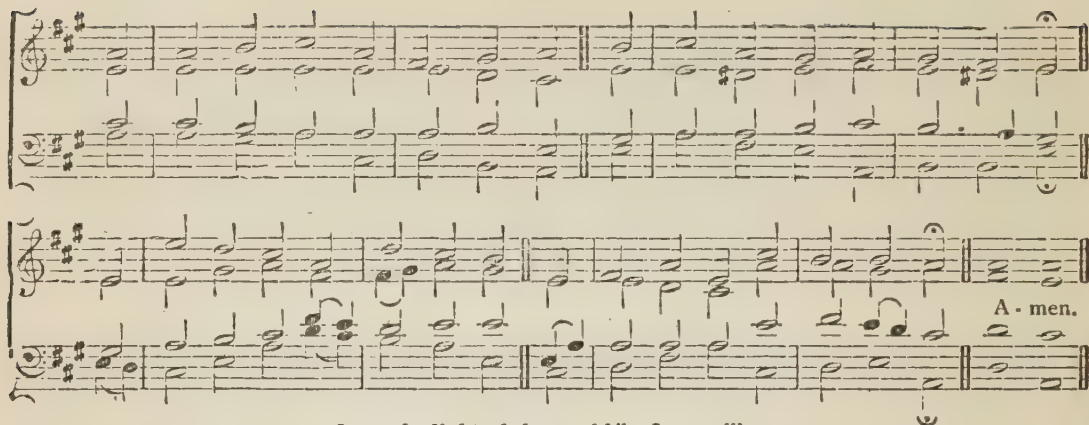
*or* Direct, control, suggest this day  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
*7* That all my powers with all their might  
In thy sole glory may unite *o*

# Morning Prayer.

2. ELY.

L.M

TURTON



"I am the light of the world."—JOHN viii. 12.

O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,  
Thou brightness of thy Father's face,  
Thou fountain of eternal light,  
Whose beams disperse the shades of night :

*mf* Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,  
Shower down thy radiance from above ;  
And to our inward hearts convey  
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

May faith deep-rooted in the soul,  
Subdue our flesh, our minds control ;

May guile depart, and discord cease,  
And all within be joy and peace.

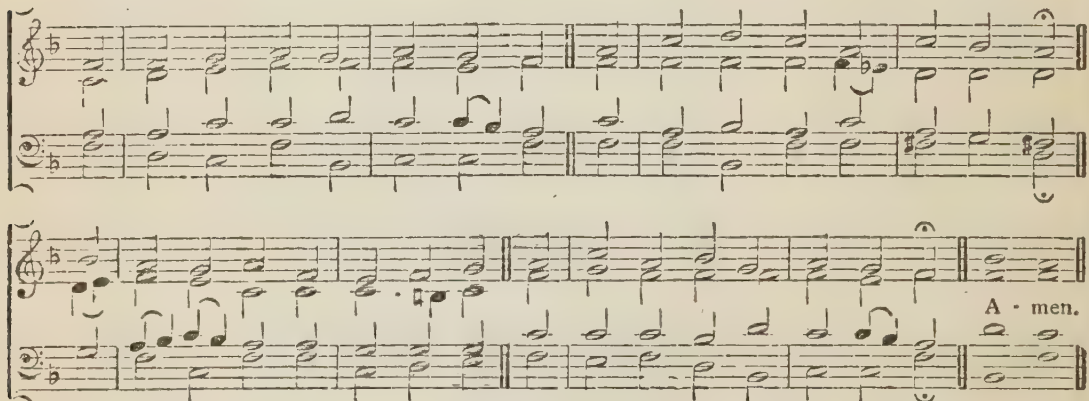
O hallow'd be the approaching day ;  
Let meekness be our morning ray ;  
And faithful love our noon-day light ;  
*p* And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

*f* O Christ, with each returning morn,  
Thine image to our hearts is borne ;  
O may we ever clearly see  
Our Saviour and our God in thee.<sup>a</sup>

3. ST. AMBROSE.

L.M.

Ancient



"His compassions fail not : they are new every morning."—LAM. ii. 22.

*mf* New every morning is the love  
Our waking and uprising prove ;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought

*p* New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray ;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

*m* If on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still of countless price  
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,  
As more of heaven in each we see ;  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care

The trivial round, the common task  
Will furnish all we ought to ask :  
Room to deny ourselves ; a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.

*p* Only, O Lord, in thy dear love  
Fit us for perfect rest above,  
*cr* And help us, this and every day,  
*mf* To live more nearly as we pray.<sup>a</sup>

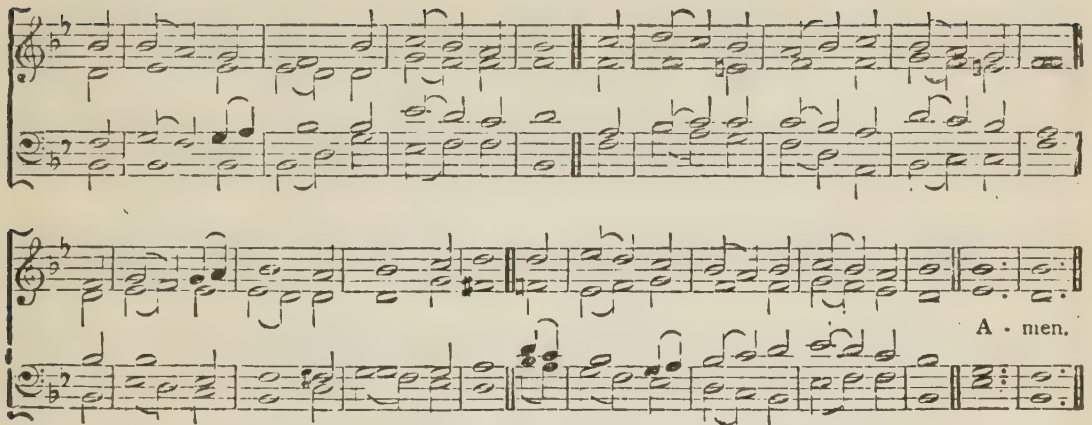


# Morning Prayer.

## 4. WAREHAM.

L.M.

KNAPP.



"When I awake, I am still with thee"—Ps. cxxxix. 18.

*f* My God, how endless is thy love ;  
Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
*mf* And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil, like early dew.

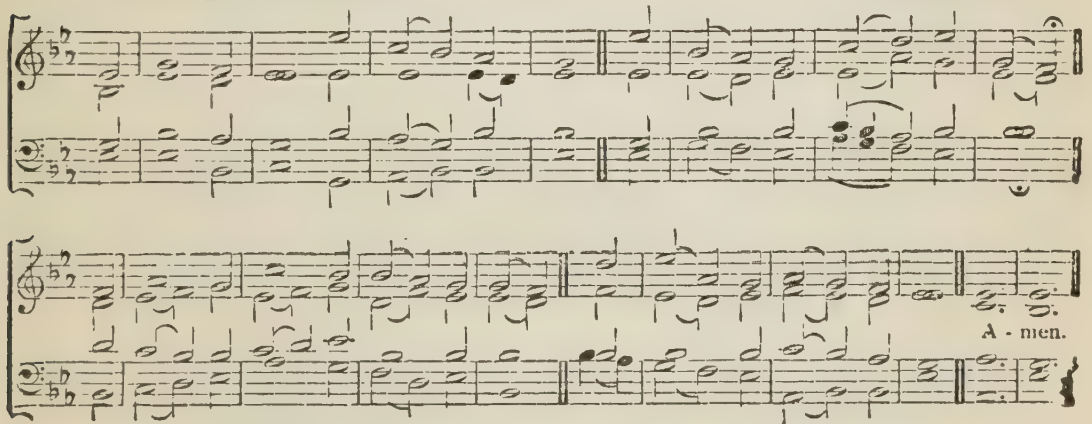
Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my slumbering powers

*f* I yield my powers to thy command,  
To thee I consecrate my days :  
Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.<sup>b</sup>

## 5. MANCHESTER NEW.

C.M.

WAINWRIGHT



"The preparations of the heart in man are from the Lord"—Prov. xvi. 1

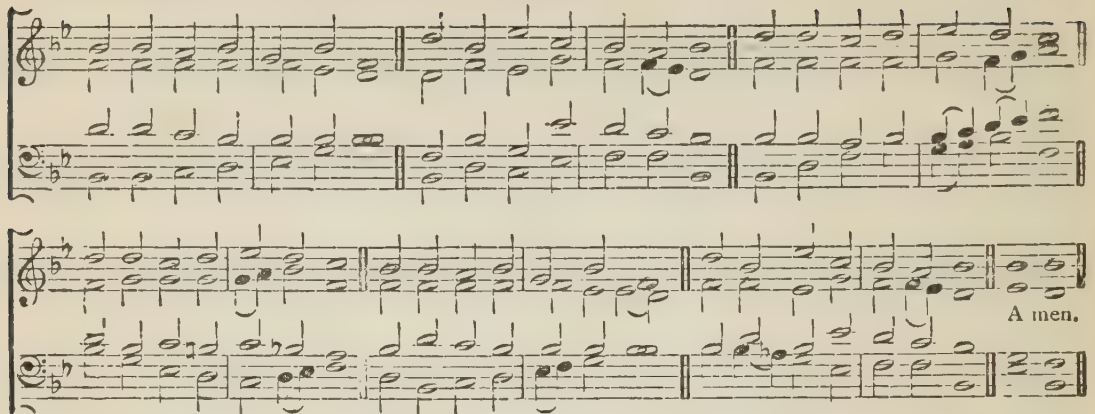
*mp* LORD, teach us how to pray aright,  
With reverence and with fear ;  
*pp* Though dust and ashes in thy sight  
*mp* We may, we must draw near

*mf* We perish, if we cease from prayer ;  
O grant us power to pray ;  
And when to meet thee we prepare,  
Lord, meet us by the way <sup>c</sup>

# Morning Prayer.

## 6. SPANISH CHANT.

SIX 7S.



"Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise."—MAL. iv. 2.

*f* CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only light,  
Sun of righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
Day-spring from on high, be near;  
Day-star, in my heart appear.

*p* Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
Unaccompanied by mirth;  
Joyless is the day's return,

*c* Till thy mercy's beams I see;  
Till they inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart

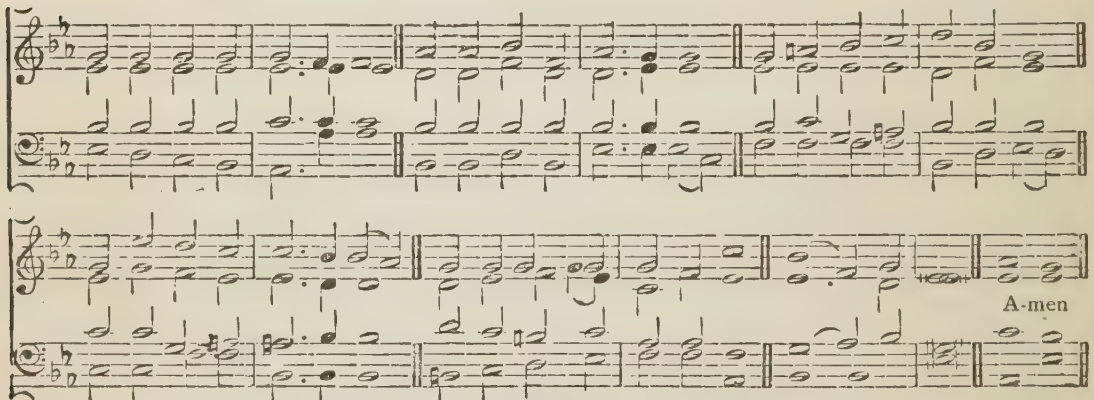
*mf* Visit then this soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill me, Radiance divine;  
Scatter all my unbelief;

*cr* More and more thyself display,  
*f* Shining to the perfect day.<sup>k</sup>

## 7. LUX PRIMA.

7S. 3.

G. A. MACFARREN



"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord."—Ps. v. 3.

*f* JESU, Sun of righteousness,  
Brightest beam of love divine,  
With the early morning rays,  
Do thou on our darkness shine,  
And dispel with purest light  
*di* All our night.

*mp* As on drooping herb and flower  
Falls the soft refreshing dew,  
Let thy Spirit's grace and power  
All our weary souls renew;  
Showers of blessing over all  
*p* Softly fall.

Like the sun's reviving ray,  
May thy love with tender glow  
All our coldness melt away

Warm and cheer us forth to go,  
Gladly serve thee and obey  
All the day.

Oh, our only Hope and Guide,  
Never leave us nor forsake;  
Keep us ever at thy side  
Till the eternal morning break;  
Moving on to Zion's hill,  
Homeward still.

Lead us all our days and years  
In thy strait and narrow way;  
Lead us through the vale of tears  
To the land of perfect day,

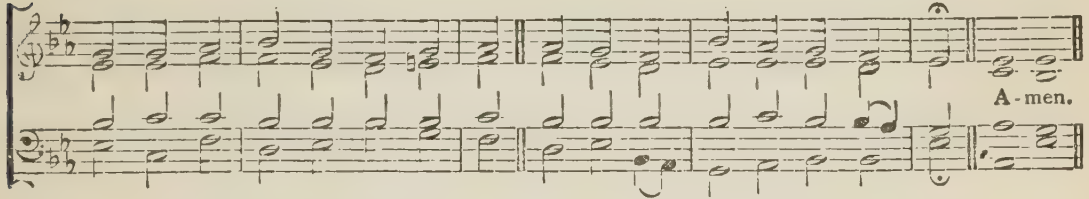
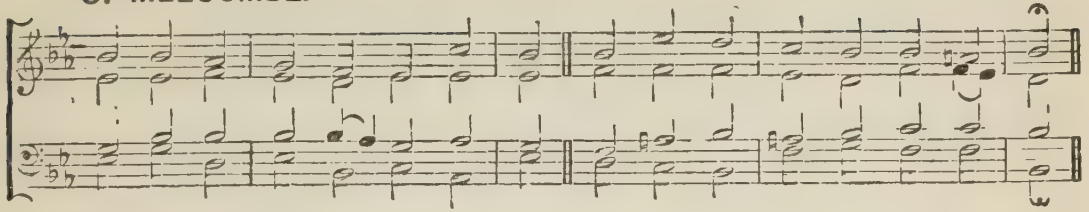
*c* Where thy people, fully blest,  
*p* Safely rest Amen

# Morning Prayer.

## 8. MELCOMBE.

L.M

S. WEBBE.



"The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar."—LEV. vi. 13.

*mf* O THOU, who camest from above  
The pure celestial fire to impart,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for thy glory burn  
Unquench'd, undimm'd in darkest days,

*p* And trembling to its source return  
*cr* In humble prayer and fervent praise.

*mf* Jesu, confirm my heart's desire  
To work, and **speak**, and think for thee;  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up thy gift in me:

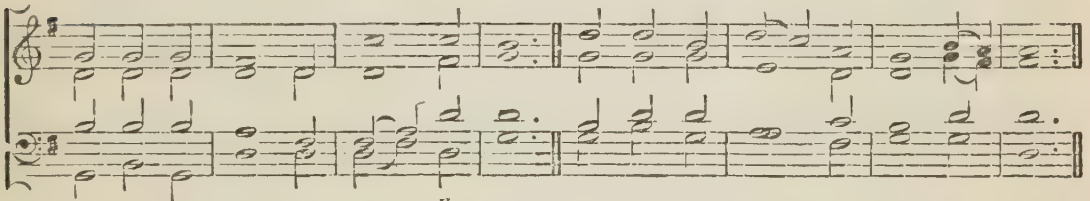
Ready for all thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat;

*cr* Till death thy endless mercy seal,  
*f* And make the sacrifice complete.<sup>b</sup>

## 9. MOZART.

L.M.

MOZART.



"When wilt thou come unto me?"—Ps. ci. 2.

*f* COME to me, Lord, when first I wake,  
As the faint lights of morning break;  
Bid purest thoughts within me rise,  
Like crystal dew-drops to the skies.

*mf* Come to me in the sultry noon,  
Or earth's low communings will soon  
Of thy dear face eclipse the light,  
And change my fairest day to night.

*mp* Come to me in the evening shade,  
And, if my heart from thee hath stray'd,  
Oh, bring it back, and from afar  
Smile on me like thine evening star.

Come to me in the midnight hour,  
When sleep withholds its balmy power  
*p* Let my lone spirit find her rest,  
Like John, upon my Saviour's breast

*mf* Come to me through life's varied way,  
And when its pulses cease to play,  
*f* Then, Saviour, bid me come to thee,  
That where thou art, thy child may be <sup>a</sup>

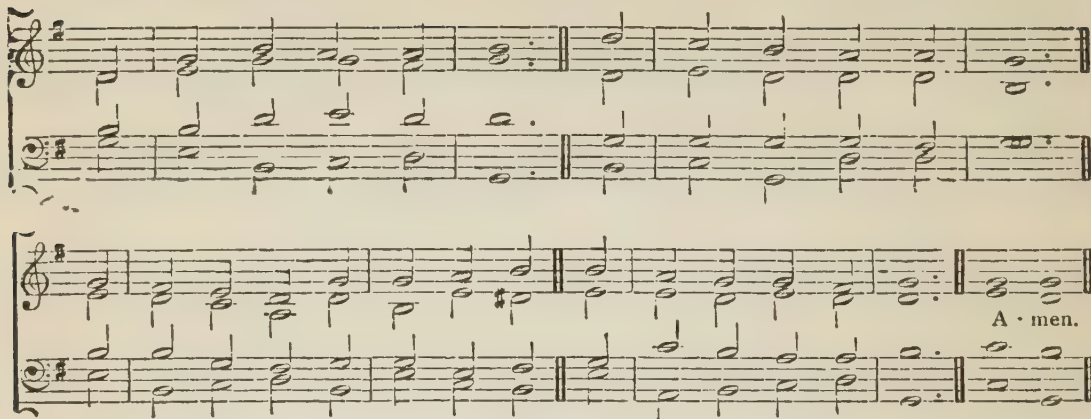


# Morning Prayer.

## 10. ST. MICHAEL

S.M.

From DAY's Psalter.



"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray."—Ps. lv. 17.

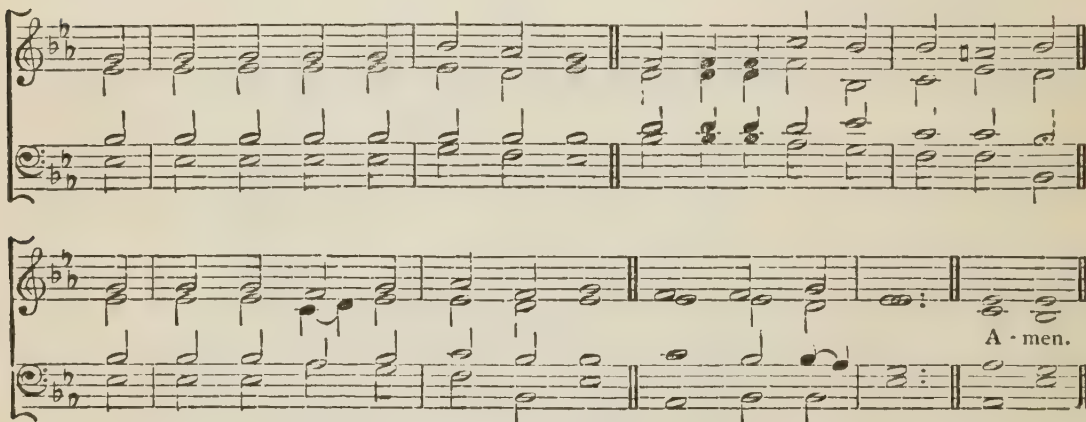
*mf* COME to the morning prayer,  
Come let us kneel and pray;  
*f* Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,  
To walk with God all day.  
*mf* At noon beneath the Rock  
Of Ages rest and pray;  
*p* Sweet is the shadow from the heat,  
When the sun smites by day.

*mf* At eve shut to the door,  
Round the home-altar pray,  
And finding there the house of God,  
*di* At heaven's gate close the day.  
*p* When midnight seals our eyes,  
Let each in spirit say,  
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,  
With thee to watch and pray.<sup>e</sup>

## 11. HERBERT.

8s. 4.

R. R. CHOPR.



"The hour of prayer."—ACTS iii. 1.

*mf* My God, is any hour so sweet,  
From blush of morn to evening star,  
As that which calls me to thy feet,—  
The hour of prayer?  
*mp* Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,  
And blest that hour of solemn eve,  
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,  
The world I leave.  
For then a day-spring shines on me,  
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;  
*cr* And richer dews descend from thee  
Than earth can know.  
*f* Then is my strength by thee renew'd.  
Then are my sins by thee forgiven

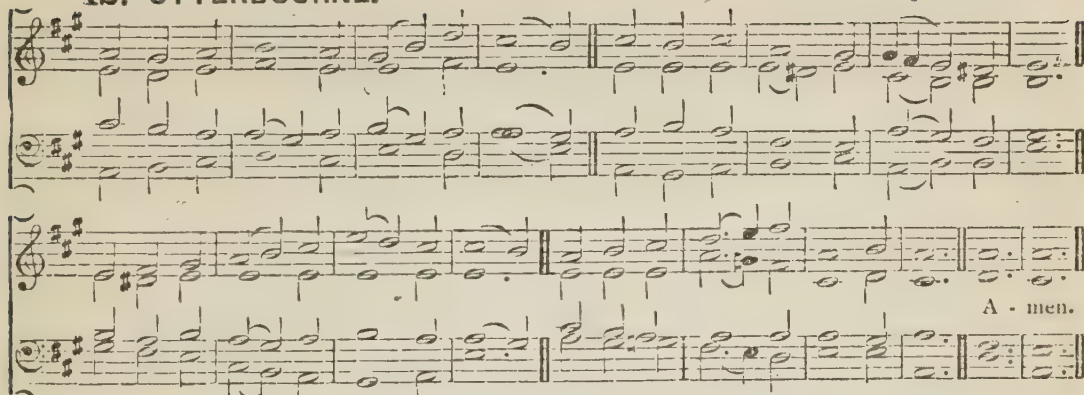
*di* Then dost thou cheer my solitude  
With hopes of heaven.  
*p* No words can tell what blest relief  
There for my every want I find;  
What strength for warfare, balm for grief;  
What peace of mind.  
*pp* Hush'd is each doubt; gone every fear,  
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;  
And even the penitential tear  
Is wiped away  
*mf* Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,  
No privilege so dear shall be,  
As thus my inmost soul to pour  
In prayer to thee

# Morning Prayer.

## 12. OTTERBOURNE.

L.M.

J. HAYDN.



"Walk before me, and be thou perfect."—GEN. xvii. 1.

*mf* FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go  
My daily labour to pursue;  
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,  
In all I think, or speak, or do.  
The task thy wisdom hath assign'd  
O let me cheerfully fulfil;  
In all my works thy presence find,  
And prove thy good and perfect will.  
Thee may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;

And labour on at thy command,  
And offer all my works to thee.

Give me to bear thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray;  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to thy glorious day.

*f* For thee delightfully employ  
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with thee to heaven.<sup>b</sup>

A - men.

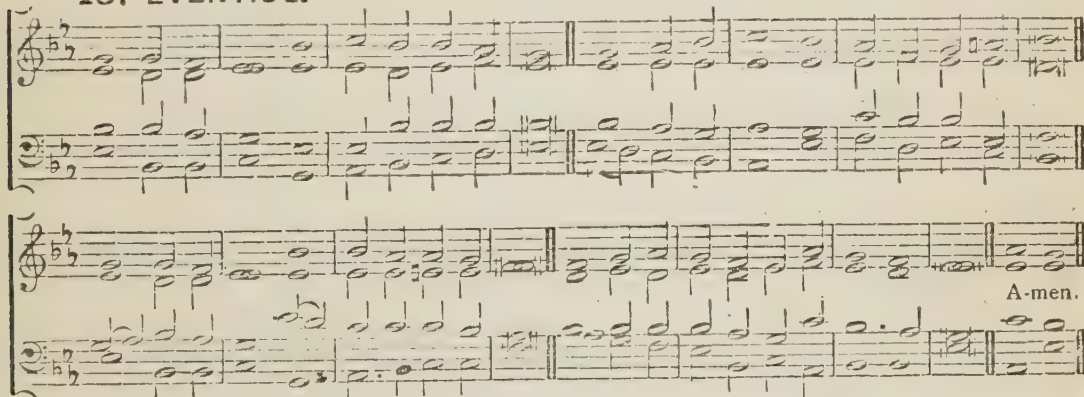
# Evening Prayer.

"LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS, WE BESEECH THEE, O LORD.

## 13. EVENTIDE.

108.

W. H. MONK.



"Abide with us; for the day is far spent."—LUKE xxiv. 29.

*mf* ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide:  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

*p* Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O thou, who changest not, abide with me.

*mp* Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;  
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;  
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour:  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:  
*f* Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

*p* Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
*cr* Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
*f* Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me <sup>d</sup> [ll-e;

This Hymn may also be sung to "Ellers." No. 214.



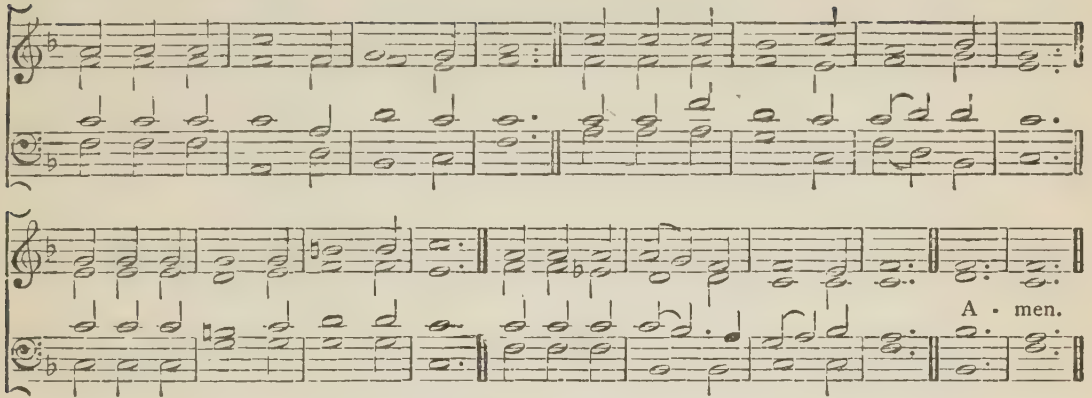


# Evening Prayer.

16. HESPERUS.

L.M.

H. BAKER.



"I will lay me down in peace."—Ps. iv. 8.

*mf* SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if thou be near;  
Oh may no earthborn cloud arise,  
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

*pp* When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

*mf* Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without thee I cannot live;  
*p* Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine  
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

*mf* Watch by the sick, enrich the poor  
With blessings from thy boundless store  
*di* Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
*pp* Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

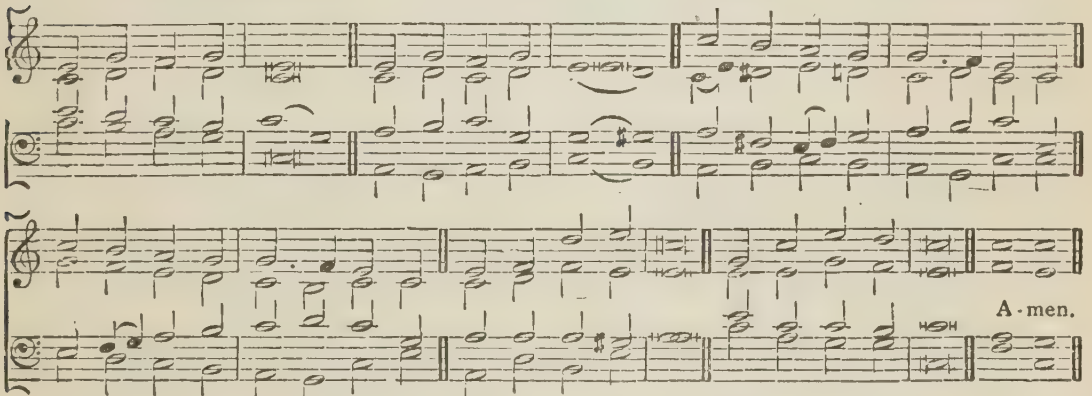
*cr* Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
*r* Till in the ocean of thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.<sup>a</sup>

This Hymn may also be sung to "Hursley," No. 109.

17. FATHERLAND.

5s. 8s.

Revised by C. J. VINCENT, Jun.



"They forsook all, and followed him."—LUKE v. 11.

*mf* JESU, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won;  
*mp* And, although the way be cheerless,  
We will follow, calm and fearless:  
' Guide us by thy hand  
To our Fatherland.

*mp* If the way be drear,  
If the foe be near,  
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
Let not faith and hope forsake us;  
*r* For through many a foe  
To our home we go

*mp* When we seek relief  
From a long-felt grief,  
When oppress'd by new temptations,  
Lord, increase and perfect patience;  
' Show us that bright shore  
Where we weep no more

*mf* JESU, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won:  
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
Still support, console, protect us,  
' Till we safely stand  
In our Fatherland Amen.

# Evening Prayer.

## 18. LUX BENIGNA.

108. 48.

DYKES

"In the daytime also he led them with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire."—Ps. lxxviii. 14

*mf* LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom  
 Lead thou me on.  
 The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
 Lead thou me on.  
*cres.* Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.  
*p* I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou  
 Shouldst lead me on;  
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
 Lead thou me on.  
 I loved the garish day, and spite of fears  
 Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

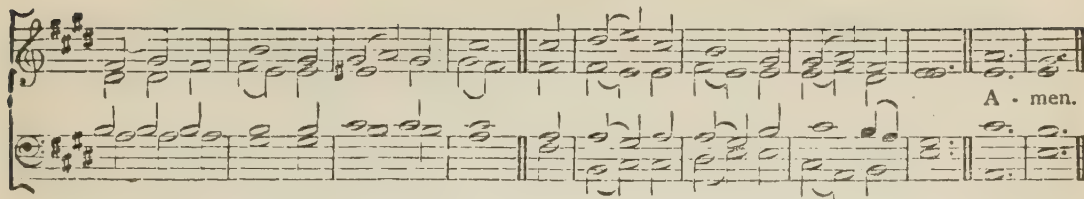
*mf* So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
 Will lead me on  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
 The night is gone,  
 And with the morn those angel faces smile  
*p* Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile  
*mf* Meantime along the narrow rugged path,  
 Thyself hast trod,  
 Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike faith.  
 Home to my God,  
*cres.* To rest for ever after earthly strife  
 In the calm light of everlasting life. Amen

## 19. HOPE.

L. M.

IRONS.

# Evening Prayer.



*"At even they brought unto him all that were diseased."*—MARK i. 32.

*mf* At even, ere the sun was set,  
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;  
*p* O in what divers pains they met!  
*f* O with what joy they went away!

*mp* Once more 'tis eventide, and we,  
Oppress'd with various ills, draw near:  
*cr* What if thy form we cannot see?  
We know and feel that thou art here.

*mp* O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;  
For some are sick and some are sad,  
And some have never loved thee well,  
And some have lost the love they had;

And some have found the world is vain,  
Yet from the world they break not free;  
And some have friends who give them pain,  
Yet have not sought a friend in thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,  
For none are wholly free from sin;  
And they, who fain would serve thee best,  
Are conscious most of wrong within.

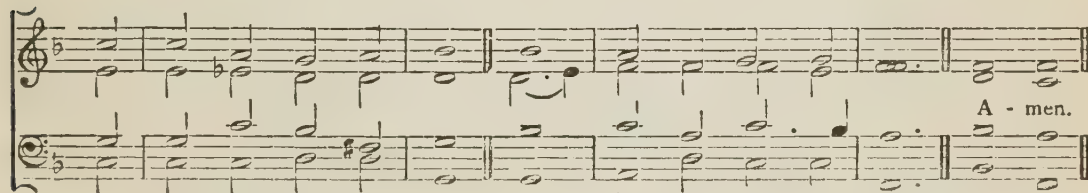
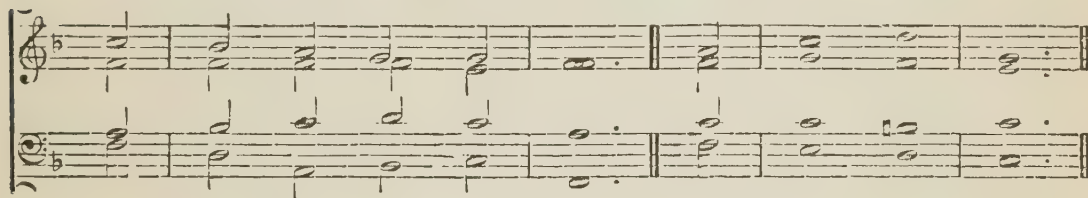
*mf* O Saviour Christ, thou too art man;  
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;  
Thy kind but searching glance can scan  
The very wounds that shame would hide

Thy touch has still its ancient power;  
No word from thee can fruitless fall;  
*p* Hear in this solemn evening hour,  
*cr* And in thy mercy heal us all.<sup>b</sup>

## 20. ST. COLUMBA.

6. 4. 6. 6.

IRONS



*"Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice."*—Ps. cxli. 2.

*mp* THE sun is sinking fast,  
The daylight dies;  
*cr* Let love awake and pay  
Her evening sacrifice.

*tp* As Christ upon the cross  
His head inclined,  
And to his Father's hands  
His parting soul resign'd;

*mf* So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into his sacred charge,  
In whom all spirits live;

*mp* So now beneath his eye  
Would calmly rest,

Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast;

Save that his will be done,  
Whate'er betide;  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In him to all beside.

*mf* Thus would I live: yet now  
Not I, but he  
In all his power and love  
Henceforth alive in me.

*f* One Sacred Trinity,  
One Lord Divine,  
May I be ever his,  
And he for ever mine    **Amen**

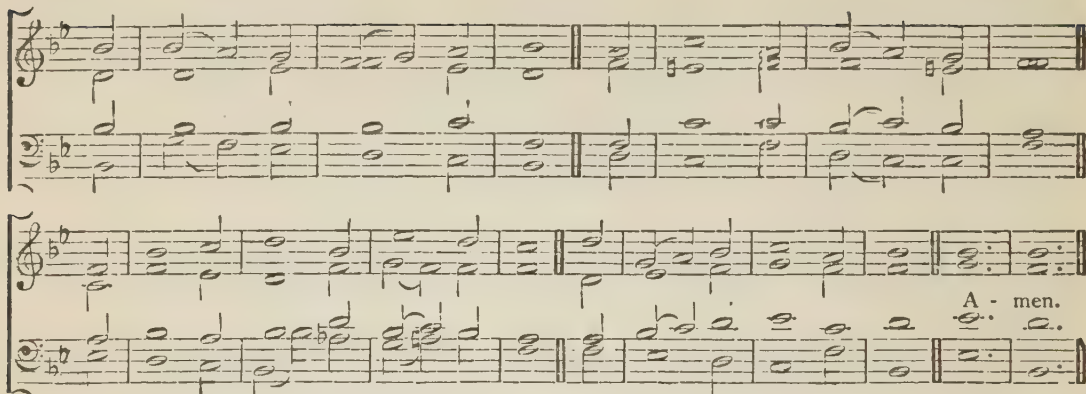


# Evening Prayer.

21. AYNHOE.

S.M.

NARRS.



"I meditate on thee in the night watches."—Ps. lxxiii. 6.

*mf* THE day, O Lord, is spent ;  
Abide with us, and rest ;  
Our hearts' desires are fully bent  
On making thee our guest.  
We have not reach'd that land,  
That happy land as yet,

Where holy angels round thee stand,  
Whose sun can never set.

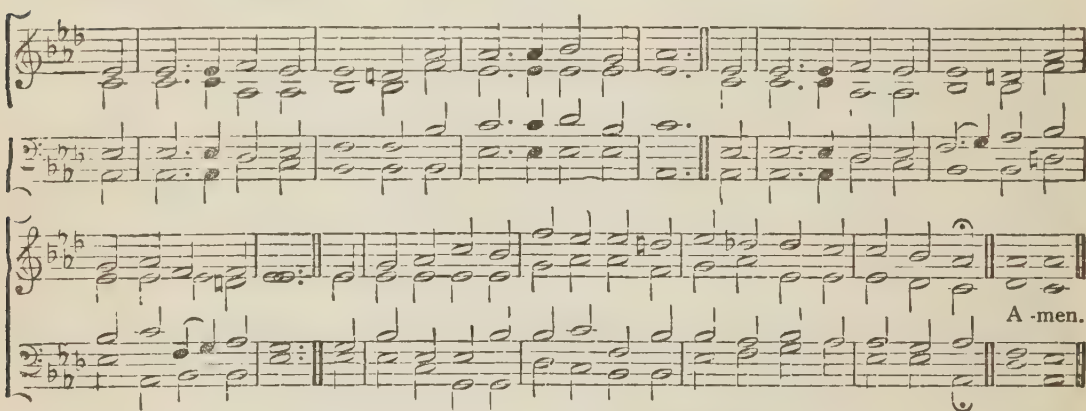
*p* Our sun is sinking now ;  
Our day is almost o'er ;

*f* O Sun of righteousness, do thou  
Shine on us evermore.

22. NOCTURNE.

P.M.

GAUNTLETT.



"Thou, Lord, only makest us to dwell in safety."—Ps. iv. 8.

*f* THE day is past and over :  
All thanks, O Lord, to thee :  
*di* I pray thee that offenceless  
The hours of dark may be.  
*ff* O Jesu, keep me in thy sight,  
And save me through the coming night.  
*n f* The joys of day are over :  
I lift my heart to thee ;  
*di* And call on thee, that sinless

The hours of gloom may be.  
*pp* O Jesu, make their darkness light,  
And save me through the coming night.  
*mf* The toils of day are over :  
I raise the hymn to thee ;  
*di* And ask that free from peril  
The hours of fear may be.  
*pp* O Jesu, keep me in thy sight,  
And guard me through the coming night. ♪

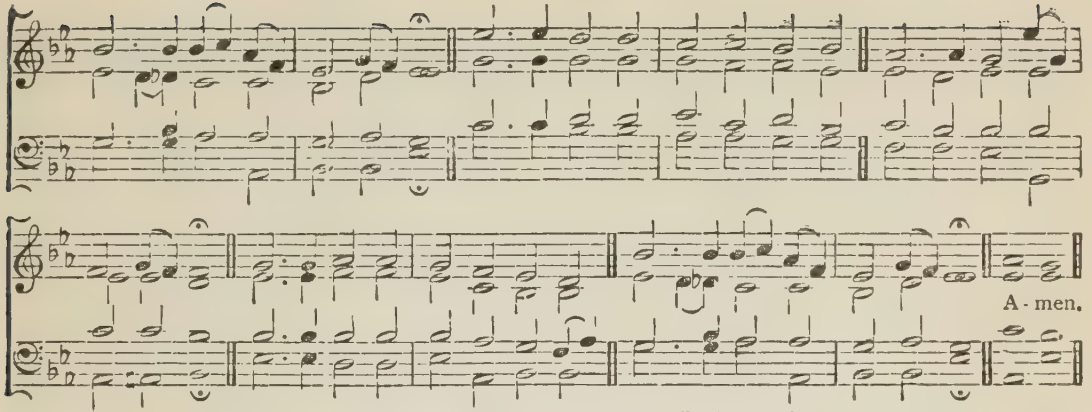
23. SNOWDON.

D. 8s 7s.

WILLIS.



# Evening Prayer.



“He that keepeth thee will not slumber.”—Ps. cxxi. 3.

*mp* SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our spirits deal;  
Sin and want we come confessing,  
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.  
*c* Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from thee;  
*mf* Thou art he, who never weary  
Watchest where thy people be.  
*p* Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrow past us fly,  
*mf* Angel-guards from thee surround us,  
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

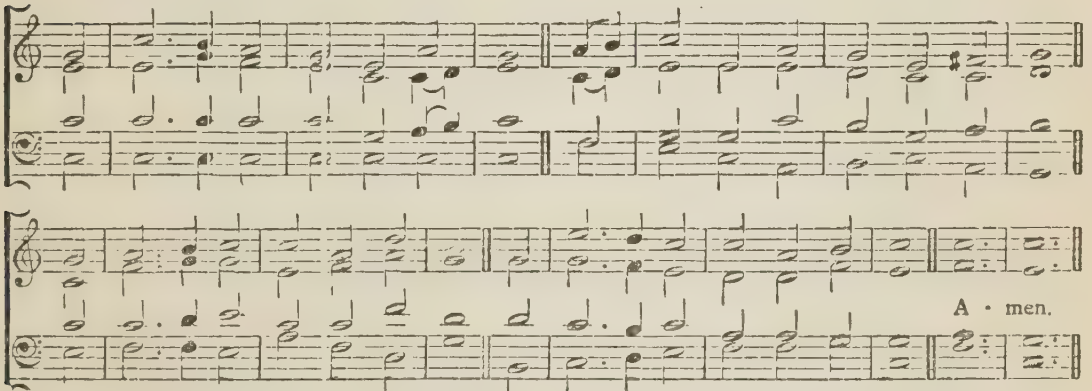
*p* Should swift death this night o’ertake us,  
And our couch become our tomb,  
*mf* May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in light and deathless bloom.  
*p* Father, to thy holy keeping  
Humbly we ourselves resign;  
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,  
Make our slumbers pure as thine:  
Blessèd Spirit, brooding o’er us,  
Chase the darkness of our night,  
*c* Till the perfect day before us  
*f* Breaks in everlasting light.”

This Hymn can also be sung to “Italian Chorale,” No. 165.

## 24. TABOR.

8s.

STEGGALL.



“He shall give his angels charge over thee.”—Ps. xci. 11.

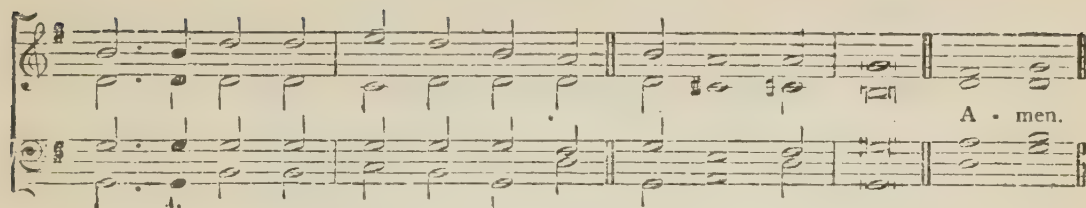
*mp* WHAT though my frail eyelids refuse  
Continual watching to keep,  
And still with the night’s falling dews  
Demand the refreshment of sleep;  
*f* A sovereign Protector I have,  
Unseen yet for ever at hand,  
Unchangeably faithful to save,  
Almighty to rule and command.  
*mf* Beneficent Hearer of prayer,  
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,  
My all to thy covenant cure  
I sleeping and waking resign.  
If thou art my shield and my sun,  
The night is no darkness to me,

And, fast as my moments roll on,  
They bring me but nearer to thee.  
*f* Thy ministering spirits descend  
To watch while thy saints are asleep;  
By day and by night they attend  
The heirs of salvation to keep  
*mf* Thy worship no interval knows,  
Their fervour is still on the wing;  
And, while they protect my repose,  
They chant to the praise of my King  
I too, at the season ordain’d,  
Their chorus for ever shall join;  
*f* And love, and adore, without end,  
Their faithful Creator, and mine





# Evening Prayer.



"I will keep it night and day."—ISA xxvii. 3.

*mf* God, that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light;  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night:

*mp* May thine angel-guards defend us,  
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This livelong night.

*mf* Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;  
*p* And when we die,

May we, in thy mighty keeping,  
All peaceful lie:

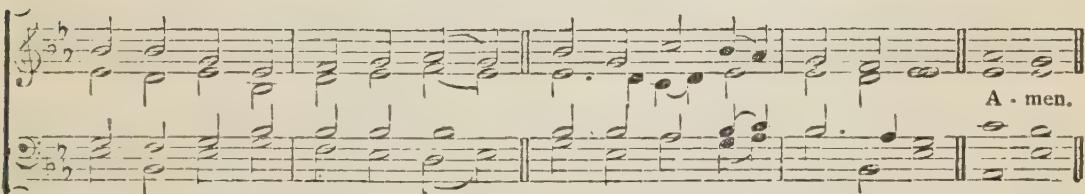
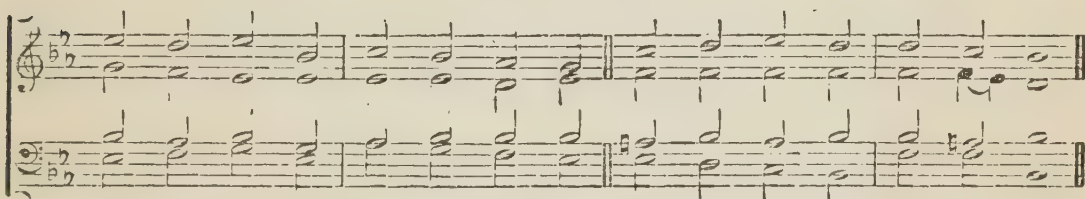
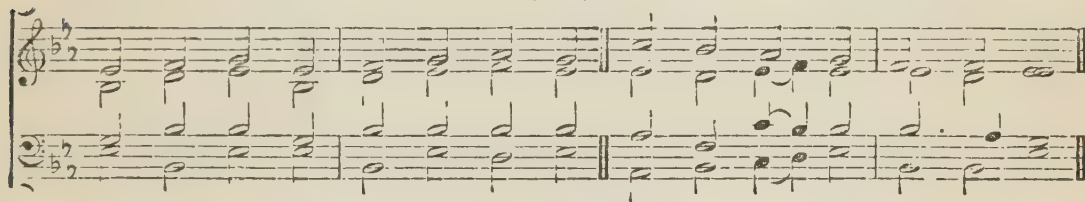
*c* When the last dread call shall wake us,  
Do not thou, our God, forsake us,  
But to reign in glory take us,  
With thee on high.<sup>c</sup>

This Hymn may also be sung to "Southgate," No. 283.

## 27. EVENSONG.

8s. 7s. 7s.

S. WEBBER.



"The Lord is thy keeper."—Ps. cxxi. 5.

*mp* THROUGH the day thy love has spared us,  
Now we lay us down to rest;  
Through the silent watches guard us,  
Let no foe our peace molest:

*mf* Jesu, thou our guardian be,  
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

*mp* Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
Dwelling in the midst of foes;  
Us and ours preserve from dangers;  
In thine arms may we repose;

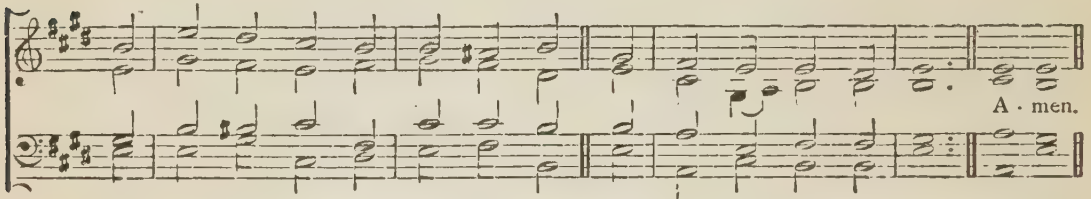
*p* And, when life's short day is past,  
Rest with thee in heaven at last.<sup>o</sup>

# Evening Prayer.

28. FRENCH.

C.M

Scotch Psalter.



A - men.

"I am the Almighty God, walk before me."—GEN. xvii. 1

*mf* LORD, in the day thou art about  
The paths wherein I tread;  
*di* And in the night, when I lie down,  
Thou art about my bed.

*mp* While others in God's prisons lie  
Bound with affliction's chain,  
I walk at large, secure and free  
From sickness and from pain.

*f* 'Tis thou dost crown my hopes and plans  
With good success each day;  
This crown, together with myself,  
At thy blest feet I lay.

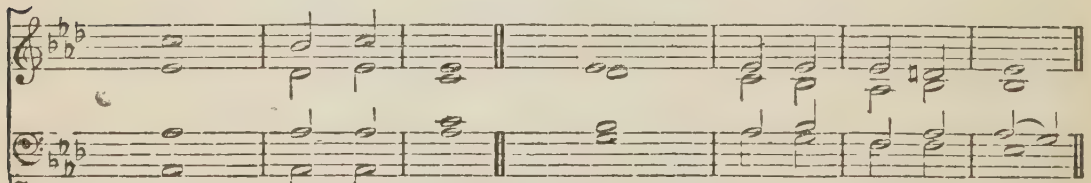
*f* O let my house a temple be,  
That I and mine may sing,  
Hosanna to thy Majesty,  
And praise our heavenly King.<sup>c</sup>

29. DOUBLE CHANT.

P.M

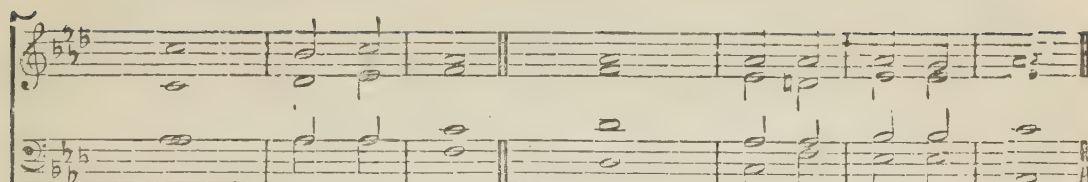
W. JACOBS.

'Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.'—ROM. xiii. 11.

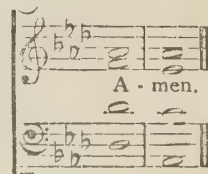


<i>mp</i> 1. ONE sweetly .	so - lemn	thought	Comes . . . . .	to me	o'er and	o'er,—
2. Néarer the . .	great white	throne,	Near . . . . .	er the	cry - stal	sea,
3. Néarer the . .	bound of	life,	Where we . . .	lay our	bur dens	down;
<i>p</i> 4. But lying dark .	ly be -	tween,	Winding	down	thro' the	night,
<i>r</i> 5. Jésus, . . . . .	perfect my	trust,	Strengthen the	hand	of my	faith:
<i>p</i> 6. Feel thee near	when my	feet	Are . . . . .	slipping	over the	brink;

# Evening Prayer.



1. I am néarer my . . . home to - day Than I . . . ever have been be - fore  
 2. Néarer my . . . . . Fa - ther's house, Where the . . . ma - ny man - sions be.  
 3. Nearer léav - - - ing the cross, Nearer . . . . . gain - - ing the crown  
 4. Is the déep and . . . un - known stream To be cross'd . . . ere we reach the light.  
 5. Let me feel thee néar when I stand On the édge . . . of the shore of death  
 6. For it may be I'm near er home, Nearer . . . . . now than I think


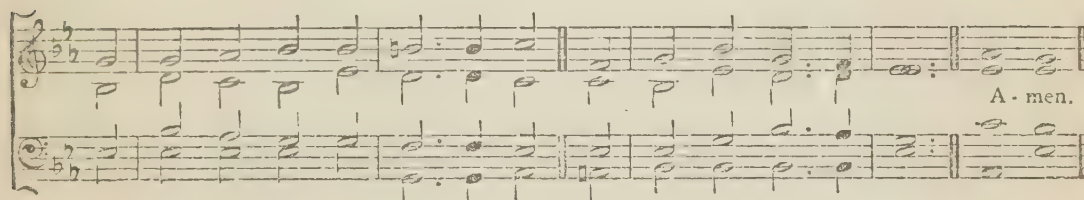


A - men.

## 30. HOLY TRINITY.

C M.

J. BARNBY.

A - men.

*'The everlasting God fainteth not, neither is weary.'*—ISA. xl. 28.

*mf* THERE is an eye that never sleeps  
 Beneath the wing of night ;  
 There is an ear that never shuts,  
 When sink the beams of light :

There is an arm that never tires,  
 When human strength gives way ;  
 There is a love that never fails,  
 When earthly loves decay.

7 That eye is fix'd on seraph throngs ;  
 That arm upholds the sky ;  
 That ear is fill'd with angel songs ;  
 That love is throned on high.

*mp* But there's a power, which man can wield,  
 When mortal aid is vain,  
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach,  
 That listening ear to gain.

*c'* That power is prayer, which soars on high  
 Through Jesus to the throne,  
 And moves the hand, which moves the world,  
 To bring salvation down.*c*

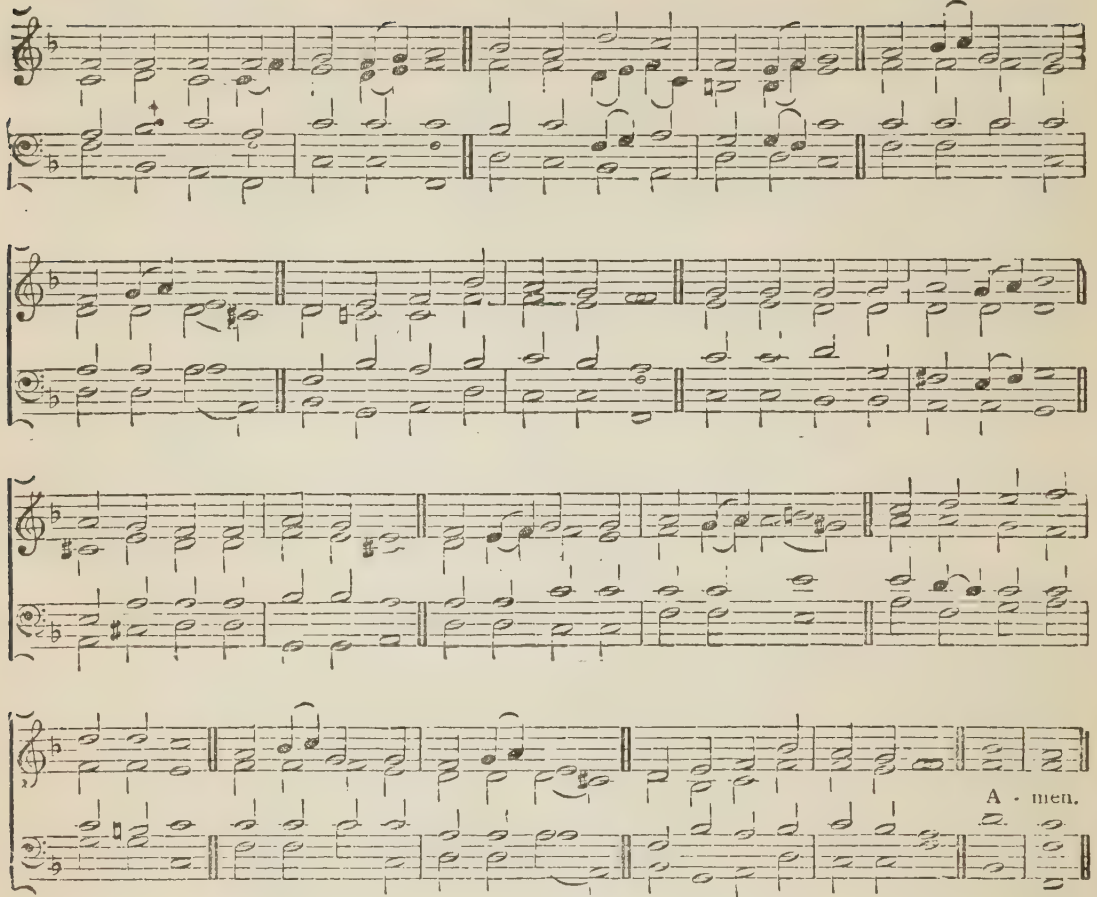


# Evening Prayer.

31. PHILIPPI.

TEN 7S.

M. COSTA.



"So he giveth his beloved sleep."—Ps. cxxvii. 2.

*mp* FATHER, by thy love and power,  
Comes again the evening hour :  
Light has vanish'd, labours cease,  
Weary creatures rest in peace ;  
Thou, whose genial dews distil  
On the lowliest weed that grows,  
Father, guard our couch from ill,  
Grant thy children sweet repose :  
We to thee ourselves resign,  
Let our latest thoughts be thine,

Saviour, to thy Father bear  
This our feeble evening prayer :  
Thou hast seen how oft to-day  
We like sheep have gone astray ;  
Worldly thoughts and thoughts of pride,  
Wishes to thy cross untrue,  
Secret faults and undescried  
Meet thy spirit-piercing view ;  
Blessèd Saviour, yet through thee  
Pray that we may pardon'd be.

Holy Spirit, breath of balm,  
Fall on us in evening's calm ;  
Yet awhile, before we sleep,  
We with thee will vigils keep.  
Lead us on our sins to muse,  
Give us truest penitence ;  
Then the love of God infuse,  
Breathing humble confidence ;  
Melt our spirits, mould our will,  
Softens, strengthen, comfort still.

*mf* Blessèd Trinity, be near  
Through the hours of darkness drear ;  
Then, when shrinks the lonely heart,  
Thou, O God, most present art.  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Watch o'er our defenceless head ;  
Let thy angels' guardian host  
Keep all evil from our bed ;  
Till the flood of morning rays  
Wake us to a song of praise..

# Evening Prayer.

32. PAX TECUM.

IOS.

G. T. CALDBECK.



"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee."—ISA. xxvi. 3.

*mp* PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin :  
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

*mf* Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd :  
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round :  
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

*mp* Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away :  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

*f* Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown :  
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

*mp* Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours :  
Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its powers

*di* It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall cease,

*p* And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

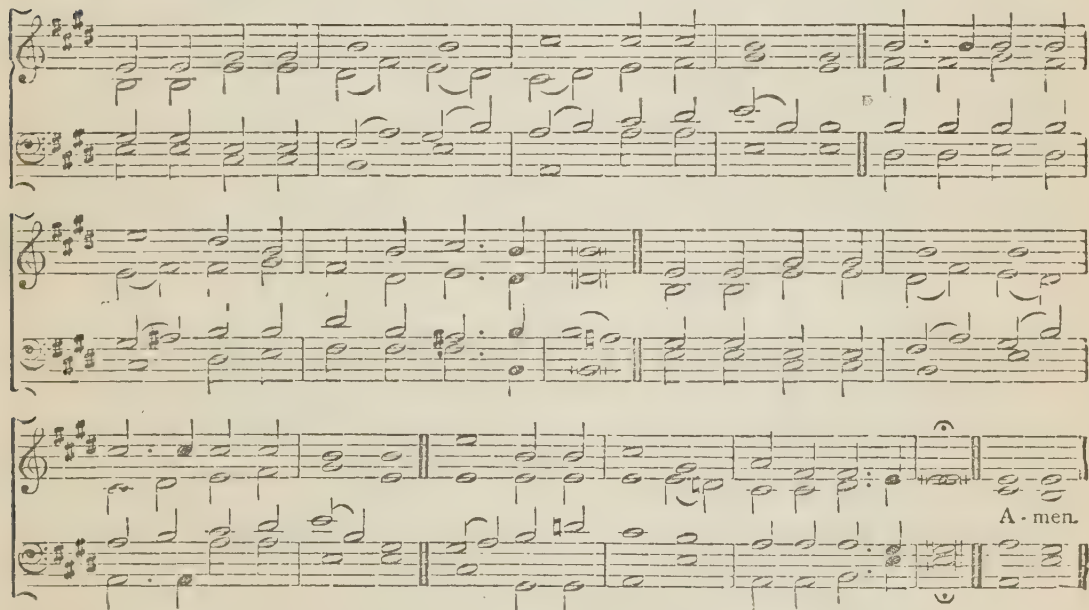
## The Creeds at Morning Prayer.

"THE CATHOLIC FAITH IS THIS : THAT WE WORSHIP ONE GOD IN TRINITY,  
AND TRINITY IN UNITY."

33. NICÆA.

P.M.

DYKES.



"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy."—REV. iv. 8.

*p* HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,  
*mf* Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee ;  
*f* Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty,  
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity.

*p* Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not  
*mf* Only thou art holy : there is none beside thee (see,  
*f* Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

*mf* Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the  
glassy sea ;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,  
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and  
sky, and sea :

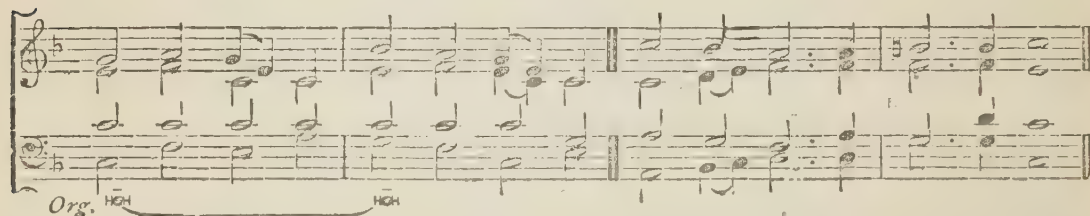
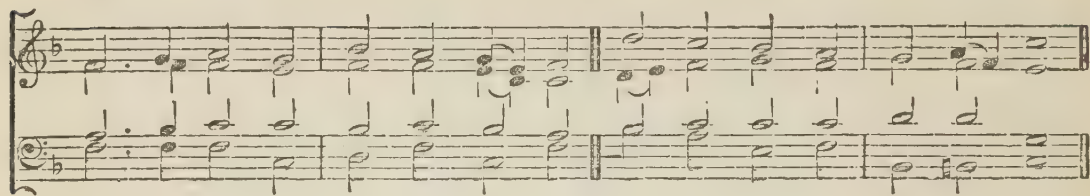
*mf* Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty,  
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity.

# The Creeds at Morning Prayer.

34. AUSTRIA.

D. 8s. 7s.

HAYDN.



"One cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy."—ISA. vi. 3.

*mf* BRIGHT the vision that delighted  
Once the sight of Judah's seer ;  
Sweet the countless tongues united  
To entrance the prophet's ear.  
Round the Lord in glory seated,  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Fill'd his temple and repeated  
Each to each the alternate hymn :—

*f* "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fulness stored ;  
Unto thee be glory given,  
*p* Holy, holy, holy Lord."  
*f* Heaven is still with glory ringing,  
Earth takes up the angels' cry—  
*p* "Holy, holy, holy,"—singing,  
*cr* "Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."

*mf* With his seraph train before him,  
With his holy Church below,  
Thus conspire we to adore him,  
Bid we thus our anthem flow :  
Thus, thy glorious name confessing,  
We adopt thy angels' cry,  
*p* "Holy, holy, holy,"—blessing  
*cr* "Thee, the Lord of hosts most high."



# The Litany.

"LORD, HAVE MERCY UPON US."

## 35. SORRENTO.

D. 7S.

J. H. DEANE.

"In that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted."  
~HEB ii. 18.

*f* SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee  
Low we bow the adoring knee;  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;  
O by all thy pains and woe  
Suffer'd once for man below,  
Bending from thy throne on high,  
*pp* Hear our solemn litany.

*mp* By thy helpless infant years,  
By thy life of want and tears,  
By thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness  
By the dread mysterious hour  
Of the insulting tempter's power,  
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,  
*fp* Hear our solemn litany.

*mp* By the sacred griefs that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
By the boding tears that flow'd  
Over Salem's loved abode;  
By the anguish'd sigh that told  
Treachery lurk'd within thy fold;  
From thy seat above the sky,  
*fp* Hear our solemn litany.

*mp* By thine hour of dire despair;  
By thine agony of prayer;  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn  
By the gloom that veil'd the skies  
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;  
Listen to our humble cry,  
*fp* Hear our solemn litany.

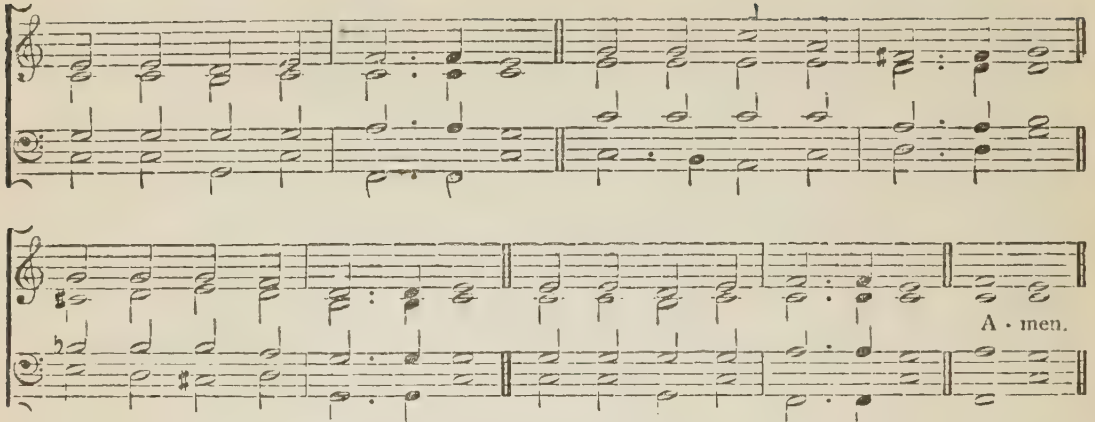
By thy deep expiring groan;  
By the sad sepulchral stone;  
By the vault, whose dark abode  
*c* Held in vain the rising God:  
*f* O from earth to heaven restored  
Mighty re-ascended Lord,  
*di* Listen, listen to the cry  
*f* Of our solemn litany.

# The Litany.

36. REDHEAD. (No. 47.)

7s.

REDHEAD.



"Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me."—MARK x 47.

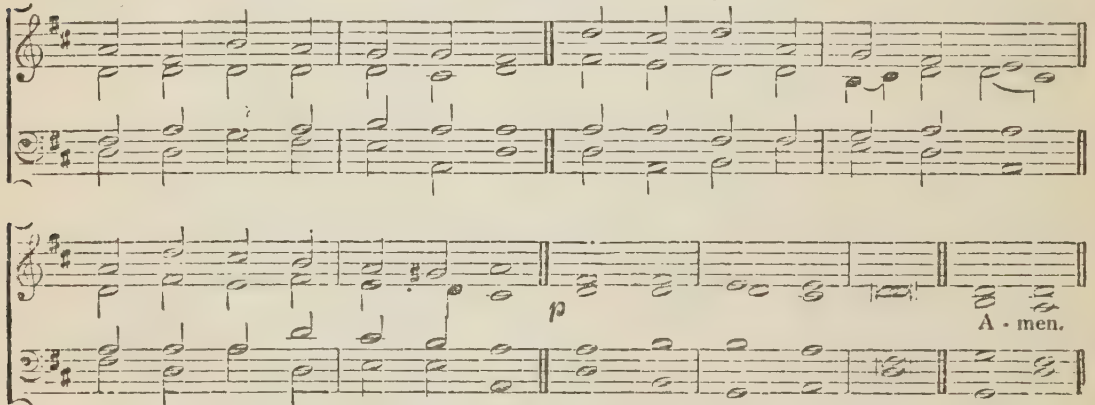
*p* WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
*cr* "Jesu, Son of David," hear.  
*p* Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;  
Thou hast shed the human tear;  
*cr* "Jesu, Son of David," hear.  
*ff* Thou hast bow'd the dying head;  
Thou the blood of life hast shed;  
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier;  
*cr* "Jesu, Son of David," hear.

*p* When the heart is sad within  
With the thought of all its sin;  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
*r* "Jesu, Son of David," hear.  
*p* Thou the shame, the grief hast known;  
Though the sins were not thine own;  
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear:  
*cr* "Jesu, Son of David," hear.  
*f* Thou hast pass'd through death's dark shade;  
Thou hast full atonement made;  
*ff* Thou to God's right hand art near:  
*di* "Jesu, Son of David" hear.

37. CAPETOWN.

7s. 5.

Ancient



"Hide not thine ear at my breathing, at my cry."—LAM. iii. 56.

*mf* LORD of mercy and of might,  
Of mankind the life and light,  
Maker, Teacher infinite,  
*p* Jesu, hear and save.  
*mf* Who, when sin's primeval doom  
Gave creation to the tomb,  
Didst not scorn a virgin's womb,  
*p* Jesu, hear and save.  
*mf* Strong Creator, Saviour mild,  
Humbled to a mortal child,

*p* Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,  
Jesu, hear and save.  
*r* Throned above celestial things,  
Borne aloft on angels' wings,  
*ff* Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
*p* Jesu, hear and save.  
*mf* Soon to come to earth again,  
Judge of angels and of men,  
*di* Hear us now, and hear us then,  
*p* Jesu, hear and save.

# Prayers upon several Occasions.

"FAVOURABLY WITH MERCY HEAR OUR PRAYERS.

IN TIME OF DEARTH, OR WAR, OR PLAGUE.

38. MACFARREN.

D.C.M.

G. A. MACFARREN

"O Lord, correct me, but with judgment."—JER. x. 24.

*mp* GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer, while at thy feet we fall,

And humbly, with united cry, to thee for mercy call ;

The guilt is ours, but grace is thine, O turn us not away,

*c* But hear us from thy lofty throne, and help us when we pray

*mp* Our fathers' sins were manifold, and ours no less we own,

*c* Yet wondrously from age to age thy goodness hath been shown

*mp* When dangers, like a stormy sea, beset our country round,

*c* To thee we look'd, to thee we cried, and help in thee was found

*p* With one consent we meekly bow beneath thy chastening hand,

And, pouring forth confession meet, mourn with our mourning land ;

*c* With pitying eye behold our need, as thus we lift our prayer,

Correct us with thy judgments, Lord, then let thy mercy spare. *d*

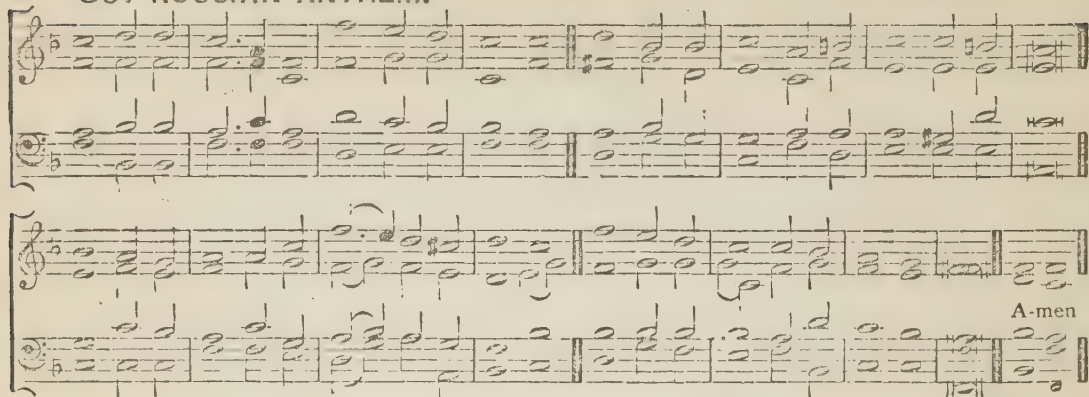


# Prayers upon several Occasions.

## 39. RUSSIAN ANTHEM.

P. M.

Russian National Air.



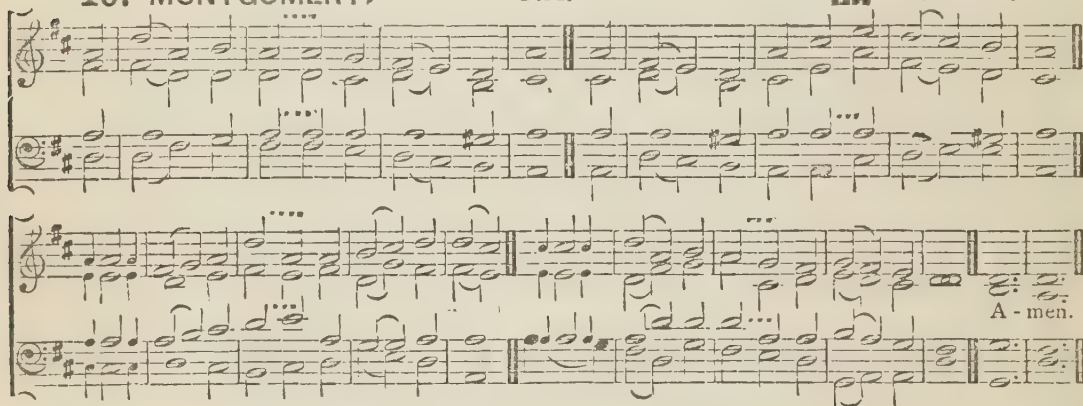
"Peace shall be upon Israel."—Ps. cxxv. 5.

<i>mf</i> God the all-terrible! King, who ordainest Great winds thy clarions, the lightnings thy sword; Show forth thy pity on high where thou reignest:	<i>p</i> God the all-merciful! earth hath forsaken Thy ways of blessedness, slighted thy word: Bid not thy wrath in its terrors awaken:
<i>p</i> Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.	<i>p</i> Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
<i>mf</i> God the omnipotent! Mighty Avenger, Watching invisible, judging unheard,	<i>mf</i> So shall thy children, in thankful devotion, Laud him who saved them from peril abhorr'd,
<i>di</i> Doom us not now in the hour of danger:	<i>cr</i> Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
<i>p</i> Give to us peace in our time, O Lord	<i>f</i> Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

## 40. MONTGOMERY.

P. M.

STANLEY.



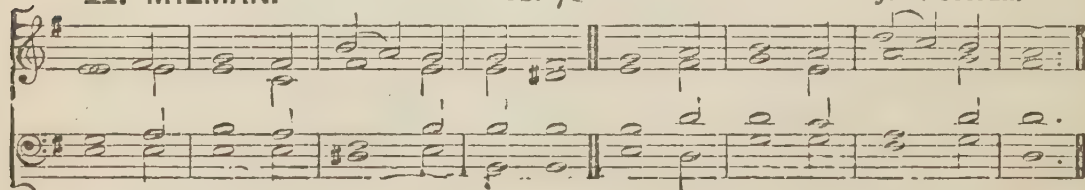
"Persecuted, but not forsaken."—2 COR. iv. 9.

<i>mp</i> O THOU that dwell'st in the heavens high, Above yon stars, and within yon sky, Where the dazzling fields never needed light Of the sun by day, or the moon by night.	We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust With none to look to, and none to trust. The powers of darkness are all abroad, They know no Saviour. they fear no God;
<i>mf</i> Though flaming millions around thee stand, For the sake of him at thy right hand,	<i>p</i> And we are trembling in dumb dismay, O turn not thou thy face away.
<i>p</i> O think on those that have cost him dear, Now lingering in sadness and darkness here.	<i>mf</i> Thine aid, O Mighty One, we crave: Not shorten'd is thine arm to save.
<i>mp</i> Our night is dreary, and dim is our day, And if thou shalt turn thy face away,	<i>p</i> Let not thine anger ever burn; Return, O Lord of hosts, return.

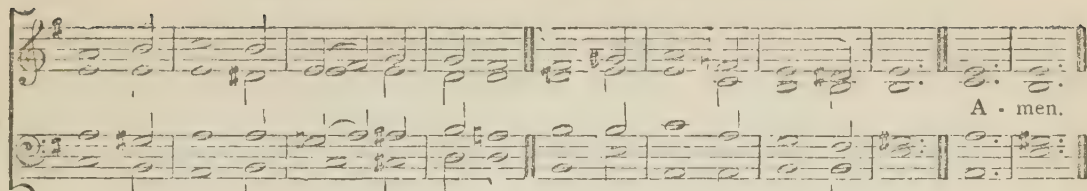
## 41. MILMAN.

8s. 7s

J. T. COOPER.



# Prayers upon several Occasions.



"O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive • O Lord, hearken and do."—DAN. ix. 19.

*mf* DREAD Jehovan, God of nations,  
From thy temple in the skies,  
Hear thy people's supplications,  
Now for their deliverance rise.

*p* Lo, with deep contrition turning,  
Humbly at thy feet we bend;  
Hear us fasting, praying, mourning;  
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

*mp* Though our sins, our hearts confounding,  
Long and loud for vengeance call,  
*cr* Thou hast mercy more abounding,  
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

*mf* Let that love veil our transgression;  
Let that blood our guilt efface;

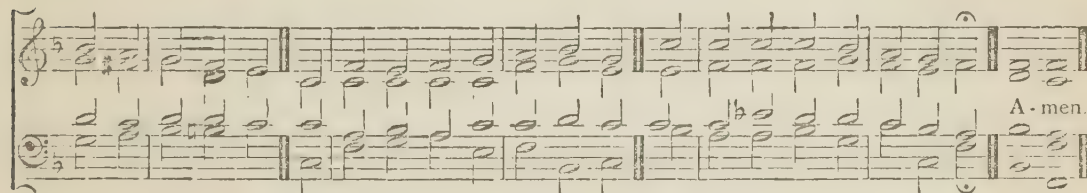
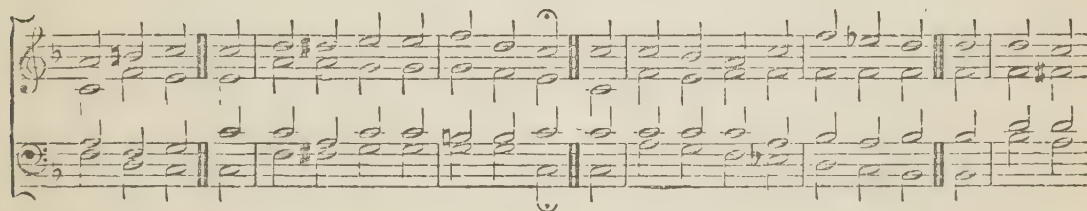
*di* Save thy people from oppression;  
Save from spoil thy holy place.<sup>m</sup>

IN THE EMBER WEEKS.

42. HAYES.

D.L.M.

Adapted from BEETHOVEN.



"God be merciful unto us, and bless us."—Ps. lxvii. 1.

*mf* LORD, cause thy face on us to shine;  
Give us thy peace, and seal us thine:  
Teach us to prize the means of grace,  
And love thy earthly dwelling-place;  
May we in truth our sins confess,  
Worship the Lord in holiness,  
*f* And all thy power and glory see,  
Within thy hallow'd sanctuary.

*mf* Bless all whose voice salvation brings  
Who minister in holy things:  
Our bishops, priests, and deacons bless:  
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness

Let many in the judgment day,  
Turn'd from the error of their way,  
*f* Their hope, their joy, their crown appear;  
Save those who preach and those who hear

*p* O King of Salem, Prince of Peace,  
Bid strife among thy subjects cease:  
*cr* One is our faith, and one our Lord:  
One body, Spirit, hope, reward;  
One God and Father of us all,  
On whom thy church and people call.

*f* O may we one communion be,  
One with each other, one in thee

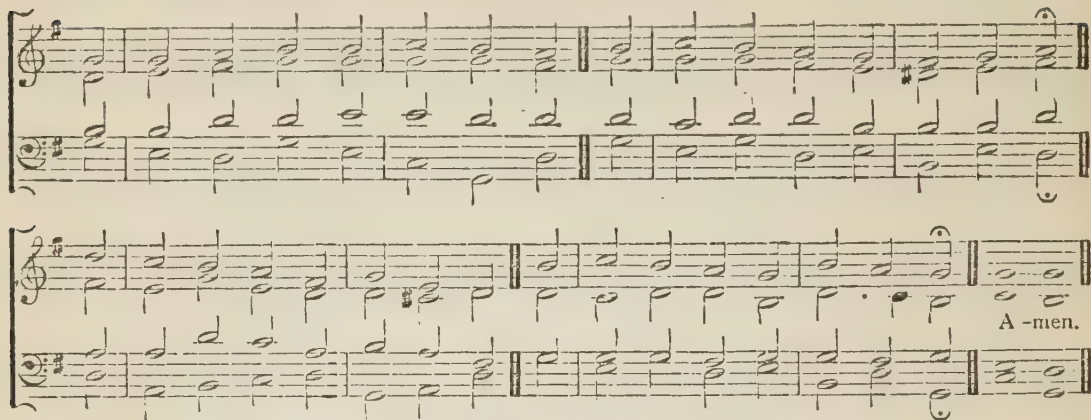
# Prayers upon seberal Occasions.

FOR THE HIGH COURT OF PARLIAMENT.

## 43. MAGDEBURG.

L.M.

GOUDIMEL.



*"Cause thy face to shine and we shall be saved."*—Ps. lxxx. 3.

*mf* THOU Framer of the light and dark,  
Steer through the tempest thine own ark ;  
Amid the howling wintry sea,  
*p* We are in port if we have thee.  
*mf* The rulers of this Christian land,  
"Twixt thee and us ordain'd to stand,

Guide thou their course, O Lord, aright ;  
Let all do all as in thy sight.

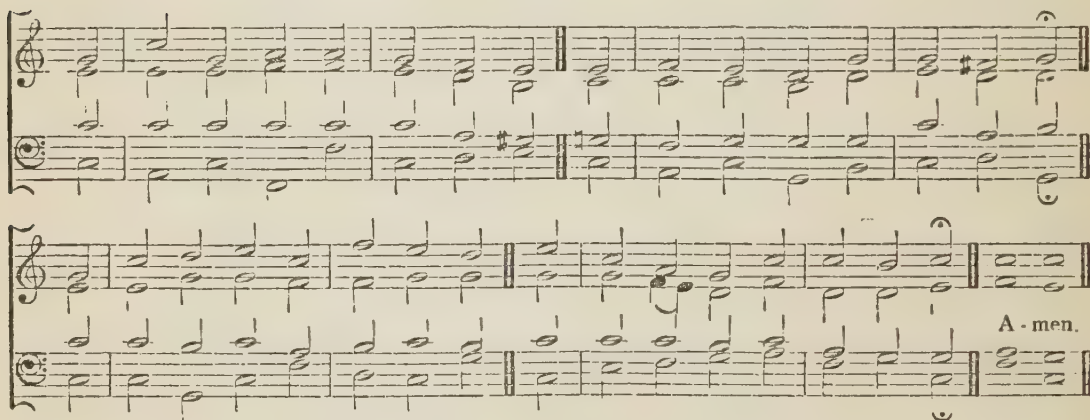
*f* O God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Hear thou in heaven thy children's cry,  
*di* And in our hour of need be nigh. Amen.

A PRAYER FOR ALL CONDITIONS OF MEN.

## 44. CRASSELLIUS.

L.M.

CRASSELLIUS.



*"I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh."*—ACTS ii 17.

*p* O SPIRIT of the living God,  
In all thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.  
Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciling word ;  
Give power and unction from above,  
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.  
Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;  
Confusion, order in thy path ;

Souls without strength inspire with might ;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

*mp* O Spirit of the Lord, prepare  
All the round earth her God to meet ;  
*cr* Breathe thou abroad, like morning air,  
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

*f* Baptize the nations ; far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record ;  
*ff* The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every kindred call him Lord. *b*

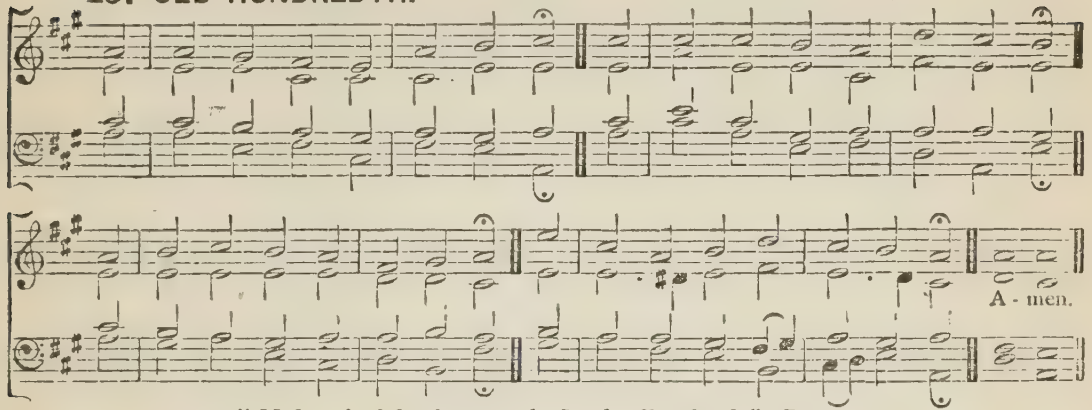


# Thanksgivings upon several Occasions.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.  
A GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

## 45. OLD HUNDREDTH.

L.M.



"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands."—Ps. c. 1.

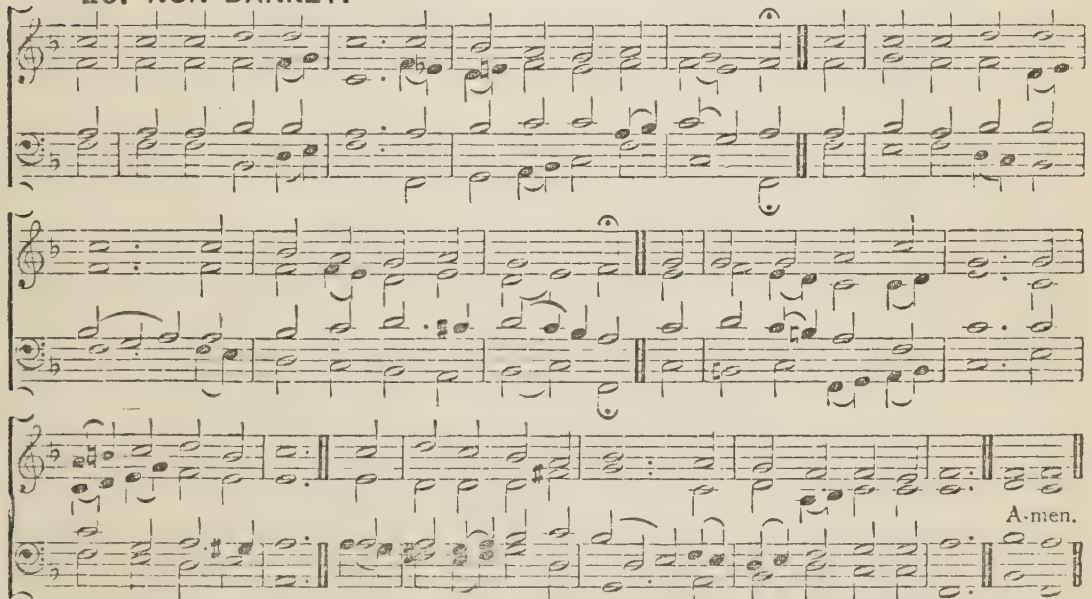
*f* BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create and he destroy.  
*mf* His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay and form'd us men;  
*p* And, when like wandering sheep we stray'd,  
*cr* He brought us to his fold again.

*ff* We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth with her ten thousand tongues  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise  
*f* Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love;  
*ff* Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.<sup>b</sup>

## 46. NUN DANKET.

P.M.

German.



"This God is our God for ever and ever."—Ps. xlviii. 14.

*f* Now thank we all our God,  
With heart and hands and voices,  
Who wondrous things hath done,  
In whom his world rejoices;  
*mp* Who from our mother's arms  
Hath bless'd us on our way  
With countless gifts of love,  
And still is ours to-day

*mf* O may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
And bless'd peace to cheer us;  
And keep us in his grace,  
And guide us when perplex'd,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.

*ff* All praise and thanks to God  
The Father now be given,  
The Son, and him who reigns  
With them in highest heaven,  
The One eternal God, [dore,  
Whom earth and heaven adore,  
For thus it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore. Amen

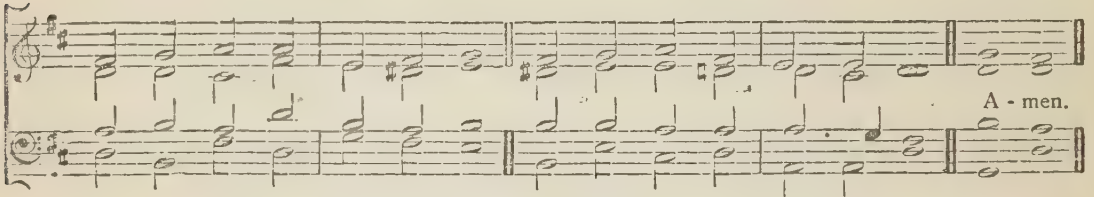
# Thanksgivings upon several Occasions.

FOR PLENTY.

## 47. LUBECK.

7s.

German Chorale.



*"I will joy in the God of my salvation."—HAB. iii. 18.*

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days;  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

*mf* For the blessings of the field;  
For the stores the gardens yield;  
For the vine's exalted juice;  
For the generous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain;  
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;  
Clouds that drop their fattening dews;  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

All that spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land,  
All that liberal autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores;

*f* These to thee, my God, we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow;  
And for these my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

*mp* Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear;  
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store;  
Though the sickening flocks should fail,  
And the herds desert the stall;

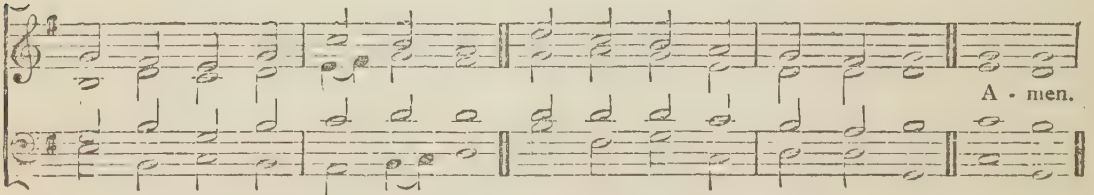
*mf* Yet to thee my soul should raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise;

*cr* And, when every blessing's flown,  
Love thee for thyself alone.

## 48. VIENNA.

7s.

German Chorale.



*"Who giveth food to all flesh; for his mercy endureth for ever."—Ps. cxxxvi. 25.*

*f* PRAISE, O praise our God and King;  
Hymns of adoration sing;  
For His mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*mf* Praise him that he made the sun  
Day by day his course to run;  
*f* For his mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure:

# Thanksgivings upon several Occasions.

*mp* And the silver moon by night  
Shining with her gentle light ;  
For his mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*mf* Praise him that he gave the rain  
To mature the swelling grain ;  
For his mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure :

*mf* And hath bid the fruitful field  
Crops of precious increase yield ;  
For his mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*f* Praise him for our harvest-store,  
He hath fill'd the garner-floor ;  
For his mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure :

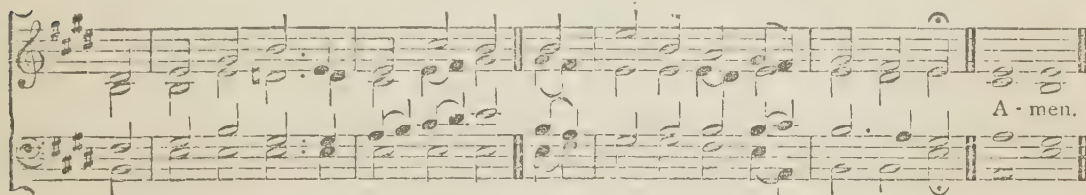
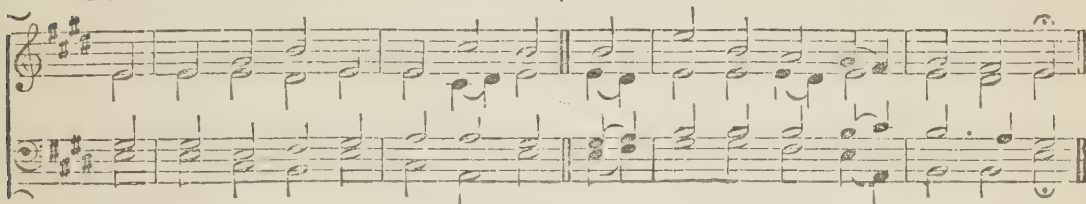
*mp* And for richer food than this,  
Pledge of everlasting bliss ;  
For his mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*ff* Glory to our bounteous King ;  
Glory let creation sing ;  
Glory to the Father, Son  
And Blest Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

## 49. ST. WERBERGH.

8s. 4s.

DYKES.



"They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest."—ISA. ix. 5.

*mf* LORD of the harvest, thee we hail ;  
Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;  
The varying seasons haste their round,  
With goodness all our years are crown'd ;  
Our thanks we pay,  
This holy day ;  
O let our hearts in tune be found.

*mf* If spring doth wake the song of mirth ;  
If summer warms the fruitful earth ;  
When winter sweeps the naked plain,  
Or autumn yields its ripen'd grain,  
Still do we sing  
To thee, our King ;  
Through all their changes thou dost reign.

*f* But chiefly, when thy liberal hand  
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,  
When sounds of music fill the air,  
As homeward all their treasures bear ;  
*ff* We too will raise  
Our hymn of praise,  
For we thy common bounties share.

*mf* Lord of the harvest, all is thine :  
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,  
The seed once hidden in the ground,  
The skill that makes our fruits abound :  
*cr* New every year  
Thy gifts appear ;  
New praises from our lips shall sound.

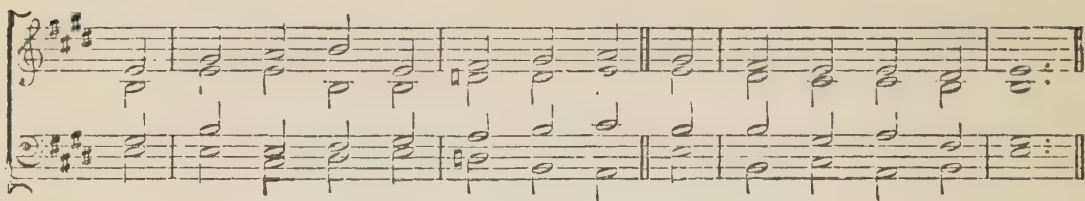


# Thanksgivings upon several Occasions.

50. FRENCH.

C.M.

Scotch Psalter



*"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest shall not cease."*—GEN. viii. 22.

*f* FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,  
How rich thy bounties are !  
The rolling seasons as they move,  
Proclaim thy constant care

*mf* When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence was thine,  
The plants in beauty grew ;  
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,  
And mild refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above  
Matured the swelling grain ;  
A yellow harvest crowns thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.

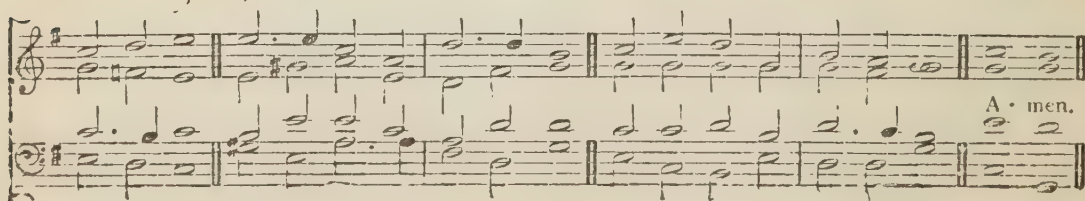
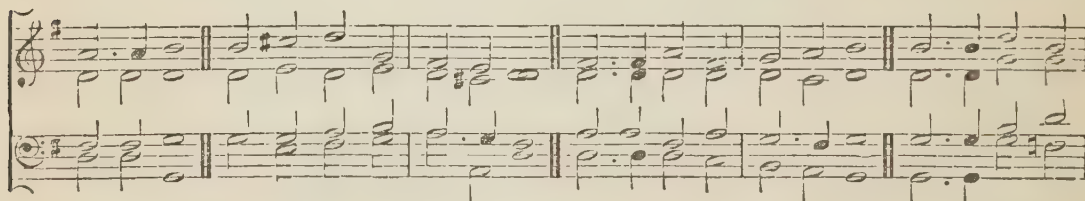
Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone  
Thou dost on man bestow ;  
Let him not then forget to own  
From whom his blessings flow.

Fountain of love, our praise is thine ;  
To thee our songs we'll raise,  
And all created nature join  
In sweet harmonious praise.

51. ST. GEORGE (ELVEY).

D. 7s.

G. ELVEY



# Thanksgivings upon several Occasions.

"He shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. cxxvi.

COME, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest-home:  
All is safely gather'd in,

*mf* Ere the winter storms begin;  
God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied;

*f* Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

*mf* All the world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto his praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown:

*cr* First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear:

*p* Lord of harvest, grant that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

*mf* For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take his harvest home:  
From his field shall in that day

*p* All offences purge away;

*p* Give his angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast,

*r* But the fruitful ears to store  
In his garner evermore.

*r* Even so, Lord, quickly come  
To thy final Harvest-home:

Gather thou thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin;

*cr* There for ever purified,

In thy presence to abide:

*f* Come, with all thine angels, come,  
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

FOR DELIVERANCE.

## 52. BENEDICTION.

D. 8s. 7s.

M. HAYDN.

"Let the people praise thee, O God."—Ps. lxvii. 3.

*r* LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,  
Hear us from thy bright abode,  
*mf* While our hearts, with deep devotion,  
Own their great and gracious God:  
Now with joy we come before thee,  
Seek thy face—thy mercies sing;  
Lord of life, and light, and glory,  
Guard thy church, and guide our Queen.  
Health, and every needful blessing,  
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;  
Comforts undeserved possessing,  
Here we bend before thy throne:

*f* Young and old do now before thee  
Their united tribute bring;  
Lord of life, and light, and glory,  
Shield our isle, and save our Queen.

*mf* Thee, with humble adoration,  
Lord, we praise for mercies past;  
Still to this most favour'd nation  
May those mercies ever last:

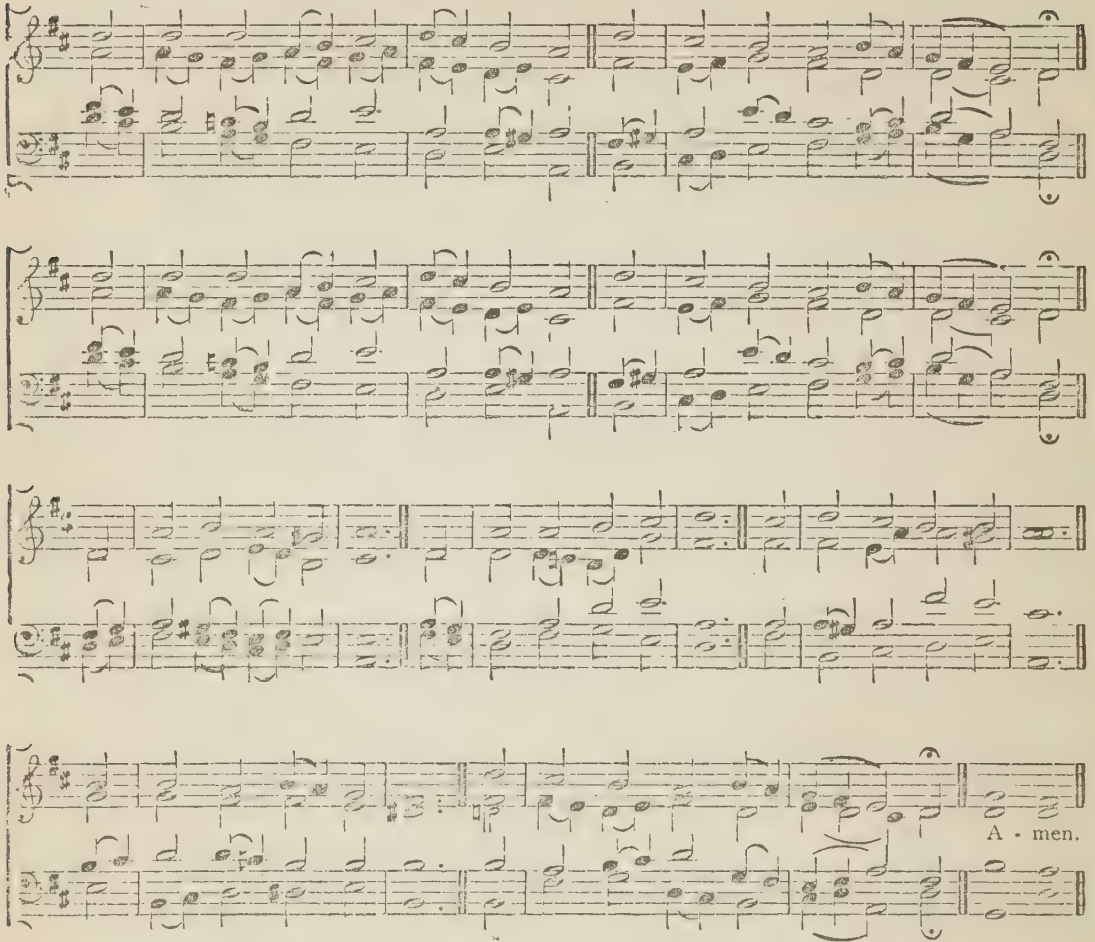
*r* Britons, then, shall still before thee  
Songs of ceaseless praises sing:  
Lord of life, and light, and glory,  
Bless thy people, bless our Queen. *h*

# Thanksgivings upon several Occasions.

## 53. EIN' FESTE BURG.

P.M.

German Chorale.



*"Praise ye the name of the Lord; praise him, O ye servants of the Lord."—Ps. cxxxv*

REJOICE to-day with one accord,  
Sing out with exultation;  
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,  
Whose arm hath brought salvation;  
His works of love proclaim  
The greatness of his Name;  
For he is God alone,  
Who hath his mercy shown;  
Let all his saints adore him.

When in distress to him we cried,  
He heard our sad complaining;  
O trust in him, whate'er betide,  
His love is all-sustaining;  
Triumphant songs of praise  
To him our hearts shall raise;  
Now every voice shall say,  
O praise our God alway;  
Let all his saints adore him.

Rejoice to-day with one accord,  
Sing out with exultation;  
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,  
Whose arm hath brought salvation;  
His works of love proclaim  
The greatness of his Name;  
For he is God alone,  
Who hath his mercy shown;  
Let all his saints adore him. Amen.



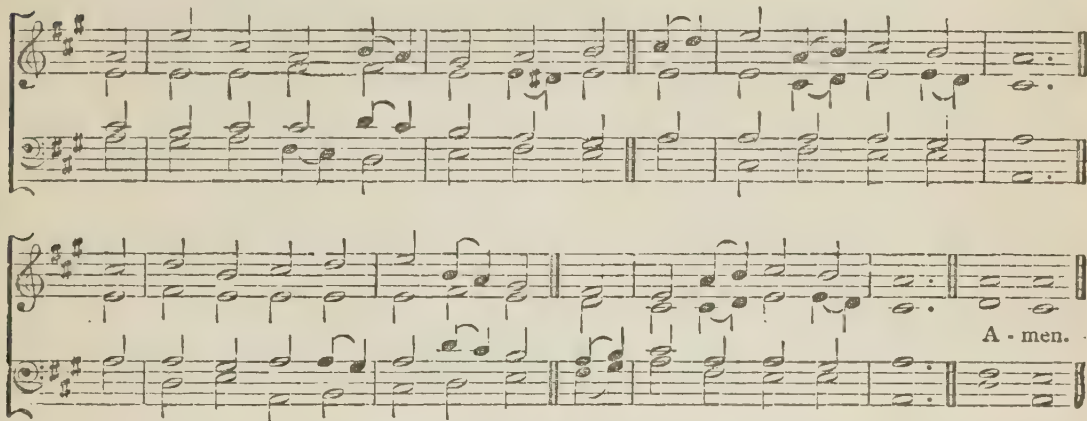
# Advent.

"WHO FOR US MEN AND FOR OUR SALVATION CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN."  
"HE SHALL COME AGAIN WITH GLORY TO JUDGE BOTH THE QUICK AND THE DEAD."

## 54. ST. STEPHEN.

C.M.

JONES.



"He hath visited and redeemed his people."—LUKE i. 68.

*H*ARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long;  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.  
*m.* He comes the prisoners to release  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.  
He comes from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,

And on the eye-balls of the blind  
To pour celestial day.

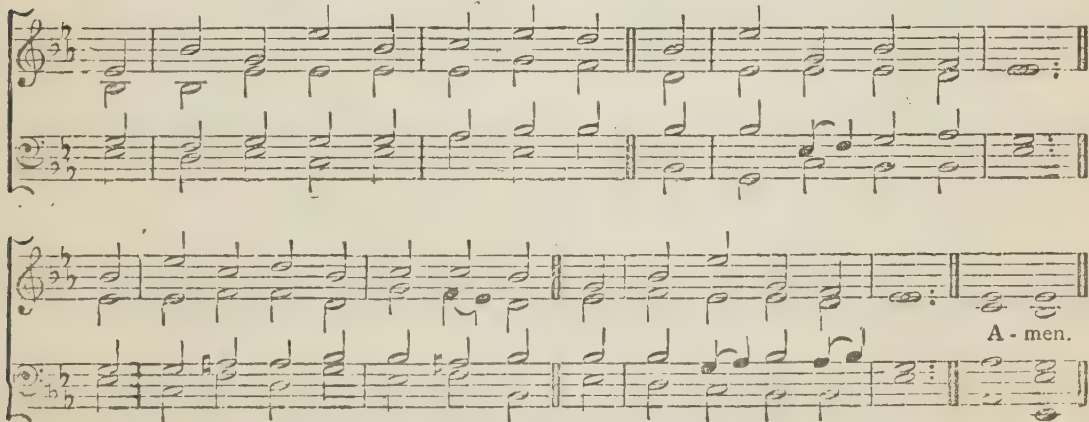
*p* He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure;  
And with the treasures of his grace  
To enrich the humble poor.

*ff* Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.<sup>c</sup>

## 55. LONDON NEW.

C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1635.



"The Lord reigneth."—Ps. xcvi. 1.

*J*oy to the world! The Lord is come:  
Let earth receive her King,  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.  
*J*oy to the earth! The Saviour reigns:  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy.

*mf* No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground:  
He comes to make his blessings flow,  
Far as the curse is found.

*f* He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.<sup>c</sup>

# Advent.

## 56. BARRINGTON.

SIX 8s.

DYKES.

“The Redeemer shall come to Zion.”—ISA. lix. 20.

*mf* DRAW nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel,  
And ransom captive Israel,  
*p* That mourns in lonely exile here,  
Until the Son of God appear:  
*ff* Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel

*mf* Draw nigh, O Jesse's Rod, draw nigh  
To free us from the enemy;  
From hell's infernal pit to save,  
And give us victory o'er the grave:  
*f* Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

*mf* Draw nigh, thou Dayspring, who shalt cheer  
And comfort by thine Advent here,

And banish far the brooding gloom.  
Of sinful night and endless doom:  
*f* Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

*mf* Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,  
The heavenly gate will open to thee;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery:  
*ff* Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

*mf* Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might,  
Who to thy tribes from Sinai's height  
In ancient time didst give the law  
In cloud, and majesty, and awe:

*f* Rejoice, rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

## 57. FRANCONIA.

S.M.

German Chorale.

# Advent.

"Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning."—LUKE xii 35.

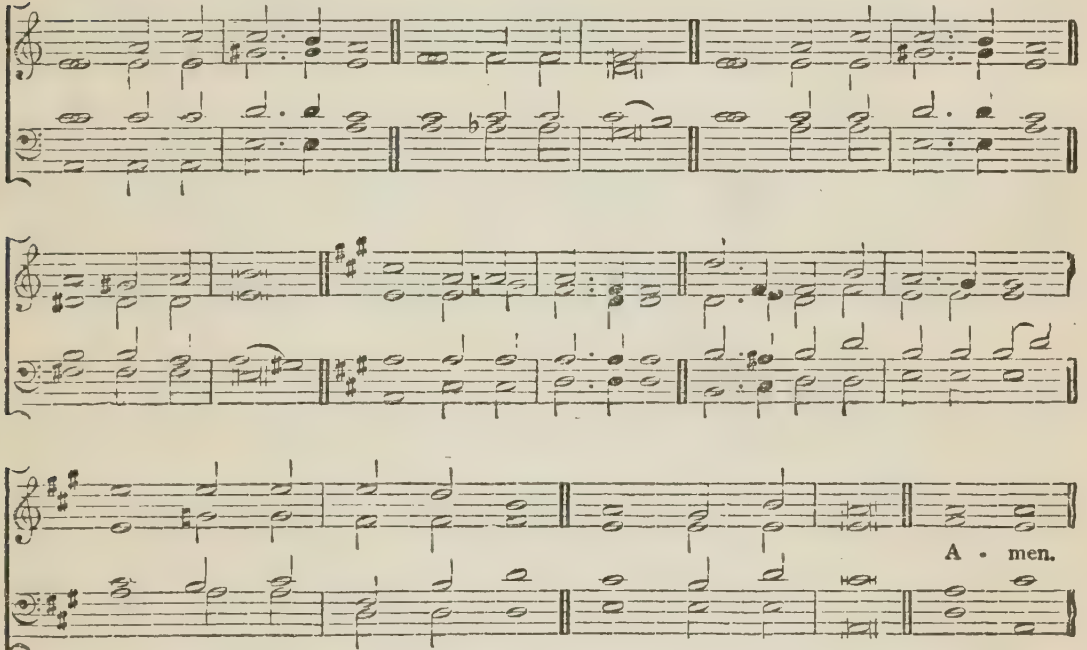
*mf* Ye servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait,  
Observant of his heavenly word,  
And watchful at his gate.  
  
I let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame :  
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,  
For awful is his name.  
  
*p* Watch ; 'tis your Lord's command,  
And while we speak, he's near ;

*mf* Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.  
  
*f* O happy servant he,  
In such a posture found !  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honour crown'd  
  
*mf* Christ shall the banquet spread  
With his own royal hand,  
And raise that faithful servant's head  
*cr* Amid the angelic band.

## 58. VIGIL.

P.M.

PATTON.



"Now it is high time to awake out of sleep."—ROM. xiii. 11.

*f* HARK, 'tis the watchman's cry,  
Wake, brethren, wake :  
Jesus himself is nigh ;  
Wake, brethren, wake.  
*mf* Sleep is for sons of night ;  
Ye are children of the light ;  
Yours is the glory bright ;  
*p* Wake, brethren, wake.  
*mf* Call to each wakening band,  
Watch, brethren, watch ;  
Clear is our Lord's command,  
Watch, brethren, watch.  
*p* Be ye as men that wait  
Always at their Master's gate,  
E'en though he tarry late ;  
Watch, brethren, watch.  
*mf* Heed we the Steward's call,  
Work, brethren, work :  
There's room enough for all :  
Work, brethren, work.

This vineyard of the Lord  
Constant labour will afford ;  
He will your work reward ;  
Work, brethren, pray.  
*mp* Hear we the Shepherd's voice,  
Pray, brethren, pray :  
Would ye his heart rejoice,  
Pray, brethren, pray.  
*f* Sin calls for ceaseless fear,  
Weakness needs the Strong One near  
Long as ye struggle here,  
Pray, brethren, pray.  
*p* Sound now the final chord,  
Praise, brethren, praise :  
*cr* Thrice holy is the Lord,  
Praise, brethren, praise.  
*f* What more befits the tongues  
Soon to join the angels' songs ?  
Whilst heaven the note prolongs,  
Praise, brethren, praise.

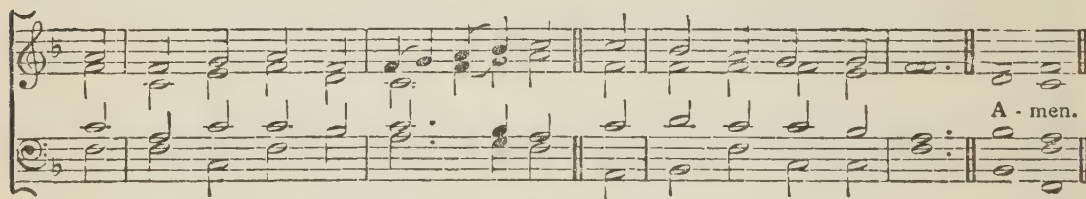
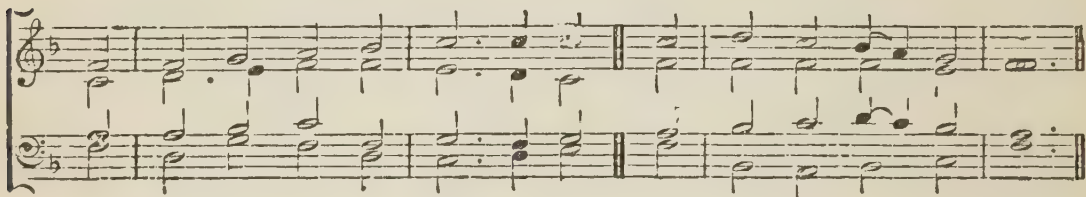
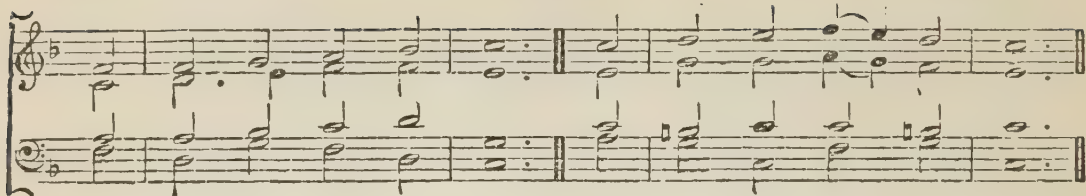


# Advent.

## 59. SWABIA.

D.S.M.

German Chorale.



A - men.

"Take ye heed; watch and pray."—MARK xiii. 33

*mp* THOU Judge of quick and dead,  
Before whose bar severe,  
With holy joy or guilty dread,  
We all shall soon appear;  
Our waken'd souls prepare  
For that tremendous day.  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray.

To pray, and wait the hour,  
That awful hour unknown,  
When, robed in majesty and power,  
Thou shalt from heaven come down,  
The immortal Son of Man,  
To judge the human race,  
With all thy Father's dazzling train,  
With all thy glorious grace.

*mp* To chasten earthly joys,  
To quicken holy fears,  
For ever let the archangel's voice  
Be sounding in our ears;  
The solemn midnight cry,—  
Ye dead, the Judge is come:  
Arise, and meet him in the sky,  
And hear your instant doom.

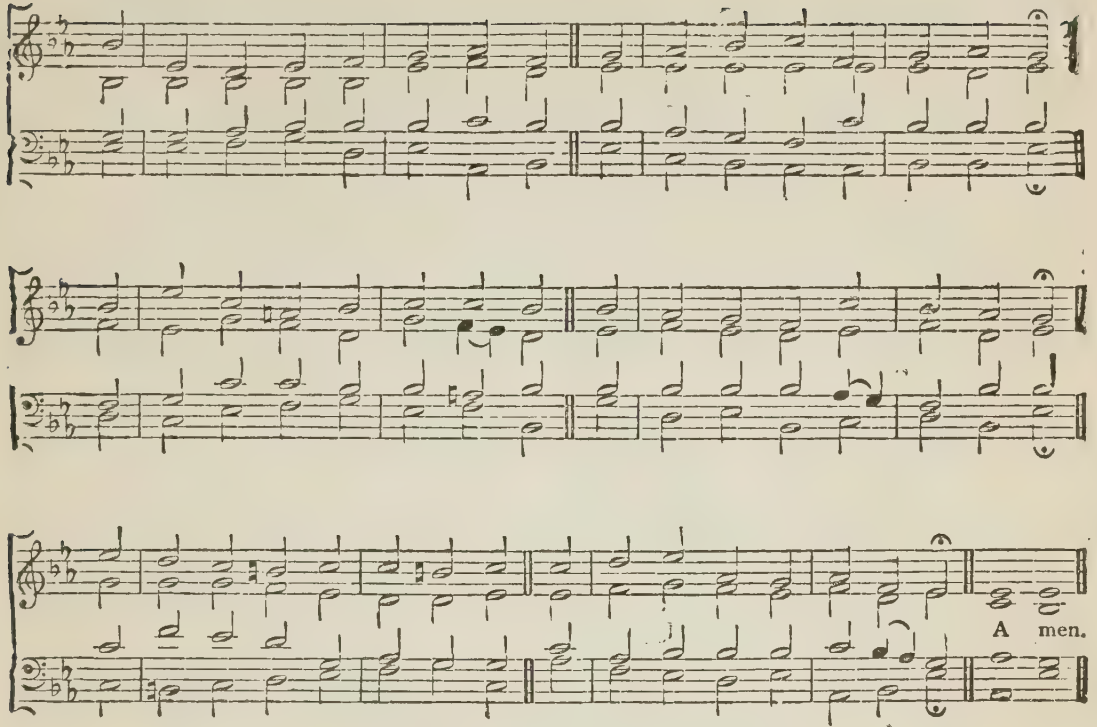
*mp* O may we thus be found  
Obedient to his word,  
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
And looking for our Lord:  
*c* O may we thus ensure  
Our lot among the blest,  
And watch a moment to secure  
An everlasting rest.

# Advent.

60. ST. PAUL'S.

SIX 8s.

Goss.



"In thy light shall we see light."—Ps. xxxvi. 9.

*mf* O QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all ;  
 For, awful though thine Advent be  
 All shadows from the truth will fall,  
 And falsehood die, in sight of thee.  
*f* O quickly come ; for doubt and fear  
 Like clouds dissolve when thou art near

*mf* O quickly come, great King of all ;  
 Reign all around us, and within ;  
 Let sin no more our souls enthrall,  
 Let pain and sorrow die with sin.  
*f* O quickly come ; for thou alone  
 Canst make thy scatter'd people one

*mf* O quickly come, true Life of all ;  
*p* For death is mighty all around ;  
 On every home his shadows fall,  
 On every heart his mark is found.  
*t* O quickly come ; for grief and pain  
 Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

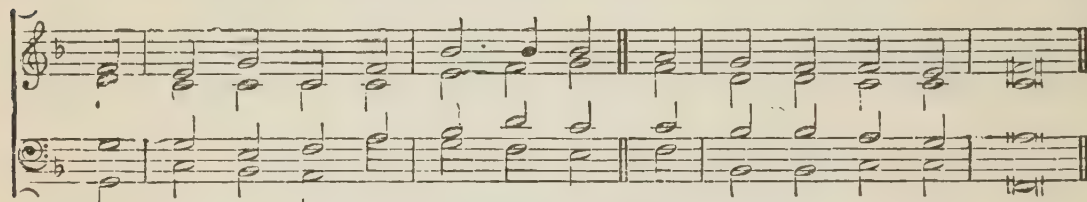
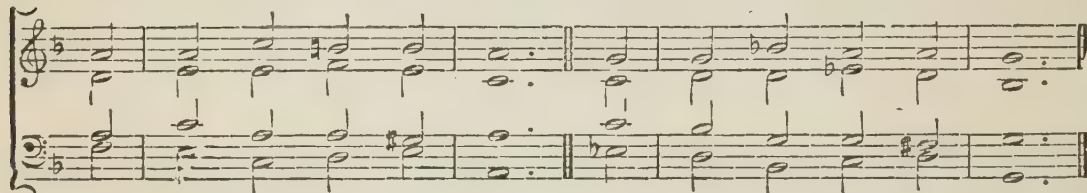
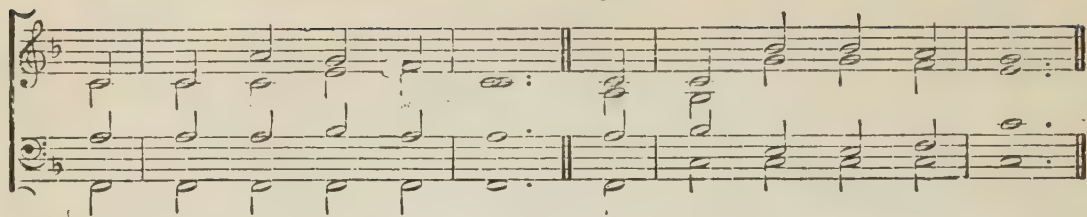
*mf* O quickly come, sure Light of all ;  
 For gloomy night broods o'er our way ;  
 And weakly souls begin to fall  
 With weary watching for the day.  
*f* O quickly come ; for round thy throne  
 No eye is blind, no night is known.

# Advent.

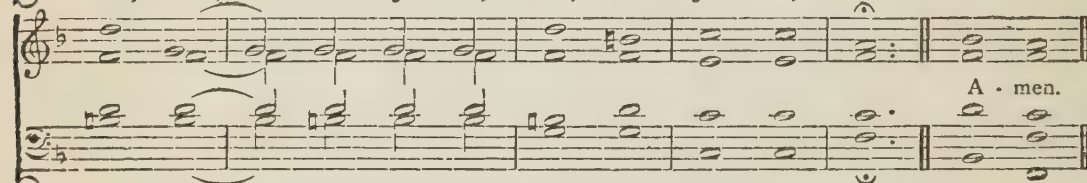
## 61. VIGIL.

D.S.M. with refrain.

GAUNTLETT.



Come, then,.... Lord Je - su, come, Lord Je - su, come.



"Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—REV. xxii. 20.

*mp* THE Church has waited long  
Her absent Lord to see ;  
And still in loneliness she waits,  
A friendless stranger she.  
Age after age has gone,  
Sun after sun has set,  
And still in weeds of widowhood,  
She weeps a mourner yet.  
*f* Come, then, Lord Jesu, come.

*mp* Saint after saint on earth  
Has lived, and loved, and died ;  
*p* And as they left us one by one,  
We laid them side by side,  
We laid them down to sleep,  
But not in hope forlorn ;  
*cr* We laid them but to slumber there  
Till the last glorious morn.  
*f* Come, then, Lord Jesu, come.

*mp* The serpent's brood increase ;  
The powers of hell grow bold :  
The conflict thickens, faith is low  
And love is waxing cold.  
*cr* How long, O Lord our God,  
Holy, and true, and good,  
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering Church.  
Her sighs, and tears, and blood ?  
*f* Come, then, Lord Jesu, come.

*mp* We long to hear thy voice,  
To see thee face to face,  
To share thy crown and glory then,  
As now we share thy grace.  
*f* Come, Lord, and wipe away  
The curse, the sin, the stain ;  
And make this blighted world of ours  
Thine own fair world again.  
*ff* Come, then, Lord Jesu, come.

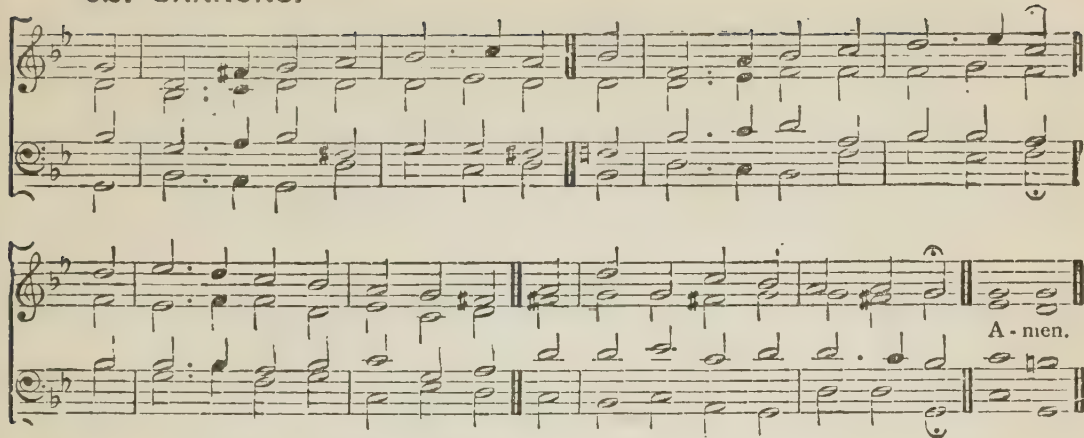


# Advent.

## 62. CANNONS.

L.M

HÄNDEL.



"He cometh to judge the earth."—Ps. xcvi. 13.

*f* THE Lord will come : the earth shall quake,  
The hills their fixèd seat forsake ;  
And, withering from the vault of night,  
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

*di* The Lord will come : but not the same  
As once in lowly form he came,

*p* A silent Lamb to slaughter led,

*vp* The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come : a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human-kind.

*di* Can this be he who wont to stray

A pilgrim on the world's highway :

*p* By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride ?  
O God ! is this the Crucified ?

*mf* Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain ;  
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;

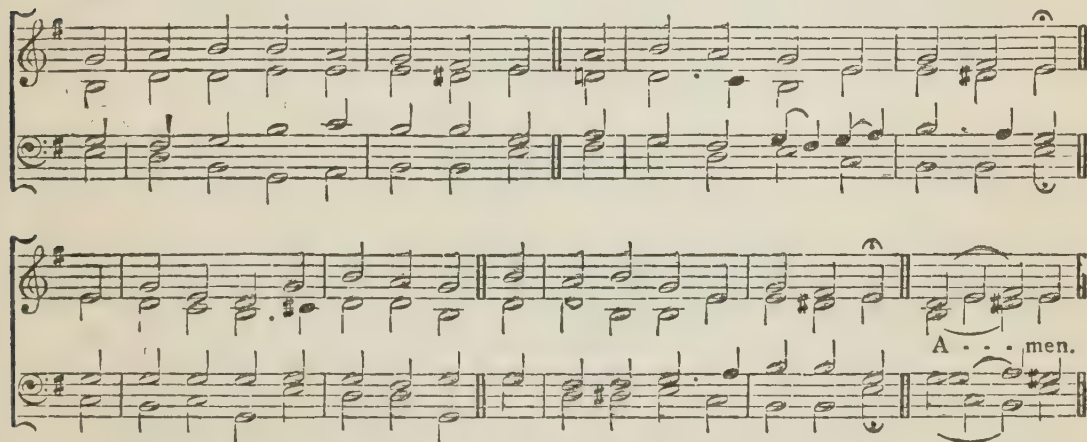
*cr* But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,

*f* Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come.<sup>a</sup>

## 63. OLMUTZ.

L.M.

Ancient Chorale.



"They shall perish, but thou shalt endure."—Ps. cli. 26.

*f* THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,

When heaven and earth shall pass away,

*di* What power shall be the sinner's stay ?

*p* How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

*f* When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,

The flaming heavens together roll,

*cr* When louder yet, and yet more dread,

*f* Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

*p* O ! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,

*cr* Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,

*di* Though heaven and earth shall pass away.<sup>a</sup>

# Advent.

## 64. KENSINGTON NEW. [FIRST TUNE.] 8s. 7s. 4.

J. TILLEARD.

"Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him."—REV. i. 7.

*f* Lo, he comes with clouds descending  
Once for favour'd sinners slain;  
Thousand thousand saints attending  
Swell the triumph of his train:  
*ff* Hallelujah!  
God appears on earth to reign

*mp* Every eye shall now behold him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
*p* Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierced, and nail'd him to the tree,  
*pp* Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

*mf* Those dear tokens of his passion  
Still his dazzling body bears;  
Cause of endless exultation  
To his ransom'd worshippers:  
With what rapture  
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

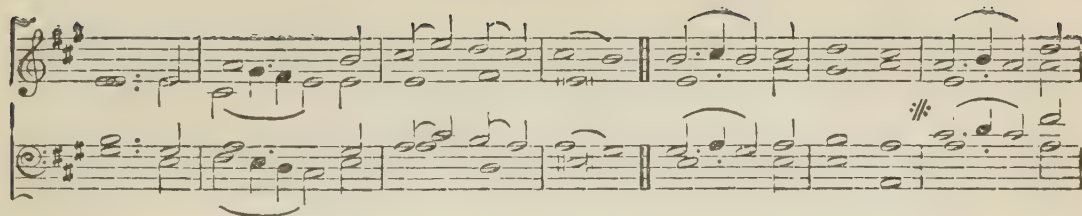
*f* Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear:  
All his saints, by men rejected,  
Now shall meet him in the air:  
Hallelujah!  
See the day of God appear.

*f* Yea, Amen; let all adore thee,  
High on thine eternal throne:  
Saviour, take the power and glory;  
Claim the kingdom for thine own  
O come quickly,  
Everlasting God, come down.<sup>o</sup>

## 64. HELMSLEY. [SECOND TUNE.] 8s. 7s. 4.

MADAN.

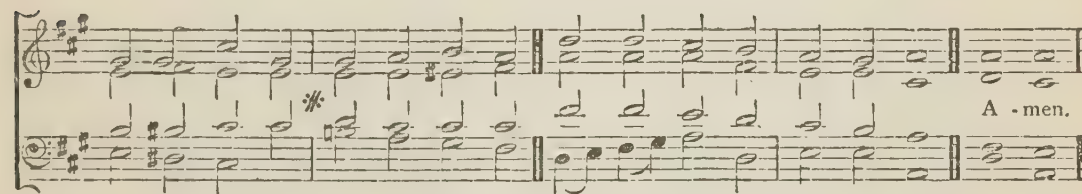
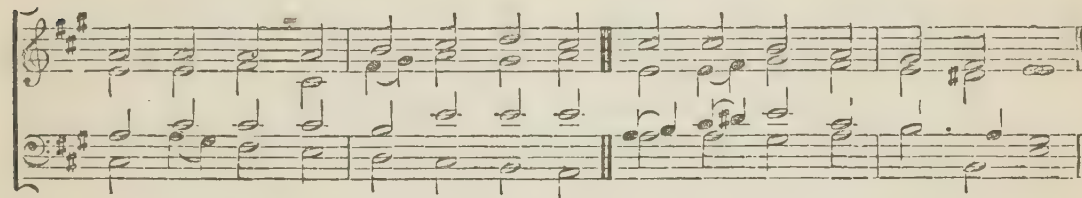
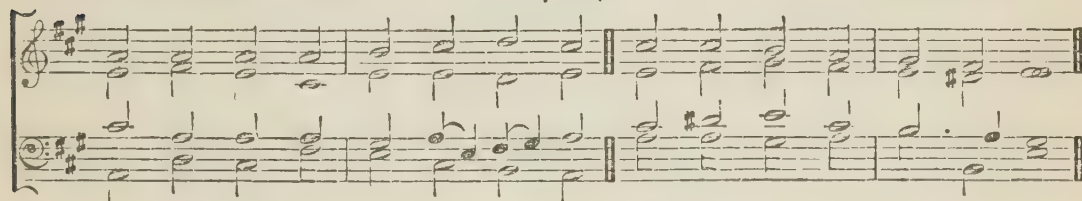
# Advent.



## 65. PANGE LINGUA.

8s. 7s. 4.

Ancient Choral.



*"All that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth."*—JOHN v. 28

DAY of judgment, day of wonders,  
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round:  
*p* How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound!

*mf* See the Judge, our nature wearing,  
Clothed in majesty divine!  
Ye who long for his appearing  
Then shall say, This God is mine:  
*p* Gracious Saviour,  
Own me in that day for thine.

*f* At his call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea;  
All the powers of nature shaken,  
From his face prepare to flee;  
*p* Careless sinner,  
What will then become of thee?

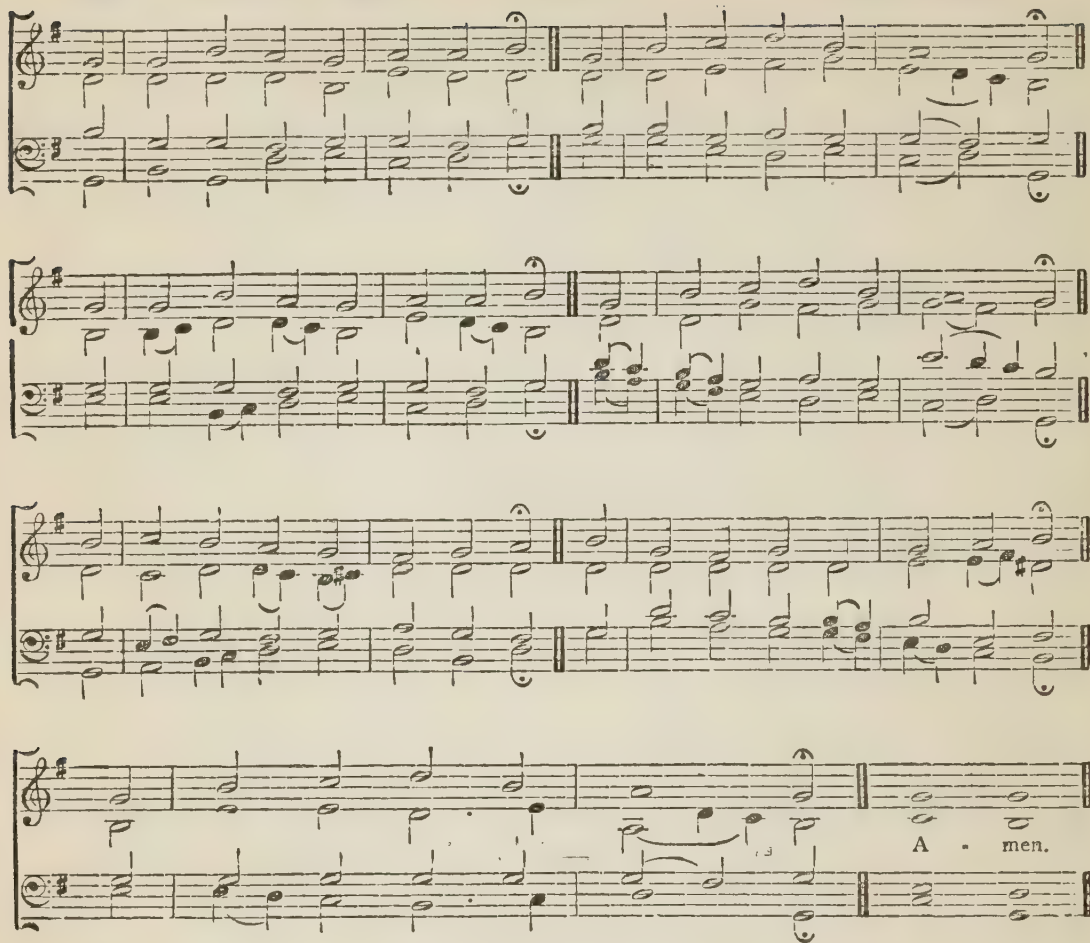
*mf* But to those who have confessèd,  
Loved, and served the Lord below;  
*f* He will say, Come near, ye blessèd,  
See the kingdom I bestow:  
You for ever  
Shall my love and glory know



## 66. LUTHER'S HYMN.

P.M.

German Chorale



*"The time of the dead is come, that they should be judged."*—REV. xi. 18.

*G* GREAT God, what do I see and hear :  
The end of things created !  
The Judge of mankind doth appear,  
On clouds of glory seated.  
*f* The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before  
*p* Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

*mf* The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
At the last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding :  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay :  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet him

*p* But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,  
Behold his wrath prevailing ;  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing :  
*pp* The day of grace is past and gone ;  
Trembling they stand before the throne,  
All unprepared to meet him.

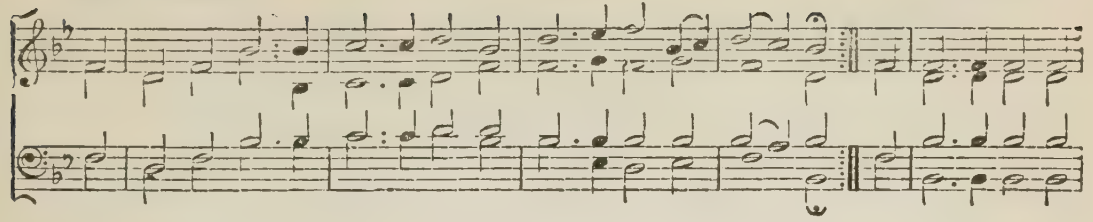
Great God, what do I see and hear :  
The end of things created !  
The Judge of mankind doth appear,  
On clouds of glory seated.  
*p* Low at his cross I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
*c* And thus prepare to meet him.

# Advent.

67. SINAI.

P.M.

O'BRIEN



"Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven."—HEB. xii. 26.

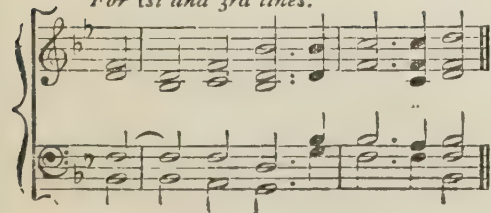
*J* The Lord of might from Sinai's brow  
 Gave forth his voice of thunder ;  
 And Israel lay on earth below,  
 — Outstretch'd in fear and wonder :  
 Beneath his feet was pitchy night,  
 And at his left hand and his right  
*ff* The rocks were rent asunder.

*p* The Lord of love on Calvary,  
 A meek and suffering stranger,  
 Upraised to heaven his languid eye  
 In nature's hour of danger ;  
 For us he bore the weight of woe  
 For us he gave his blood to flow  
 And met his Father's anger

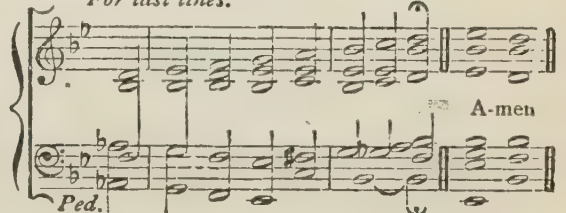
*mf* The Lord of love, the Lord of might,  
 The King of all created,  
*cr* Shall back return to claim his right,  
 On clouds of glory seated ;  
*ff* With trumpet-sound, and angel-song,  
 And Hallelujahs loud and long,  
 O'er death and hell defeated.

*For Organ Accompaniment ad lib.*

*For 1st and 3rd lines.*



*For last lines.*



# Adbent.

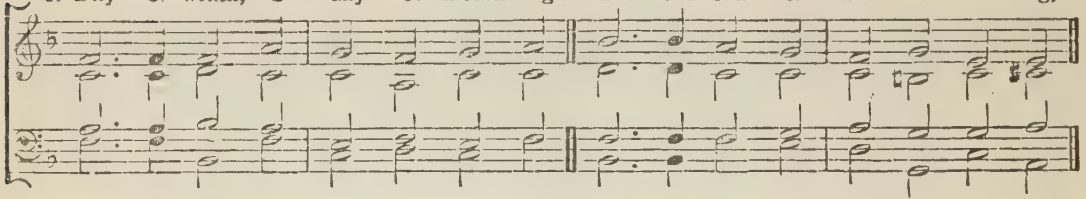
## 68. DIES IRÆ.

P.M.

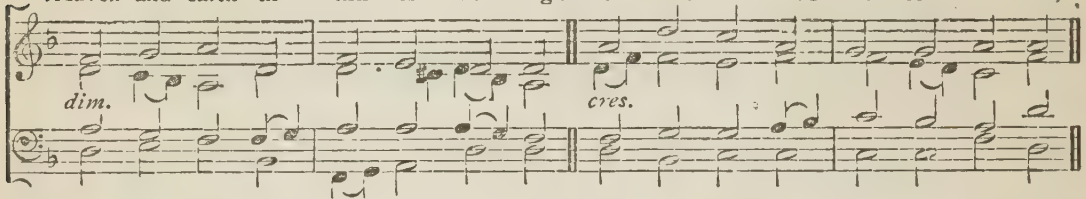
DYKES.

"The Lord grant him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day."—2 TIM. i. 18.

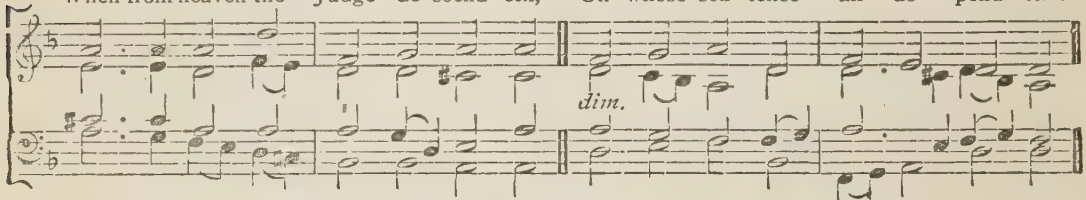
1. Day of wrath, O day of mourn-ing! See the Cru-ci-fied re-turn-ing,



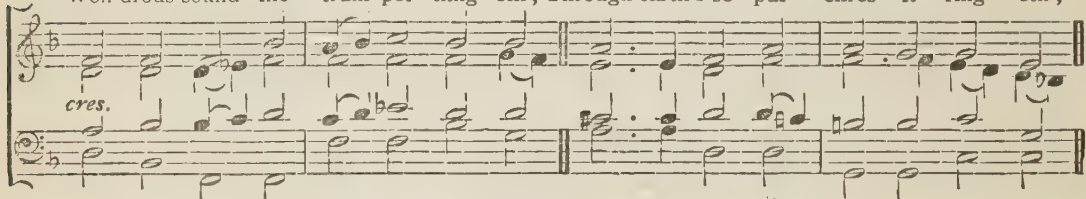
Heaven and earth in ash-es burn-ing! O what fear man's bo-som rend-eth,



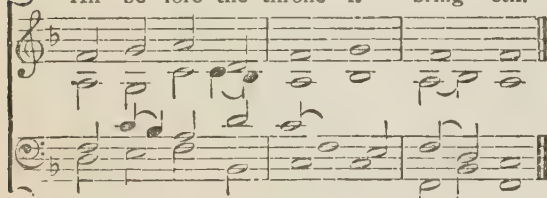
When from heaven the Judge de-scend-eth, On whose sen-tence all de-pend-eth!



Won-drous sound the trum-pet fling-eth; Through earth's se-pul-chres it ring-eth;



All be-fore the throne it bring-eth.



*f* 2 Death is struck, and nature quaking:

All creation is awaking,  
To its Judge an answer making.  
Lo, the book exactly worded,  
Wherein all hath been recorded:  
Thence shall judgment be awarded.  
When the Judge his seat attaineth,  
And each hidden deed arraigneth,  
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

*p* 3 What shall I, frail man, be pleading;

Who for me be interceding;  
When the just are mercy needing?

*cr* King of Majesty tremendous,  
Who dost free salvation send us,

*mf* Fount of pity, then befriend us.  
Think, kind Jesu, my salvation  
Caused thy wondrous incarnation:  
Leave me not to reprobation.

*p* 4 Faint and weary thou hast sought me,  
On the cross of suffering bought me:  
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?  
Righteous Judge, for sin's pollution  
Grant thy gift of absolution,  
Ere that day of retribution.  
Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owning:  
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning.

*mp* 5 Thou the sinful woman savedst;  
Thou the dying thief forgavest;  
And to me a hope vouchsafest.  
Worthless are my prayers and sighing,  
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
Rescue me from fires undying.  
With thy favour'd sheep, O place me;  
Nor among the goats abase me;  
But to thy right hand upraise me.



# Advent.

## Sixth Verse.

Low I kneel with heart sub-mis-sion; See, like ash-es, my con-tri-tion

Organ Accompaniment ad lib.

Save, O save me from per-di-tion. Ah, that day of tears and mourn-ing

From the dust of earth re-turn-ing, Man for judg-ment must pre-pare him;

Spare, O God, in mer-cy spare him. Lord, all pity-ing, Je-su blest,

Grant us thine e-ter-nal rest. A . . . . . men.

# Advent.

## 69. VOX DOMINI.

9s. 8s.

GAUNTLETT.

*Slowly.*

A - men.

"The mighty God, even the Lord hath spoken."—Ps. l. i.

THE mighty God, the Lord hath spoken,  
And bids the trembling earth draw nigh:  
The silence of long ages broken,  
He speaks in thunder from the sky.

Forth from the heavenly Zion shining,  
In perfect beauty he appears:  
Love, wisdom, majesty combining,  
Bright are the diadems he wears.

*f* A fiery stream devours before him,  
And cloud and tempest veil his form:  
The countless hosts of heaven adore him,  
Amidst the darkness and the storm.

*mf* He speaks, and all the nations tremble;  
Heaven, earth, and hell his voice obey:  
In solemn awe his saints assemble,  
The world's dim shadows flee away.

*mp* O who can stand, when thou appearest  
In robes of majesty divine?  
Though now each contrite sigh thou hearest,  
*cr* What terrors then will round thee shine

*mf* O mighty God, O Lord most holy,  
Prepare us for that solemn day:  
O shield and guard us, save us wholly,  
Thy pardoning grace to us display.

## 70. LANCASHIRE.

7s. 6s.

H. SMAR

A - men.

# Advent.

"At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh."—MATT. xxv 6

*f* REJOICE, all ye believers,  
And let your lights appear;  
The evening is advancing  
And darker night is near.  
The Bridegroom is arising,  
And soon will he draw nigh:  
Up, pray and watch and wrestle:  
At midnight comes the cry.

*mp* See that your lamps are burning,  
Replenish them with oil;  
Look now for your salvation,  
The end of earthly toil.

*mf* The watchers on the mountain  
Proclaim the Bridegroom near:  
Go meet him, as he cometh,  
With Hallelujahs clear.

*cr* Ye wise and holy virgins,  
Now raise your voices higher,  
*f* Until in songs of triumph  
They meet the angel choir.  
The marriage feast is waiting,  
The gates wide open stand:  
*f* Up, up! ye heirs of glory;  
The Bridegroom is at hand.

*mf* Our hope and expectation,  
O Jesu, now appear:  
Arise, thou Sun, so long'd for,  
O'er this benighted sphere:  
With hearts and hands uplifted  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of our redemption,  
That brings us unto thee.<sup>s</sup>

## 71. SOUTHWICK.

P.M.

C. J. VINCENT.

"I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice."—JOHN xvi. 22.

*f* THOU art coming, O my Saviour,  
Thou art coming, O my King,  
*cr* In thy beauty all-resplendent,  
In thy glory all-transcendent;  
Well may we rejoice and sing;  
*p, cr* Coming:—in the opening east  
Herald brightness slowly swells;  
*p, cr* Coming:—O my glorious Priest,  
Hear we not thy golden bells?  
*f* Thou art coming, thou art coming;  
We shall meet thee on thy way,  
*cr* We shall see thee, we shall know thee,  
We shall bless thee, we shall show thee  
All our hearts could never say;  
What an anthem that will be,  
Music rapturously sweet,  
Pouring out our love to thee  
At thine own all-glorious feet.

*mf* Thou art coming; at thy table  
We are witnesses for this;  
*p* While remembering hearts thou meetest  
In communion clearest, sweetest,  
Earnest of our coming bliss,  
*cr* Showing not thy death alone,  
And thy love exceeding great,  
But thy coming, and thy throne,  
All for which we long and wait.  
*f* O the joy to see thee reigning,  
Thee my own beloved Lord;  
*cr* Every tongue thy name confessing;  
Worship, honour, glory, blessing  
Brought to thee with one accord,  
*ff* Thee, my Master and my Friend,  
Vindicated and enthroned,  
Unto earth's remotest end  
Glorified, adored, and own'd.



# Advent.

## 72. EASTHAM.

P.M.

OUSELEY.

"The coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our gathering together unto Him."—2 THESS. ii. 1

*f* TEN thousand times ten thousand,  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransom'd saints  
Throng up the steeps of light :  
*mf* 'Tis finish'd, all is finish'd,  
Their fight with death and sin ;  
*f* Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in.  
*f* What rush of Hallelujahs  
Fills all the earth and sky ;  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !  
*cr* O day, for which creation  
And all its tribes were made ;  
*f* O joy, for all its former woes  
A thousand-fold repaid !

*mf* O then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore,  
*di* What knitting sever'd friendships up  
Where partings are no more !  
*mf* Then eyes with joy shall sparkle  
That brimm'd with tears of late ;  
*cr* Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.  
*mf* Bring near thy great salvation,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,  
*cr* Fill up the roll of thine elect,  
Then take thy power and reign :  
*f* Appear, Desire of nations,  
Thine exiles long for home ;  
*f* Show in the heavens thy promised sign ;  
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

## Christmas.

"WHEN THOU TOOKEST UPON THEE TO DELIVER MAN THOU DIDST NOT ABHOR  
THE VIRGIN'S WOMB."

## 73. NOTTINGHAM.

C.M.

J. CLARKE.

# Christmas.

*Unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*—LUKE II. II.

*mf* WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he; (for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind;)

*f* "Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.

*mf* "To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born of David's line  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign.

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view display'd,  
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."

*mp* Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, and thus  
Address'd their joyful song.

*f* "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good will henceforth from heaven to men  
Begin, and never cease."<sup>c</sup>

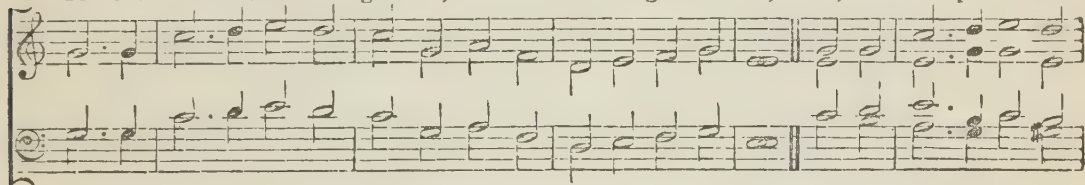
## 74. NYMPHAS.

P.M.

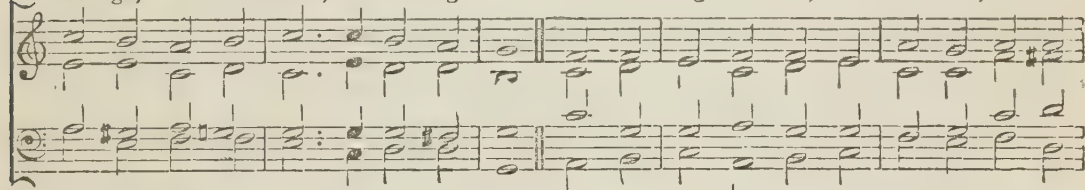
F. R. HAVERGAL.

*"God was manifest in the flesh."*—1 TIM. iii. 16.

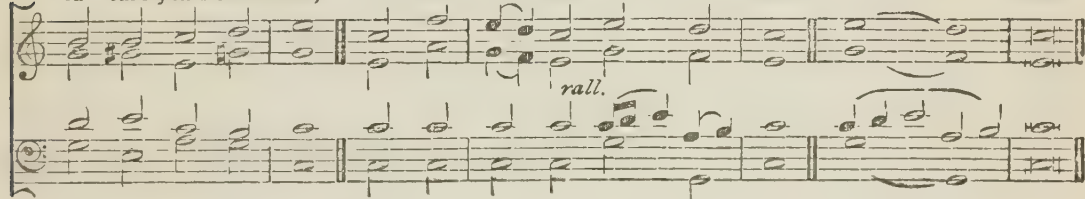
Of the Fa-ther's love be - got - ten, Ere the worlds be-gan to be, He, the Al - pha and O



me - ga, He the source, the end - ing he Of the things that are, that have been, And that



fu - ture years shall see, E - ver - more and e - ver - more. A . . . men.



*mf* He is here, whom seers of old time  
Chanted of while ages ran;  
Whom the faithful word of prophets  
Promised since the world began;  
Long foretold, at length appearing,  
Praise him every child of man,  
Evermore and evermore.

*r* Bless'd was the day for ever,  
When by God the Spirit's grace  
From the womb of Virgin mother  
Came the Saviour of our race,  
When the Child, the world's Redeemer  
First display'd his sacred face,  
Evermore and evermore.

*f* Praise him, O ye heaven of heavens;  
Praise him, angels in the height;  
All dominions bow before him,  
And exalt his wondrous might;

Let no tongue of man be silent;  
Let each voice and heart unite,  
Evermore and evermore.

*mf* Thee let old men, thee let young men,  
Thee let boys in chorus sing;

*mp* Matrons, virgins, little maidens,  
With glad voices answering;

*c* Let their guileless songs re-echo,  
And the heart its praises bring,  
Evermore and evermore.

*f* Christ, to thee, with God the Father,  
And, O Holy Ghost, to thee,  
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,  
And unwearied praises be,  
Honour, glory, and dominion,  
And eternal victory,

Evermore and evermore. Amen,

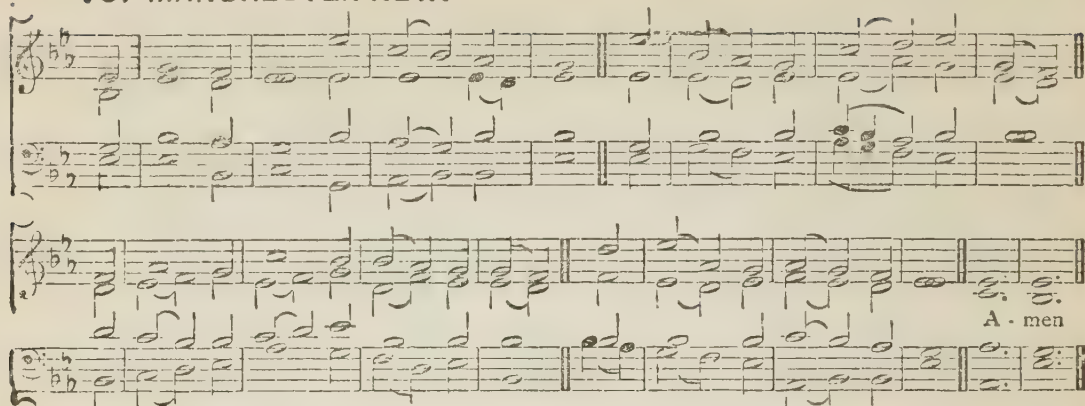
E

# Christmas

75. MANCHESTER NEW.

C.M.

WAINWRIGHT.



"The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."—JOHN i. 14.

*mf* O SAVIOUR, whom this holy morn  
Gave to our world below,

*di* To mortal want and labour born,  
*p* And more than mortal woe.

*mp* Incarnate Word, by every grief,  
By each temptation tried;  
Who lived to yield our ills relief,  
And to redeem us, died.

*mf* If gaily clothed and proudly fed  
In dangerous wealth we dwell.

Remind us of thy manger-bed  
And lowly cottage cell.

*mp* If press'd by poverty severe,  
In envious want we pine;  
O may the Spirit whisper near,  
How poor a lot was thine.

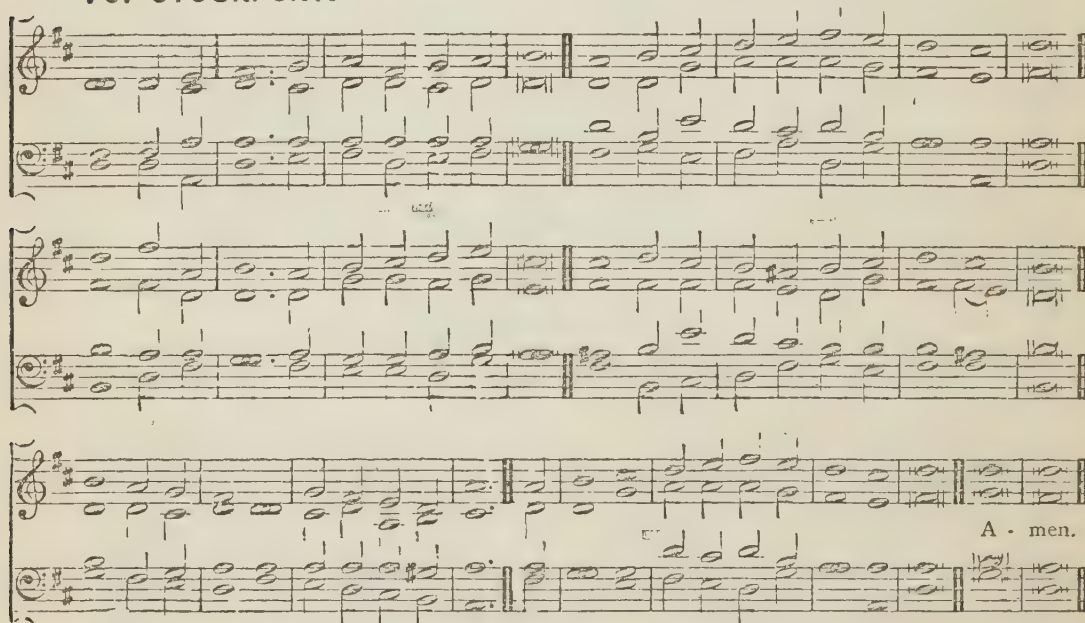
*mf* Through this world's fickle various scene,  
From sin preserve us free:

*p* Like us thou hast a mourner been,  
*cr* May we rejoice with thee.<sup>c</sup>

76. STOCKPORT.

SIX 108.

WAINWRIGHT.



"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."—LUKE ii. 10

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,  
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;  
Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;  
With them the joyful tidings first begun  
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son

*mf* Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
To you and all the nations upon earth:  
This day hath God fulfill'd his promised word  
This day is born a Saviour. Christ the Lord."



# Christmas.

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

To Bethlehem straight the enlighten'd shepherds  
To see the Wonder God had wrought for man: [ran,  
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,  
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;  
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,  
The first apostles of his infant fame.

Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ  
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;  
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,  
From his poor manger to his bitter cross;  
Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,  
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.  
Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,  
To sing redeem'd a glad triumphal song;  
He that was born upon this joyful day,  
Around us all his glory shall display;  
Saved by his love incessant we shall sing  
Of angels and of angel-men the King.

## 77. ADESTE FIDELES.

P.M.

READING, 1690

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."—LUKE ii. 15.

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-umph-ant, O come ye, O  
2. *f* God of..... God,..... Light of..... Light, *p* Lo, he ab-  
3. *f* Sing, choirs of an-gels, Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion, Sing, all ye  
4. *f* Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap-py morn-ing; Je-su, to

come ye to Beth-le-hem; Come and be-hold him  
hors not the Vir-gin's womb; *f* Ve-ry..... God, Be-  
ci-ti-zens of heaven a-bove, Glo-ry to God.....  
Thee be..... glo-ry given; Word of the Fa-ther,

*p* Trebles only. FULL.  
Born, the King of An-gels; O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-  
got-ten, not cre-a-ted; O come, let us a-  
In..... the..... high-est; O come, let us a-  
Now in flesh ap-pear-ing; O come, let us a-  
*Org.*

*f*  
dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord. A-men,  
*Org.*

# Christmas.

78. MENDELSSOHN.\*

D. 7s.

MENDELSSOHN.

*Unison.*

Hark! the he - rald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new born King.

*Harmony.*

*Unison.*

A - men.

"Unto us a Child is born : unto us a Son is given."—Isa. ix. 6.

*f* HARK! the herald angels sing  
*p* Glory to the new-born King ;  
*cr* Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
*f* God and sinners reconciled !  
*f* Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
*f* Join the triumph of the skies ;  
*f* Universal nature say,  
*f* Christ the Lord is born to-dav.  
*f* Christ, by highest heaven adored ;  
*ti* Christ, the everlasting Lord ;  
*ti* Late in time behold him come,  
*p* Offspring of a virgin's womb :  
*p* Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see ;  
*cr* Hail the incarnate Deity,  
*cr* Pleas'd as Man with men to dwell,  
*cr* Jesus, our Emmanuel !

*f* Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace.  
*f* Hail the Sun of Righteousness ;  
*f* Light and life to all he brings,  
*mf* Risen with healing in his wings.  
*mf* Mild, he lays his glory by,  
*cr* Born that man no more may die  
*cr* Born to raise the sons of earth,  
*cr* Born to give them second birth.  
*mf* Come, Desire of nations, come,  
*mf* Fix in us thy humble home ;  
*mf* Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,  
*cr* Bruise in us the serpent's head.  
*cr* Adam's likeness, Lord, efface ;  
*cr* Stamp thy image in its place ;  
*cr* O to all thyself impart,  
*cr* Form'd in each believing heart.

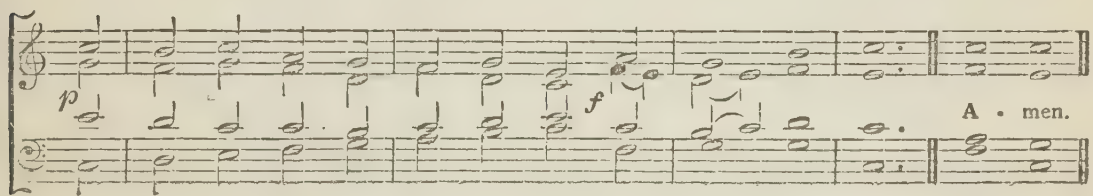
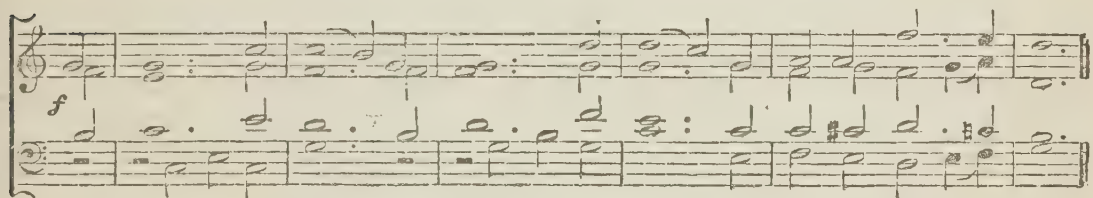
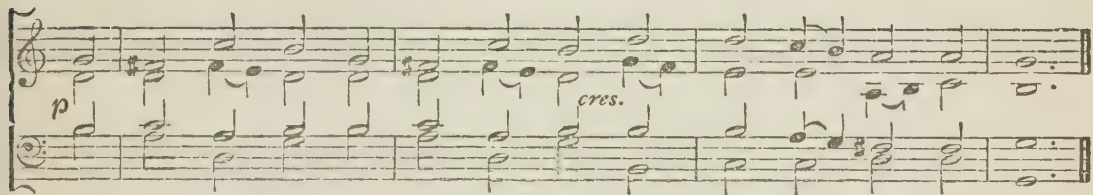
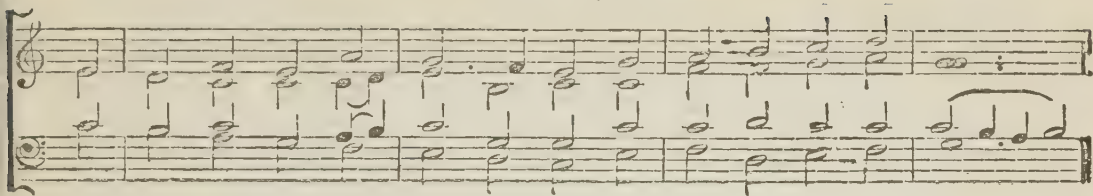
\* This Tune is usually sung except the 9th line, in unison.

# Christmas.

79. GAUDETE.

8s. 6s. 4.

S. SMITH.



"They shall call his Name Emmanuel."—MATT. i. 23.

*f* Joy fills our inmost heart to-day :  
The royal Child is born :  
And angel hosts in glad array  
His Advent keep this morn.  
*f* Rejoice, rejoice ! The incarnate Word  
Has come on earth to dwell ;  
No sweeter sound than this is heard—  
Emmanuel.

*mp* Low at the cradle throne we bend,  
We wonder and adore ;  
*cr* And feel no bliss can ours transcend,  
No joy was sweet before.  
*f* Rejoice, rejoice ! &c

*mf* For us the world must lose its charms  
Before the manger shrine,  
When, folded in thy mother's arms  
We see thee, Babe divine  
*ff* Rejoice, rejoice ! &c.

*f* Thou Light of uncreated Light,  
Shine on us, Holy Child ;  
That we may keep thy birthday bright,  
With service undefiled.  
*f* Rejoice, rejoice ! The incarnate Word  
Has come on earth to dwell ;  
No sweeter sound than this is heard—  
Emmanuel.

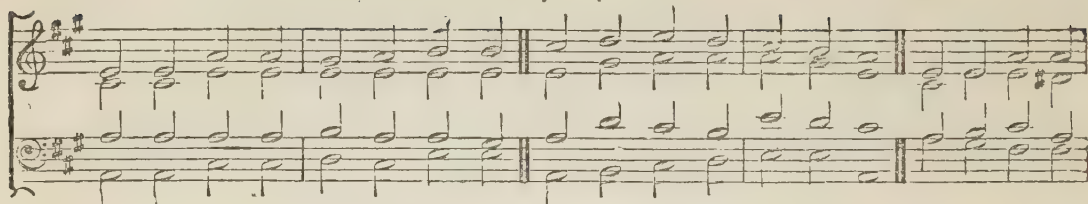


# Christmas.

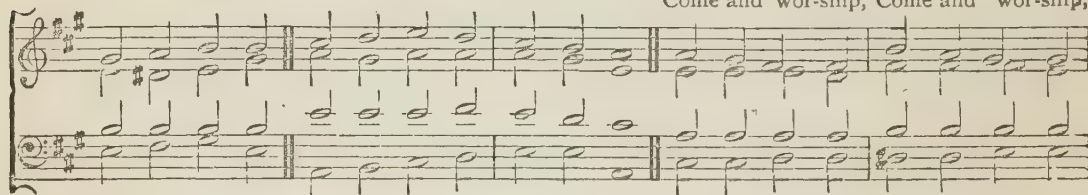
## 80. NOEL.

8s. 7s. 4.

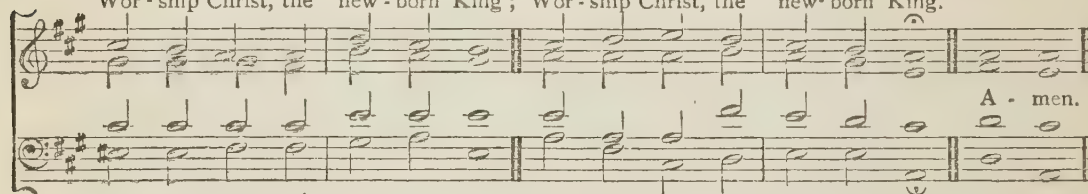
Polish Melody.



Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship,



Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King; Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King.



"We are come to worship him."—MATT. ii. 2.

*f* ANGELS, from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

*mf* Shepherds in the fields abiding,  
Watching o'er their flocks by night;  
*cr* God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant-light:

*f* Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

*mf* Sages, leave your contemplations;  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of nations,  
Ye have seen his natal star:

*f* Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

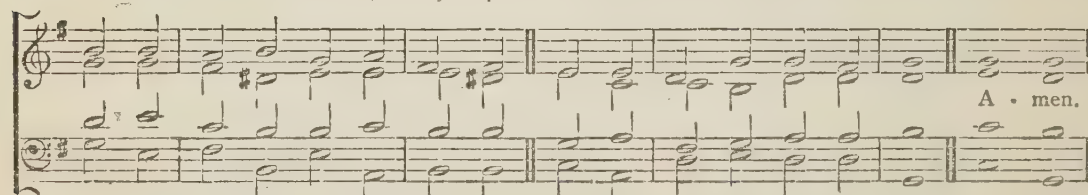
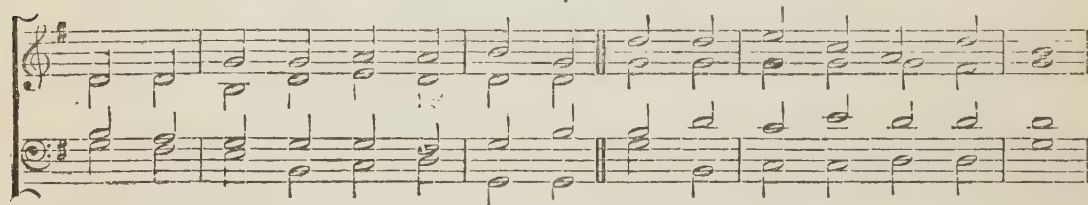
*mf* Saints before the altar bending,  
*p* Watching long in hope and fear,  
*cr* Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In his temple shall appear:

*f* Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.°

## 81. STUTTGARDT.

8s. 7s.

German Chorale.



"The Word was God: the Word was made flesh."—JOHN i. i. 14.

Who is this, so weak and helpless,  
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,  
Rudely in a stable shelter'd,  
Coldly in a manger laid?

*f* 'Tis the Lord of all creation,  
Who this wondrous path hath trod,  
He is God from everlasting,  
And to everlasting God.

# Christmas.

- b* Who is this, a Man of sorrows  
Walking sadly life's hard way,  
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping  
Over sin and Satan's sway?
- '* 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,  
Who above the starry sky  
Now prepares the many mansions,  
Where no tear can dim the eye.
- p* Who is this—behold him shedding  
Drops of blood upon the ground?  
Who is this—despised, rejected,  
Mock'd, insulted, beaten, bound?

- '* 'Tis our God, who gifts and graces  
On his Church now poureth down;  
Who shall smite in holy vengeance  
All his foes beneath his throne.
- '* Who is this that hangeth dying,  
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,  
On the cross with sinners number'd,  
Pierced by nails and crown'd with thorns.
- f* 'Tis the God who ever liveth  
'Mid the shining ones on high,  
In the glorious golden city  
Reigning everlastingly.<sup>m</sup>

## Sunday after Christmas: Close of the Year.

"THE LIVING, THE LIVING, HE SHALL PRAISE THEE AS I DO THIS DAY.

82. SARUM.

D.S.M.

AYLWARD.

"A little while and ye shall see me."—JOHN XVI. 16.

- |  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| <i>mp</i> A few more years shall roll,<br>A few more seasons come,<br><i>di</i> And we shall be with those that rest<br><i>b</i> Asleep within the tomb:<br><i>cr</i> Then, O my Lord, prepare<br>My soul for that great day;<br>O wash me in thy precious blood,<br><i>p</i> And take my sins away. | <i>mp</i> A few more storms shall beat<br>On this wild rocky shore,<br><i>di</i> And we shall be where tempests<br>cease,<br>And surges swell no more:<br><i>cr</i> Then, O my Lord, prepare<br>My soul for that calm day;<br>O wash me in thy precious blood,<br><i>p</i> And take my sins away. | <i>mf</i> A few more Sabbaths here<br>Shall cheer us on our way,<br>And we shall reach the endless rest<br>The eternal Sabbath day.<br><i>cr</i> Then, O my Lord, prepare<br>My soul for that sweet day;<br>O wash me in thy precious blood,<br><i>p</i> And take my sins away. |
| <i>mp</i> A few more suns shall set<br>O'er these dark hills of time,<br><i>di</i> And we shall be where suns are<br>not,<br>A far serener clime:<br><i>cr</i> Then, O my Lord, prepare<br>My soul for that bright day;<br>O wash me in thy precious blood,<br><i>p</i> And take my sins away.       | <i>mp</i> A few more struggles here,<br>A few more partings o'er,<br>A few more toils, a few more tears,<br>And we shall weep no more:<br><i>cr</i> Then, O my Lord, prepare<br>My soul for that blest day;<br>O wash me in thy precious blood,<br><i>p</i> And take my sins away.                | <i>f</i> 'Tis but a little while<br>And he shall come again,<br>Who died that we might live, who<br>lives<br>That we with him may reign.<br>Then, O my Lord, prepare<br>My soul for that glad day;<br>O wash me in thy precious blood,<br><i>p</i> And take my sins away.       |

# Sunday after Christmas: Close of the Year.

## 83. AURELIA.

7s. 6s.

S. S. WESLEY.

"Thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."—Ps. cii. 27.

*f* O God, the Rock of Ages,  
Who evermore hast been,  
What time the tempest rages,  
Our dwelling-place serene:  
Before thy first creations,  
O Lord, the same as now,  
To endless generations  
The Everlasting Thou!

*mp* Our years are like the shadows  
On sunny hills that lie,  
Or grasses in the meadows  
That blossom but to die:

*p* A sleep, a dream, a story  
By strangers quickly told,  
An unremaining glory  
Of things that soon are old.

*mf* O thou, who canst not slumber,  
Whose light grows never pale,  
*cr* Teach us aright to number  
Our years before they fail.  
On us thy mercy lighten,  
On us thy goodness rest,  
And let thy Spirit brighten  
The hearts thyself hast bless'd.

*r* Lord, crown our faith's endeavour  
With beauty and with grace,  
Till, clothed in light for ever,  
We see thee face to face:  
A joy no language measures;  
A fountain brimming o'er;  
An endless flow of pleasures;  
An ocean without shore.<sup>s</sup>

## 84. CULBACH.

7s.



# Sunday after Christmas: Close of the Year.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—1 SAM. vii. 12.

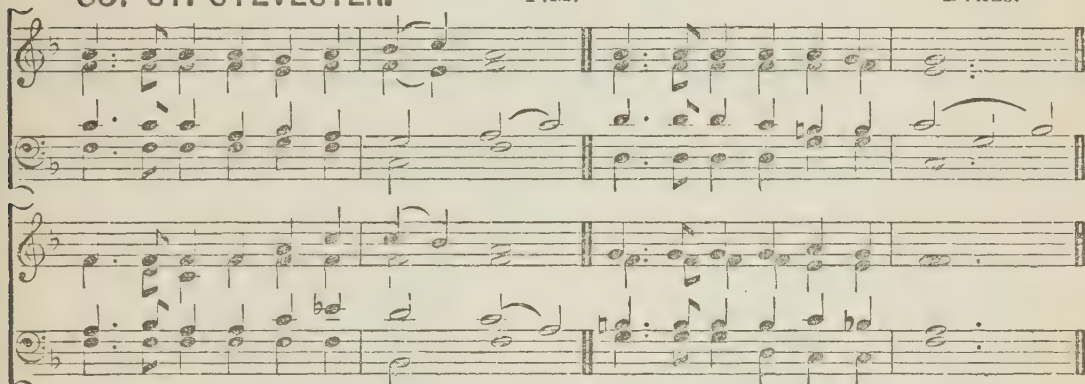
*mf* FOR thy mercy and thy grace,  
Faithful through another year,  
Hear our song of thankfulness,  
Father and Redeemer, hear.  
*mf* In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength, be thou our stay;  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living way.  
*pp* Who of us death's awful road  
In the coming year shall tread;

With thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort thou his dying head.  
*mf* Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
Keep us evermore thine own;  
Help, O help us to endure;  
Fit us for the promised crown.  
*f* So within thy palace gate  
We shall praise, on golden strings,  
*ff* Thee, the only Potentate,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

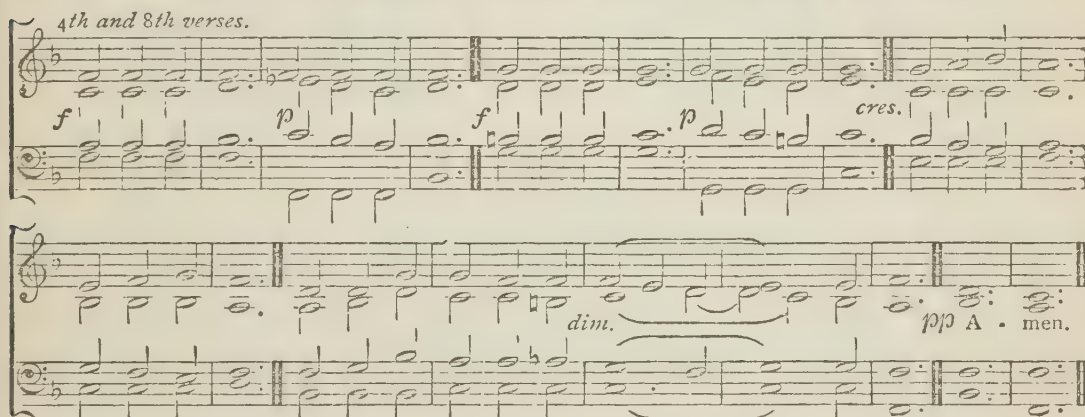
## 85. ST. SYLVESTER.

P.M.

DYKES.



4th and 8th verses.



"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—Ps. xc. 12.

*mf* DAYS and moments quickly flying  
Speed us onward to the dead:  
Oh, how soon shall we be lying  
Each within his narrow bed!  
*mf* Jesu, merciful Redeemer,  
Rouse dead souls to hear thy voice;  
*cr* Wake, O wake each idle dreamer  
Now to make the eternal choice.  
*mf* Mark we whither we are wending;  
Ponder how we soon must go  
To inherit bliss unending,  
Or eternity of woe.  
*mf* Life passeth soon:  
*pp* Death draweth near:  
*mf* Keep us, good Lord,  
Till thou appear;  
With thee to live,  
With thee to die,  
*f* With thee to reign through eternity.

*mp* As a shadow life is fleeting;  
As a vapour so it flies;  
*cr* For the bygone years retreating  
Pardon grant, and make us wise—  
*mf* Wise that we our days may number,  
Strive and wrestle with our sin,  
Stay not in our work nor slumber  
Till thy holy rest we win.  
*r* Soon before the Judge all glorious  
We with all the dead shall stand;  
*ff* Saviour, over death victorious,  
Place us then on thy right hand.  
*mf* Life passeth soon:  
*pp* Death draweth near:  
*mf* Keep us, good Lord,  
Till thou appear:  
With thee to live,  
With thee to die,  
*f* With thee to reign through eternity.

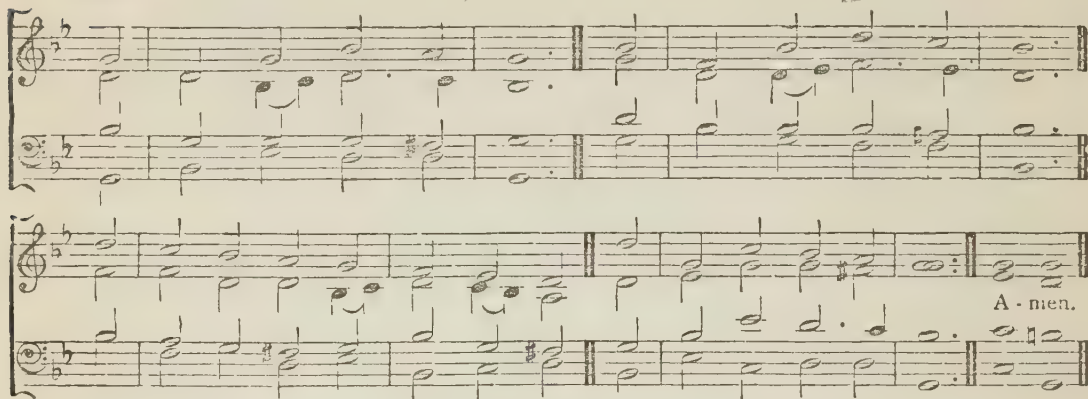
# The Circumcision of Christ: New Year.

"B. THY HOLY NATIVITY AND CIRCUMCISION, GOOD LORD, DELIVER US."

86. ST. BRIDE.

S.M.

HOWARD



"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.—Ps. cxxvi. 5.

*mf* THE year begins with thee;  
*di* And thou beginn'st with woe,  
 To let the world of sinners see  
*p* That blood for sin must flow  
*mp* Thine infant cries, O Lord,  
 Thy tears upon the breast  
 Are not enough:—the legal sword  
 Must do its stern behest.  
*mf* Like sacrificial wine  
 Pour'd on a victim's head,  
 Are those few precious drops of thine,  
 Now first to offering led.

Oh, are we born to tears,  
 Cradled in care and woe;  
 And seems it hard our vernal years  
 Few vernal joys can show?

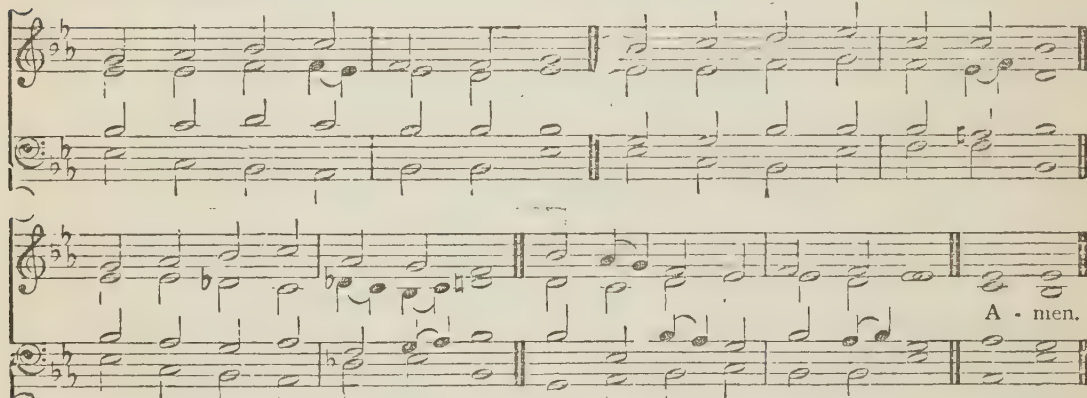
Look here and hold thy peace:  
 The Giver of all good  
 Even from the womb takes no release  
*p* From suffering, tears, and blood.

*mf* If thou wouldst reap in love,  
 First sow in holy fear:  
*cr* So life a winter's morn may prove  
 To a bright endless year.\*

87. GIBBONS.

7s.

O. GIBBONS.



"Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."—MATT. i. 21

*f* CONQUERING kings their titles take  
 From the foes they captive make:  
 Jesus, by a nobler deed,  
 From the thousands he hath freed  
 Jes: none other name is given  
 Unto mortals under heaven,  
 Which can make the dead arise,  
 And exalt them to the skies.

*mf* That which Christ so hardly wrought,  
 That which he so dearly bought.

That salvation, brethren, say,  
*di* Shall we madly cast away?

*f* Rather gladly for that name  
 Bear the cross, endure the shame:  
 Joyfully for him to die  
 Is not death but victory.

*mf* Jesu, who dost condescend  
 To be call'd the sinner's Friend,

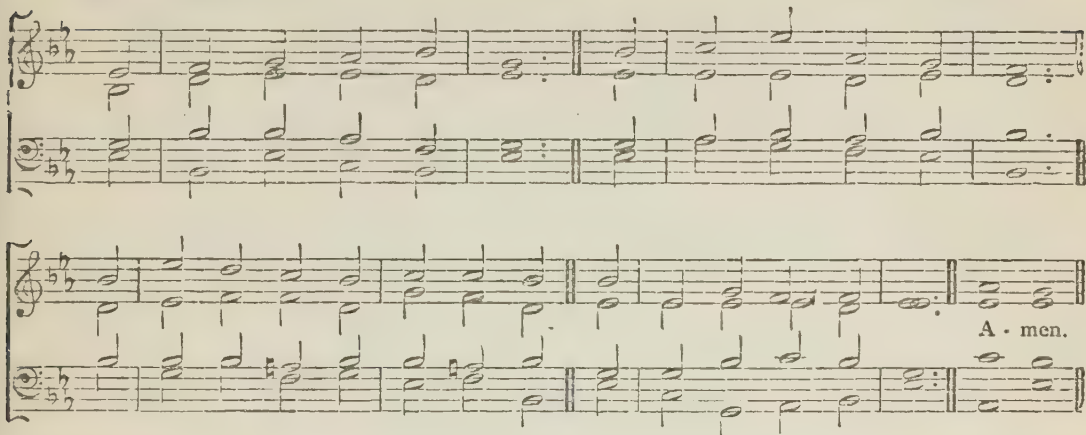
*cr* Hear us, as to thee we pray,  
 Glorifying in thy name to day.\*

# The Circumcision of Christ: New Year.

## 88. FRANCONIA.

S.M.

German Choral



"My times are in thy hand."—Ps. xxxi. 15.

*mf* My times are in thy hand,  
My God, I wish them there;  
My life, my friends, my soul I leave  
Entirely to thy care.

My times are in thy hand,  
Whatever they may be,  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to thee.

My times are in thy hand,  
Why should I doubt or fear?

*p* A Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear

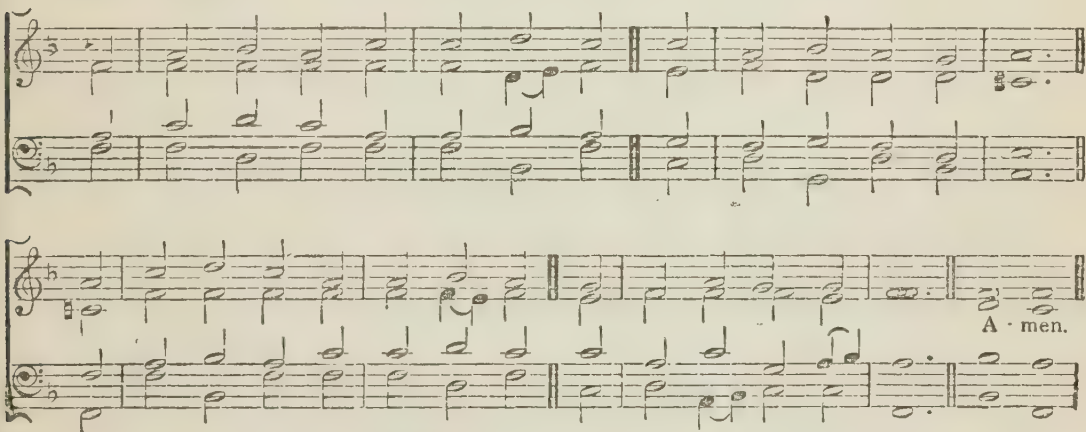
*mf* My times are in thy hand,  
Jesus the crucified;  
*p* The hand my cruel sins had pierced  
*cr.* Is now my guard and guide.

*f* My times are in thy hand;  
I'll always trust in thee,  
And after death at thy right hand  
I shall for ever be.<sup>e</sup>

## 89. MILAN.

C.M.

TALLIS.



"Then shall the Lord be my God."—GEN. xxviii. 21.

*f* O God of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed;  
*di* Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led:

*mf* Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before thy throne of grace:  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide;

Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,

*di* And at our Father's loved abode  
*p* Our souls arrive in peace.

*mf* Such blessings from thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore;

*f* And thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And portion evermore.<sup>e</sup>

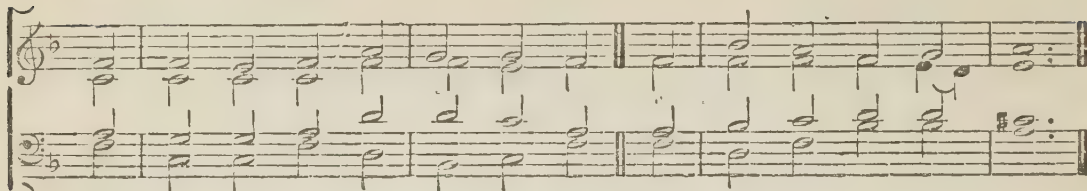


# The Circumcision of Christ: New Year.

90. ST. FLAVIAN.

C.M.

RAVENS-CROFT.



*"Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power."—Ps cx. 3.*

*f* Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,  
And make thy glory known ;

*mf* Now let us all thy presence feel,  
And soften hearts of stone.

*mp* Help us to venture near thy throne,  
And plead a Saviour's name ;  
For all that we can call our own  
Is vanity and shame.

*mf* From all the guilt of former sin  
May mercy set us free ;

And let the year, we now begin,  
Begin and end with thee.

Send down thy Spirit from above,  
That saints may love thee more ;  
And sinners now may learn to love,  
Who never loved before

*cr* And when before thee we appear  
In our eternal home,  
May growing numbers worship here,  
And praise thee in our room.<sup>c</sup>

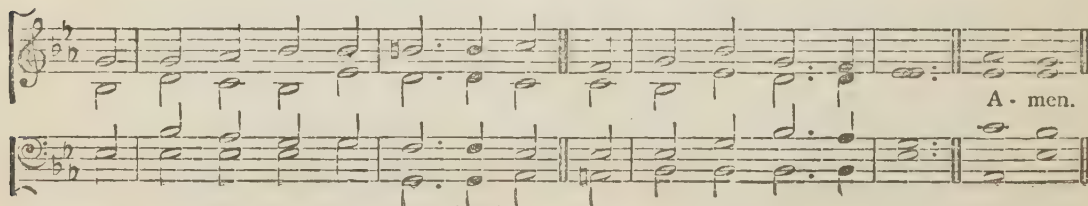
## The Epiphany.

"THE GENTILES SHALL COME TO THY LIGHT, AND KINGS TO THE BRIGHTNESS OF THY RISING."

91. HOLY TRINITY.

C.M.

J. BARNBY.



# The Epiphany.

"The star which they saw in the east went before them."—MATT. II. 9.

*f* O THOU who by a star didst guide  
The wise men on their way,  
Until it came and stood beside  
The place where Jesus lay ;

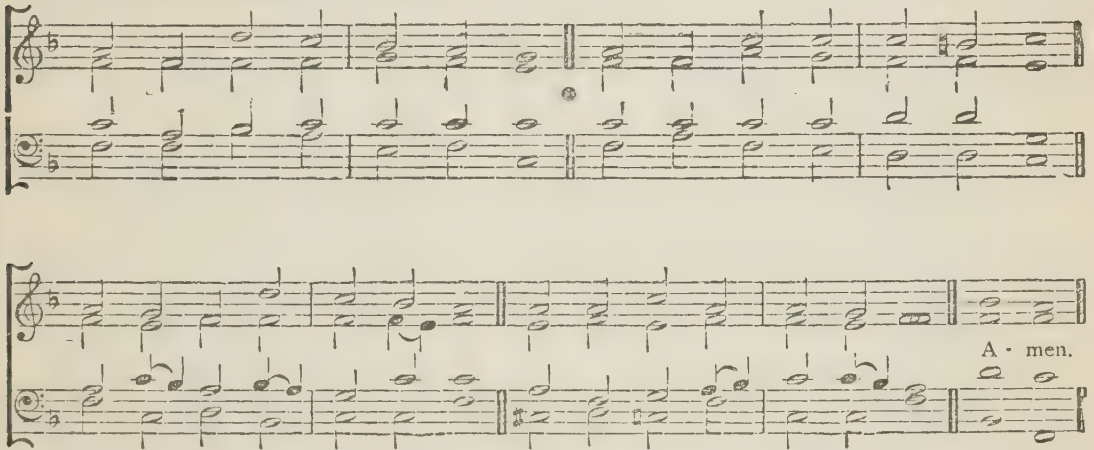
*mf* Although by stars thou dost not lead  
Thy servants now below,  
*c* Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,  
Will show them how to go.

*mf* As yet we know thee but in part ;  
But still we trust thy word,  
That blessèd are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see the Lord.

*f* O Saviour, give us then thy grace  
To make us pure in heart,  
That we may see thee face to face  
Hereafter as thou art.<sup>c</sup>

## 92. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7s.

GAUNTLET.



"We have seen his star in the east."—MATT. II. 2.

*f* SONS of men, behold from far,  
Hail the long-expected star ;  
Jacob's star that gilds the night,  
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

*f* Mild it shines on all beneath,  
Piercing through the shades of death ;  
*c* Scattering error's wide-spread night,  
Kindling darkness into light.

*f* Nations all, remote and near,  
Haste to see your God appear :  
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,  
Meet him manifested there.

There behold the day-spring rise,  
Pouring light upon your eyes :  
See it chase the shades away,  
Shining to the perfect day.

*ff* Sing, ye morning stars, again,  
God descends on earth to reign,  
Deigns for man his life to employ ;  
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.<sup>a</sup>

# The Epiphany.

93. DIX.

SIX 7S.

German Chorale

"I am the bright and morning star."—REV. xxli. 16.

*p* As with gladness men of old  
Did the guiding star behold;  
As with joy they hail'd its light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright;  
So, most gracious Lord, may we  
Evermore be led to thee

*mf* As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom heaven and earth adore;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offer'd gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare  
So may we with holy joy

Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King

*p* Holy Jesu, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
*cr* And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransom'd souls at last  
*f* Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

*ff* In the heavenly country bright  
Need they no created light;  
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,  
Thou its sun which goes not down;  
There for ever may we sing  
Hallelujahs to our King.<sup>k</sup>

94. EPIPHANY HYMN.

P.M.

Adapted from MENDELSSOHN.



# The Epiphany.

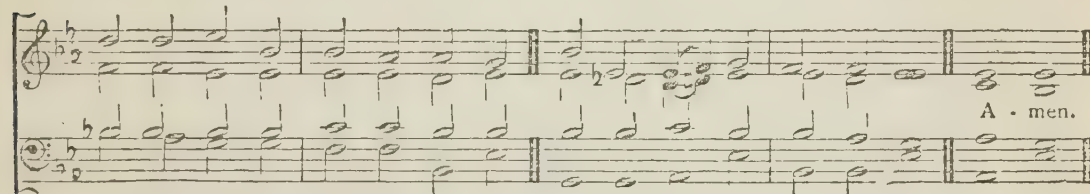
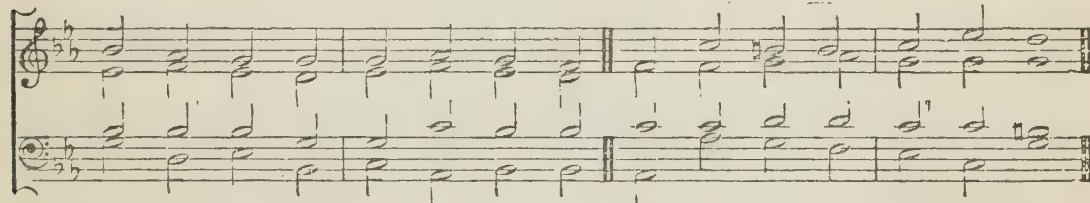
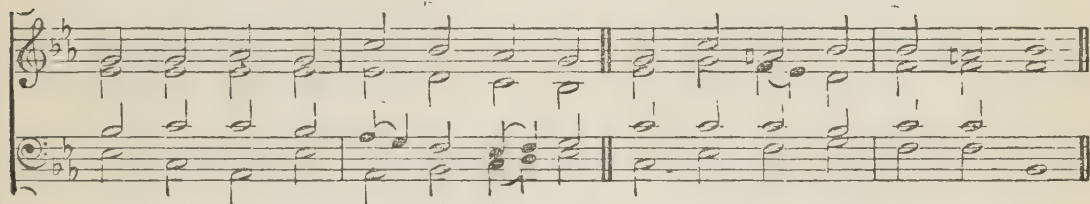
"Until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts."—2 PET. i. 19.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid :  
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
di Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.  
Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;  
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.  
Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine ?

Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine !  
Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure ;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor  
/ Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid :  
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
di Guide where our in-ant Redeemer is laid

## 95. ST. PETER.

D. 8s. 7s.



"A light to lighten the Gentiles."—LUKE ii. 32

HAIL ! thou source of every blessing  
Sovereign Father of mankind,  
Gentiles now, thy grace possessing,  
In thy courts admission find.  
Grateful now we fall before thee,  
In thy church obtain a place ;  
Now by faith behold thy glory,  
Praise thy truth, adore thy grace.  
mf Once far off, but now invited,  
We approach thy sacred throne ;  
In thy covenant united,  
Reconciled, redeem'd, made one.

Now reveal'd to eastern sages,  
See the star of mercy shine !  
p Mystery hid in former ages,  
Mystery great of love divine.  
/ Hail ! thou all-inviting Saviour :  
Gentiles now their offerings bring ;  
In thy temples seek thy favour,  
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.  
May we, body, soul, and spirit,  
Live devoted to thy praise,  
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,  
Grateful anthems ever raise."

# The Epiphany.

96. GOTHÄ.

8s. 7s.

The late PRINCE CONSORT.

"The Desire of all nations shall come."—HAG. ii. 7.

*mf* COME, thou long-expected Jesus;  
Born to set thy people free;  
From our fears and sins release us;  
Let us find our rest in thee.

*f* Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the earth thou art;  
Dear Desire of every nation,  
Joy of every longing heart.

*cr* Born thy people to deliver;  
Born a child and yet a king;  
Born to reign in us for ever;  
Now thy gracious kingdom bring

*mf* By thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone:

*f* By thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to thy glorious throne.<sup>m</sup>

## Sundays after the Epiphany: Missions.

"WE HUMBLY BESEECH THEE TO MAKE KNOWN THY SAVING HEALTH UNTO ALL NATIONS."

97. CARLISLE.

S.M.

LOCKHART.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings."—ISA. lli. 7.

*mf* How beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Zion's hill,  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal!

*mb* How charming is their voice,  
How sweet the tidings are!

*cr* Zion, behold thy Saviour King;  
He reigns and triumphs here.

*mf* How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
*di* Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found

*mf* How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light!

*di* Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.

*cr* The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;

*f* Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

*f* The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad:

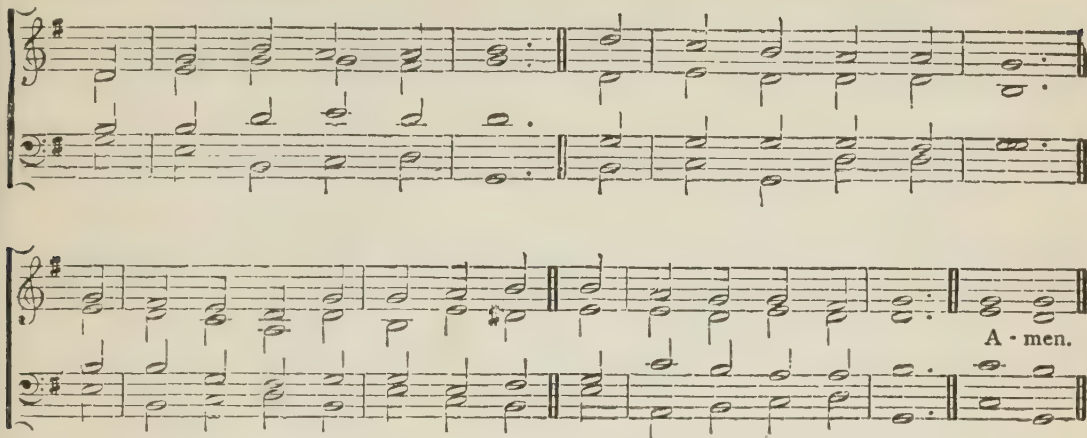
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God!

# Sundays after the Epiphany: Missions.

## 98. ST. MICHAEL.

S.M.

From DAY'S Psalter.



"God be merciful unto us, that thy way may be known upon earth."—Ps. lxvii. 1, 2.

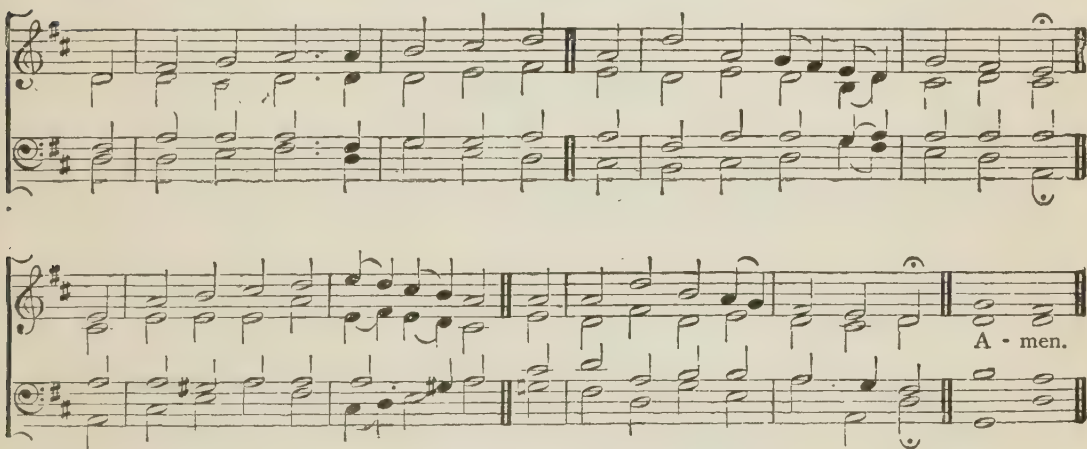
*mf* To bless thy chosen race  
In mercy, Lord, incline;  
And cause the brightness of thy face  
On all thy saints to shine:  
*c* That so thy wondrous way  
May through the world be known;  
While distant lands their tribute pay,  
And thy salvation own.

Let differing nations join  
To celebrate thy fame;  
Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
To praise thy glorious name.  
O let them shout and sing  
With joy and pious mirth;  
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
Shalt govern all the earth.*e*

## 99. TRURO.

L.M.

BURNEY.



"Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O arm of the Lord."—ISA. li. 9.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,  
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;  
And let the world adoring see  
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.  
Say to the heathen from thy throne,  
I am Jehovah, God alone;  
Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground

*mf* Let Zion's time of favour come;  
O bring the tribes of Israel home;  
And let our wondering eyes behold  
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.  
Almighty God, thy grace proclaim  
In every clime, of every name;  
Let adverse powers before thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.*a*



# Sundays after the Epiphany: Missions.

## 100. ST. DENIS.

115.

CALLCOTT.  
Harmonized by J. T. COOPER.

"Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty."—Ps. xlv. 3.

*mf* HARK ! the swelling breezes, rising from afar,  
*c* Bring the sounds of conflict from the holy war.  
*f* God is with our armies, he the word has given,  
He is watching o'er you, messengers of heaven.

*f* Go, thou mighty Gospel, conquering on thy way !  
Night upon the mountains changes into day ;  
Idols bow before thee, heathen temples fall ;  
Soon the world shall own thee victor over all.

*mf* O thou blessed Saviour reigning now on high,  
May thy faithful soldiers find thee ever nigh.  
*c* Bid the glorious mission speed from sea to sea,  
*f* Till the whole creation worship only thee.

## 101. WINCHESTER OLD.

C.M.

ALISON'S Psalter.

# Sundays after the Epiphany: Missions.

"The armies which were in heaven followed him."—REV. xix. 14.

LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass ;  
Ye bars of iron yield :  
And let the King of glory pass ;  
The cross is in the field.

That banner, brighter than the star  
That leads the train of night,  
Shines on the march, and guides from far  
His servants to the fight.

*mf* A holy war those servants wage ;  
In that mysterious strife  
The powers of heaven and hell engage  
For more than death or life.

Ye armies of the living God,  
Ye warriors of Christ's host,  
Where hallow'd footsteps never trod,  
Take your appointed post.

*p* Though few and small and weak your bands,  
*cr* Strong in your Captain's strength  
*f* Go to the conquest of all lands :  
All must be his at length.

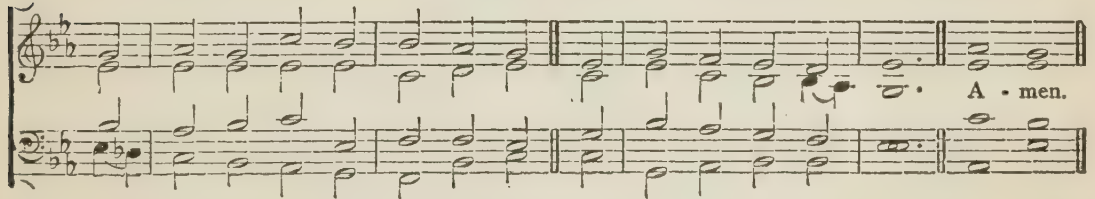
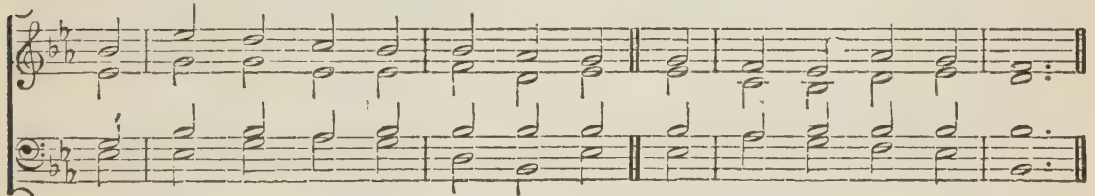
*mf* Those spoils at his victorious feet  
You shall rejoice to lay,  
And lay yourselves as trophies meet  
In his great judgment day.

Then fear not, faint not, halt not now,  
In Jesus' name be strong !  
To him shall every creature bow,  
And sing the triumph-song :—

*f* Uplifted are the gates of brass,  
The bars of iron yield ;  
Behold the King of glory pass ;  
The cross hath won the field. *c*

## 102. ST. PETER (REINAGLE). C.M.

REINAGLE.



"Let us go up to the mountain of the Lord."—ISA. ii. 3.

*mf* BEHOLD the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise  
On mountain-tops above the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;  
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,  
And to his house we'll go.

*f* The beam that shines from Zion's hill  
Shall lighten every land ;  
The King who reigns in Salem's towers  
Shall all the world command

*mf* No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,  
Or mar the peaceful years ;  
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords :  
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts  
Their millions slain deplore :

*di* They hang the trumpet in the hall,  
And study war no more.

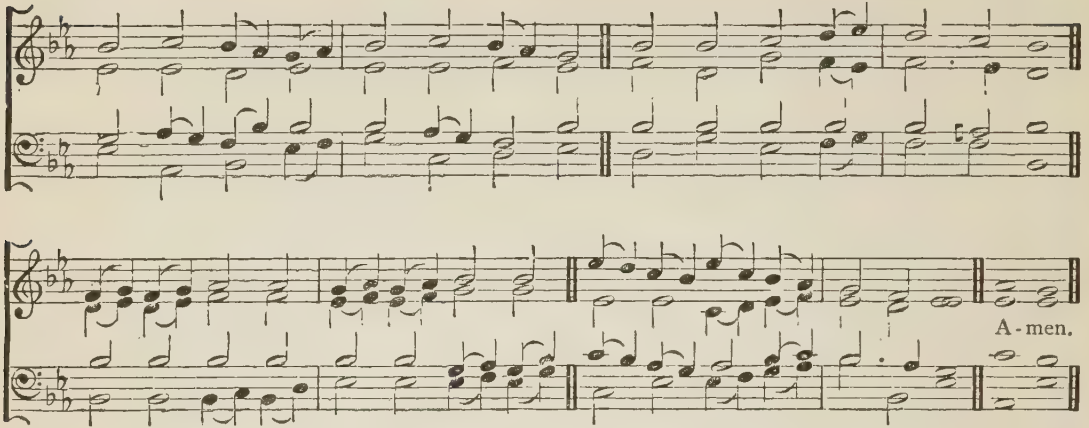
*cr* Come then, O come, from every land  
To worship at his shrine ;

*f* And walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine. *c*

# Sundays after the Epiphany: Missions.

## 103. SICILIAN MARINERS. 8s. 7s.

Sicilian Melody.



*"The Lord shall be King over all the earth."—ZECH. xiv. 9.*

ZION'S King shall reign victorious ;  
All the earth shall own his sway ;  
He will make his kingdom glorious ;  
He will reign through endless day.

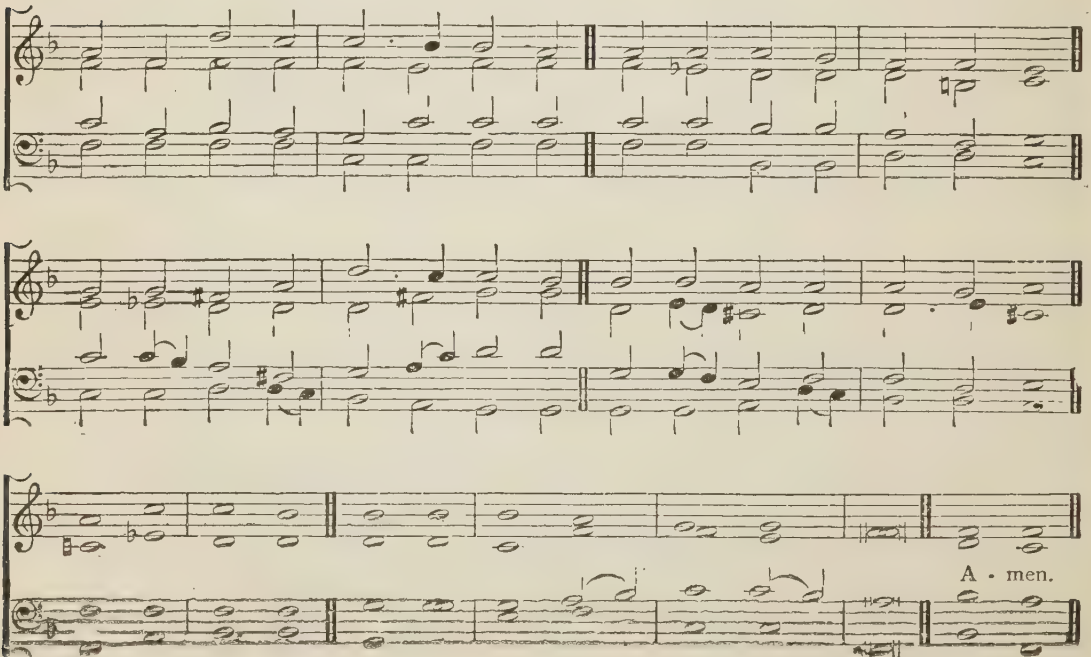
Nations, now from God estrangèd,  
Then shall see a glorious light ;  
Night to day shall then be changèd,  
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

*mf* Then shall Israel, long dispersèd,  
*p* Mourning seek the Lord their God,  
Look on him whom once they piercèd,  
Own and kiss the chastening rod.

*f* Mighty King, thine arm revealing,  
Now thy glorious cause maintain ;  
Bring the nations help and healing,  
Make them subject to thy reign. *m*

## 104. ST. OSMUND. 8s. 7s. 4.

IRONS.





# Sundays after the Epiphany: Missions.

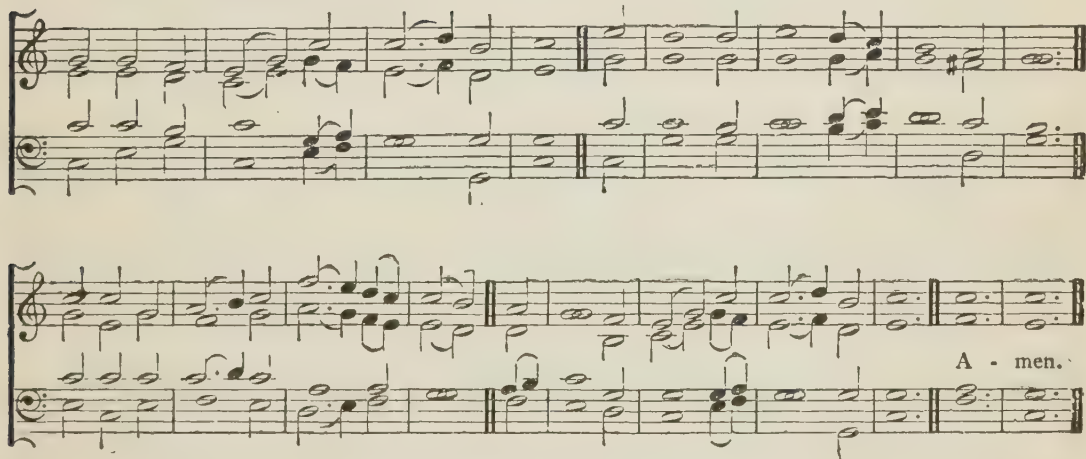
"Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem."—ISA. xl. 2.

ON the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo, the sacred herald stands,  
Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
Zion long in hostile lands :  
Mourning captive,  
God himself will loose thy bands.  
Has thy night been long and mournful?  
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?  
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
Cease thy mourning ;  
Zion still is well-beloved.  
*mf* God, thy God, will now restore thee ;  
He himself appears thy friend ;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee,  
Here their boasts and triumphs end :  
Great deliverance  
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.  
*mf* Enemies no more shall trouble ;  
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd ;  
For thy shame thou shalt have double,  
In thy Maker's favour bless'd.  
All thy conflicts  
End in everlasting rest.<sup>o</sup>

105. WARRINGTON.

L.M.

HARRISON.



A - men.

"God is able to graff them in again."—ROM. xi. 23.

*mf* O WHY should Israel's sons, once bless'd,  
Still roam the scorning world around ;  
*p* Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress'd,  
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground ?  
*mf* O God of Israel, view their race ;  
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring,  
Teach them to see thy slighted grace,  
To hail in Christ their promised king.

The veil of darkness rend in twain,  
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light ;  
The sever'd olive-branch again  
To its own parent stock unite.  
Haste, glorious day, expected long,  
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,  
With eager feet one temple throng,  
One God with grateful rapture praise.<sup>b</sup>

# Sundays after the Epiphany : Missions.

## 106. REDHEAD. (No. 4.)

L.M.

R. REDHEAD.

Musical score for '106. REDHEAD. (No. 4.)' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.'.

*'He shall have dominion from sea to sea.'*—Ps. lxxii. 8.

*f* JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more

*mf* To him shall endless prayer be made,  
And princes throng to crown his head ;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;

*p* And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.

*f* Blessings abound where'er he reigns :  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

*ff* Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again ;  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.<sup>a</sup>

## 107. TRIUMPH.

8s. 7s. 4.

GAUNTLETT.

Musical score for '107. TRIUMPH.' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.'.

# Sundays after the Epiphany: Missions.

"To preach the acceptable year of the Lord."—LUKE iv. 19.

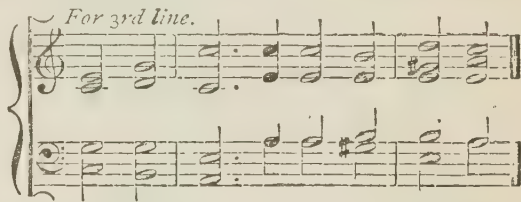
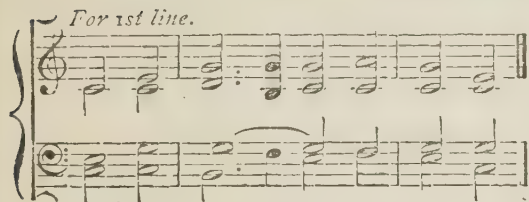
*mp* O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;  
*c* All the promises do travail  
With a glorious day of grace.  
*f* Blessed jubilee,  
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

*mf* Let the Indian, let the negro,  
Let the rude barbarian see,  
That divine and glorious conquest  
Once obtain'd on Calvary:  
*f* Let the Gospel  
Loud resound from pole to pole.

*mf* Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light  
*c* And from eastern coast to western  
May the morning chase the night:  
And redemption,  
Freely purchased, win the day.

*f* Fly abroad, eternal Gospel,  
Win and conquer, never cease:  
May thy lasting wide dominions  
Multiply, and still increase:  
May thy sceptre  
Sway the enlighten'd world around.°

For Organ Accompaniment *ad lib.*



## 108. ST. GEORGE (GAUNTLETT). S.M.

GAUNTLETT

*Moderato.*



"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."—ISA. xxxii. 20.

*f* Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thine hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

*mf* Thou know'st not which may thrive,  
The late or early sown;  
Grace keeps the chosen germ alive,  
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
*c* Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garner in the sky.

*f* Hence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, is come,  
*f* The angel reapers shall descend,  
And heaven cry, Harvest-home.°

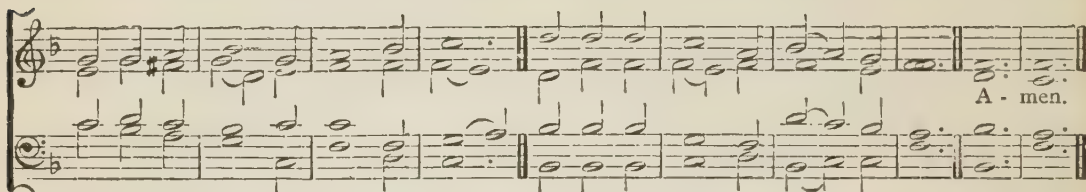
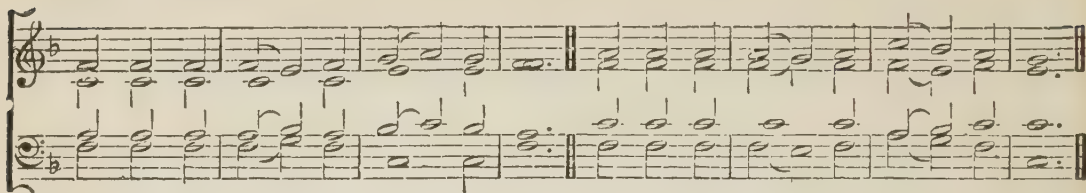


# Sundays after the Epiphany: Missions.

## 109. HURSLEY.

L.M.

Italian Melody.



"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."—1 COR. xv. 58.

*mf* Go, labour on ; spend, and be spent,—  
Thy joy to do the Father's will ;  
*p* It is the way the Master went ;  
Should not the servant tread it still ?

*mf* Go, labour on ; 'tis not for nought ;  
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain ;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;  
*cr* The Master praises ;—what are men ?

*mf* Go, labour on ; your hands are weak,  
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down ;  
Yet falter not ; the prize you seek  
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

Go, labour on while it is day,  
The world's dark night is hastening on ;

*cr* Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away ;  
*di* It is not thus that souls are won.

*p* Men die in darkness at your side,  
Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;  
*f* Take up the torch and wave it wide,  
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

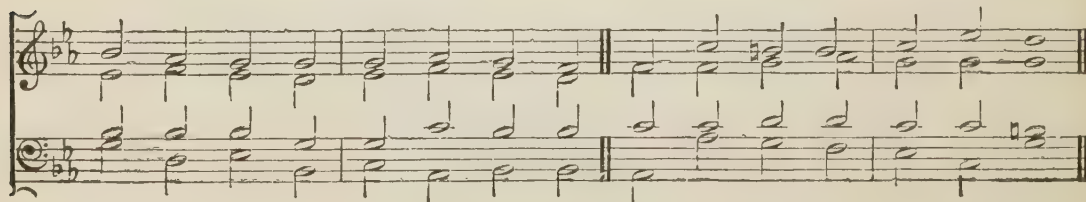
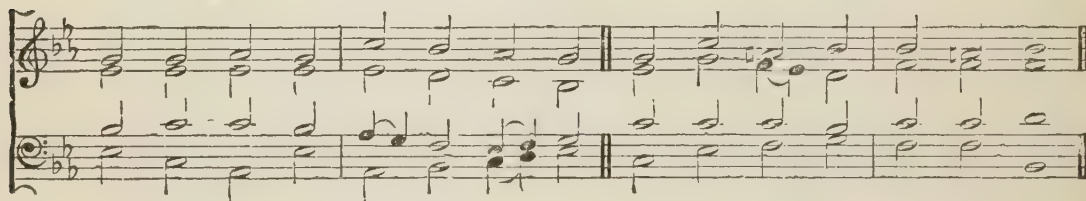
*mf* Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray ;  
Be wise the erring soul to win ;  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;

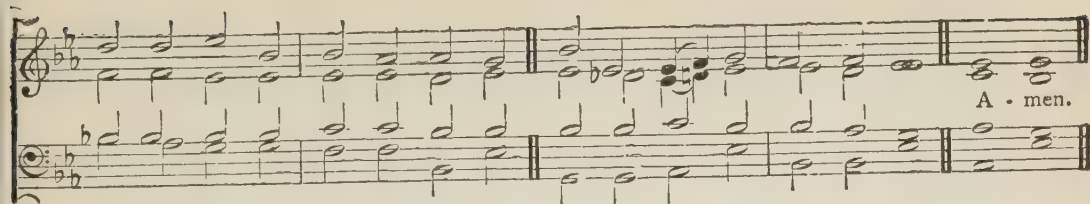
*cr* Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
*f* The midnight cry, Behold I come.<sup>b</sup>

## 110. ST. PETER.

D. 8s. 7s.



# Sundays after the Epiphany : Missions.



"Look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."—JOHN iv. 35.

*mf* LORD, her watch thy Church is keeping;  
When shall earth thy rule obey?  
When shall end the night of weeping,  
When shall break the promised day?  
*di* See the whitening harvest languish,  
Waiting still the labourers' toil;  
*p* Was it vain—thy Son's deep anguish?  
*c* Shall the strong retain the spoil?

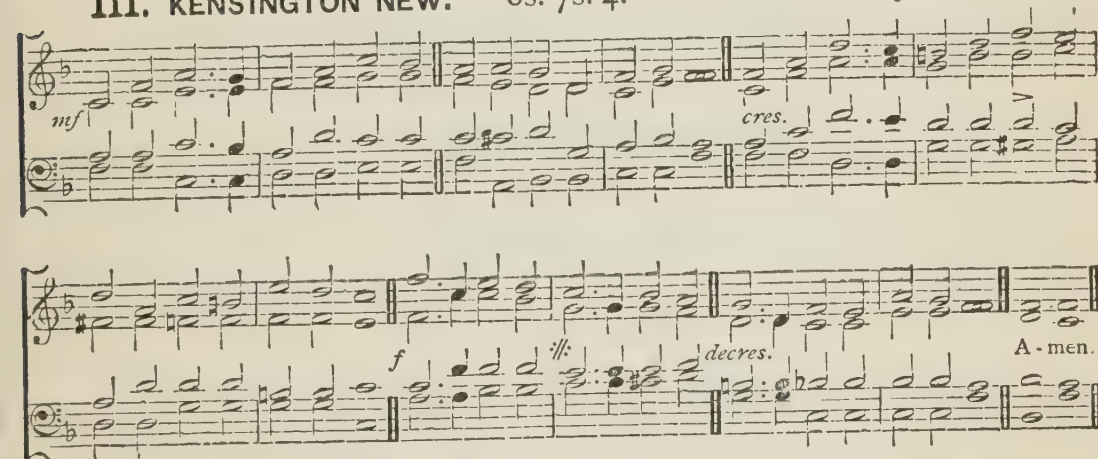
*mf* Tidings, sent to every creature,  
Millions yet have never heard;  
Can they hear without a preacher?  
Lord Almighty, give the word.

*cr* Give the word; in every nation  
Let the Gospel trumpet sound,  
*f* Witnessing a world's salvation,  
To the earth's remotest bound.

*f* Then the end: thy Church completed,  
All thy choser gathered in,  
With their King in glory seated,  
Satan bound, and banish'd sin:  
*p* Gone for ever, parting, weeping,  
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;—  
*ff* Lo! her watch thy Church is keeping,  
Come, Lord Jesu, come to reign."

## 111. KENSINGTON NEW. 8s. 7s. 4.

J. TILLEARD.



"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—MATT. xxviii. 20.

*mf* SPEED thy servants, Saviour, speed them:  
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;  
They were bound, but thou hast freed them;  
Now they go to free the slaves;  
Be thou with them,  
'Tis thine arm alone that saves.

Friends and home and all forsaking,  
Lord, they go at thy command;  
As their stay thy promise taking,  
While they traverse sea and land:

*cr* O, be with them:  
Lead them safely by the hand.

*mf* Where no fruit appears to cheer them,  
And they seem to toil in vain,  
*cr* Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,

Then their sinking hopes sustain;  
Thus supported,  
Let their zeal revive again.

*mf* In the midst of opposition  
Let them trust, O Lord, in thee:  
When success attends their mission,  
Let thy servants humble be:  
*c* Never leave them,  
Till thy face in heaven they see;

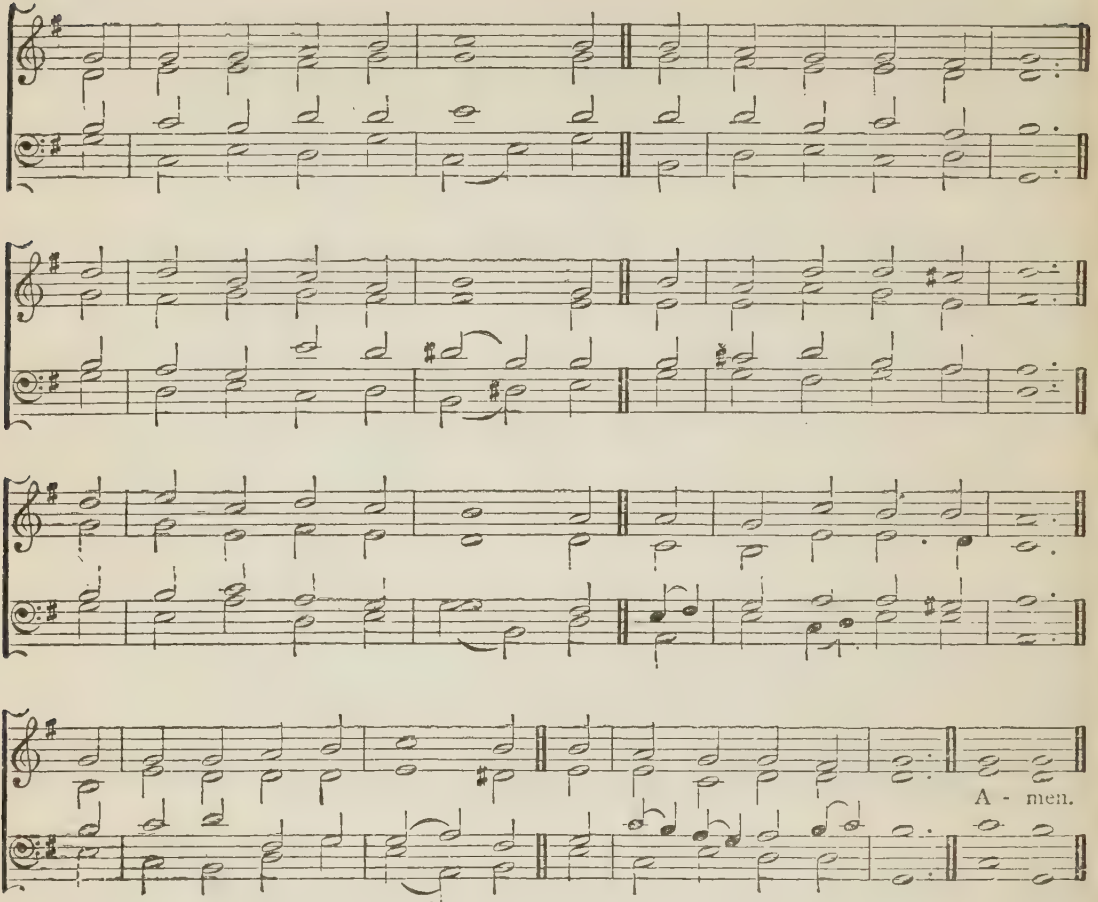
*f* There to reap, in joy for ever,  
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;  
There to be with him, who never  
Ceases to preserve his own,  
And with triumph  
Sing a Saviour's grace alone."

# Sundays after the Epiphany: Missions.

112. CEYLON.

7s. 6s.

L. SCHROETER.



"Come over and help us."—ACTS xvi. 9.

*mf* FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,

*dt* And only man is vile:

*mp* In vain with lavish kindness

The gifts of God are strown,

*p* The heathen in his blindness

Bows down to wood and stone

*mf* Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
*f* Salvation, O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll;  
*cr* Till, like a sea of glory,

It spreads from pole to pole;

Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,

The Lamb for sinners slain,

*f* Redeemer, King, Creator,

In bliss returns to reign,<sup>s</sup>



# Sundays after the Epiphany : Missions.

113. CRÜGER:

7s. 6s.

German Chorale.

"Daily shall he be praised."—Ps. lxxii. 15.

*f* HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son !  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free ;  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

*mf* He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth ;  
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth :  
Before him on the mountains

*p* Shall peace, the herald, go ;  
*c* And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

*m* Arabia's desert-ranger  
To him shall bow the knee :  
The Ethiopian stranger  
His glory come to see :

With offerings of devotion,  
Ships from the isles shall meet  
To pour the wealth of ocean  
In tribute at his feet.

*cr* To him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end :  
The mountain dews shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread, and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.

*o* O'er every foe victorious,  
He on his throne shall rest,  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-bless'd.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His name shall stand for ever,  
*p* His changeless name of love.<sup>s</sup>

# Sundays after the Epiphany: Missions.

114. HINTON MARTELL.

D. 7s. 6s.

Adapted from MENDELSSOHN.

The musical score for Hinton Martell's 'Missions' is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of music. The first system has a key signature change to D major (two sharps). The music is a hymn tune with a simple, flowing melody in the treble and a supporting bass line. The final measure of the fourth system is marked 'A - men'.

"Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to sound."—LEV. xxv. 9.

*f* O BROTHERS, lift your voices,  
Triumphant songs to raise;  
Till heaven on high rejoices,  
And earth is fill'd with praise.  
*cr* Ten thousand hearts are bounding  
With holy hopes and free;  
*ff* The Gospel trump is sounding,  
The trump of Jubilee.  
*mf* O Christian brothers, glorious  
Shall be the conflict's close:  
*cr* The cross hath been victorious,  
And shall be o'er its foes.  
*mf* Faith is our battle-token:  
Our Leader ail controls;  
Our trophies, fetters broken;  
Our captives, ransom'd souls.

Not unto us—Lord Jesus,  
To thee all praise be due;  
*p* Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,  
Has freed our brethren too.  
*mf* Not unto us—in glory  
The angels catch the strain,  
And cast their crowns before thee  
Exultingly again.  
*r* Captain of our salvation,  
Thy presence we adore:  
Praise, glory, adoration  
Be thine for evermore.  
*cr* Still on in conflict pressing  
On thee thy people call,  
*ff* Thee King of kings confessing,  
Thee crowning Lord of all.<sup>s</sup>

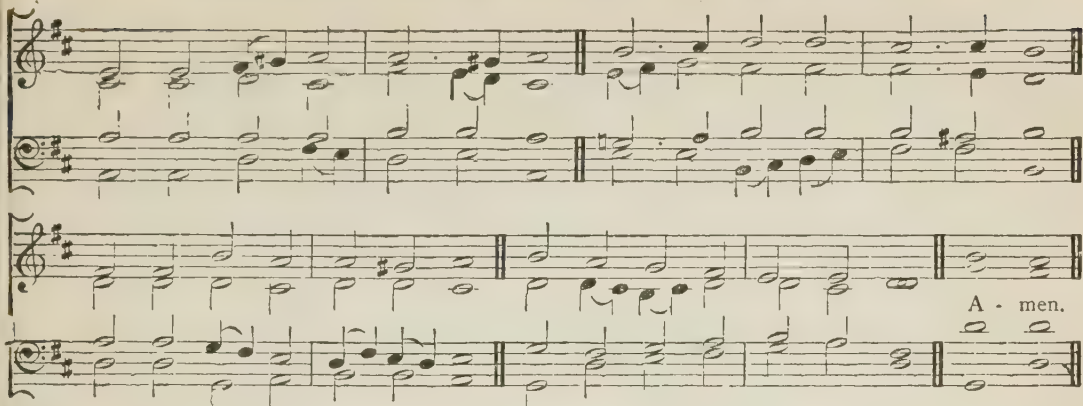
115. SALZBURG.

D. 7s.

German.

The musical score for Salzburg's 'Missions' is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a single system of music. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a steady bass line. The key signature is G major.

# Sundays after the Epiphany : Missions.



"The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."—REV. xix. 6.

✓ HARK ! the song of Jubilee,  
Loud as mighty thunders roar ;  
Or the fulness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore.  
cr Hallelujah ! for the Lord  
God omnipotent shall reign :  
ff Hallelujah ! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.

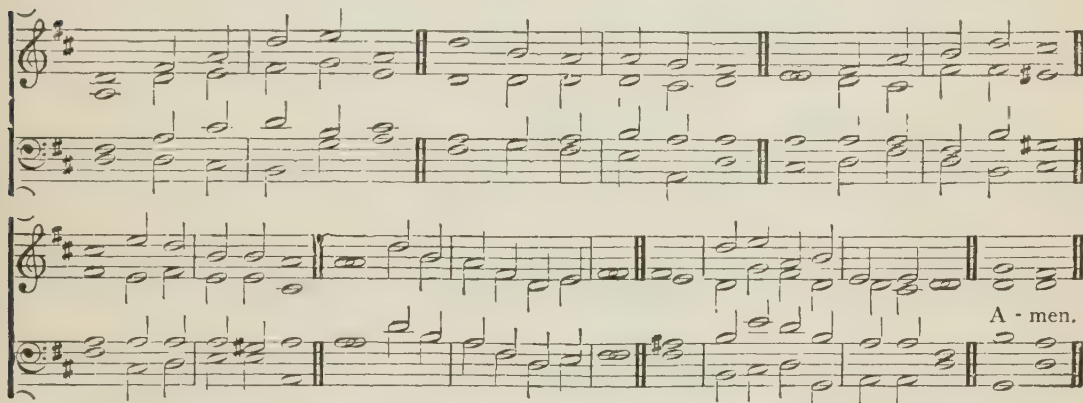
✓ Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,  
From the centre to the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies :

di See Jehovah's banners furl'd,  
p Sheath'd his sword : he speaks—'tis done ;  
cr And the kingdoms of this world  
f Are the kingdoms of his Son.  
ff He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway ;  
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
Yonder heavens have pass'd away  
di Then the end : beneath his rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall :  
ff Hallelujah ! Christ in God,  
God in Christ, is all in all.

## 116. CHRISTCHURCH.

6s. 8s.

STEGGALL.



"Let the hills be joyful together before the Lord, for he cometh."—Ps. xcvi. 8, 9.

✓ HILLS of the North, rejoice,  
River and mountain spring,  
Hark to the advent voice,  
Valley and lowland, sing :  
Though absent long, your Lord is nigh ;  
He judgment brings and victory.

my Isles of the Southern seas,  
p Deep in your coral caves  
Pent be each warring breeze,  
Lull'd be your restless waves :  
cr He comes to reign with boundless sway,  
f And make your wastes his great highway.

cr Lands of the East, awake,  
Soon shall your sons be free :  
f The sleep of ages break,

And rise to liberty.  
On your far hills, long cold and gray,  
Has dawn'd the everlasting day.

cr Shores of the utmost West,  
Ye that have waited long,  
Unvisited, unblest,  
Break forth to swelling song :  
f High raise the note, that Jesus died,  
Yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.  
ff Shout while ye journey home,  
Songs be in every mouth ;  
Lo, from the North we come,  
From East, and West, and South.  
City of God, the bond are free :  
We come to live and reign in thee."

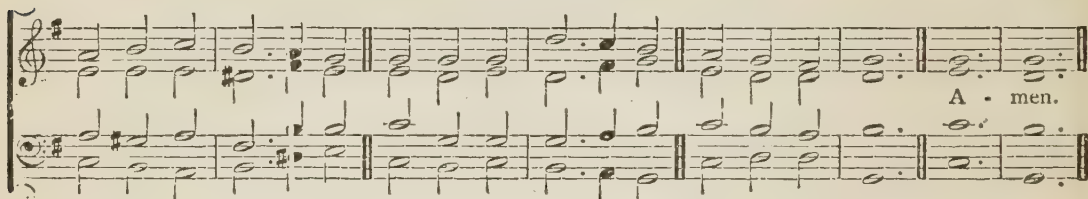
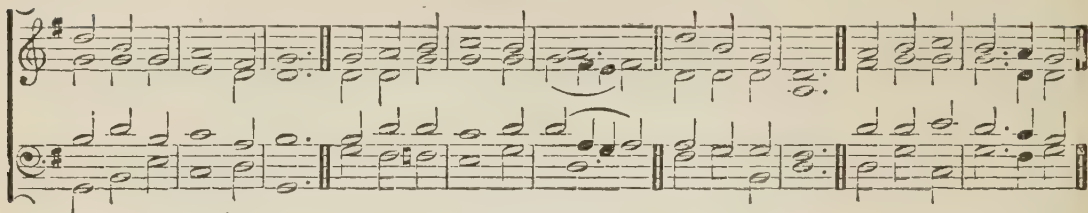


# Sundays after the Epiphany: Missions.

## 117. MOSCOW.

6s. 4s.

GIARDINI



"Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course."—2 THES. iii. 1.

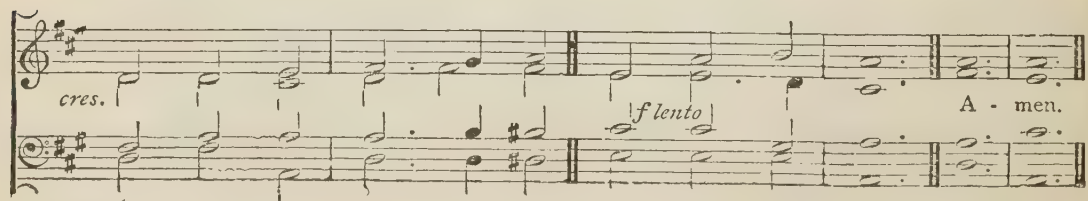
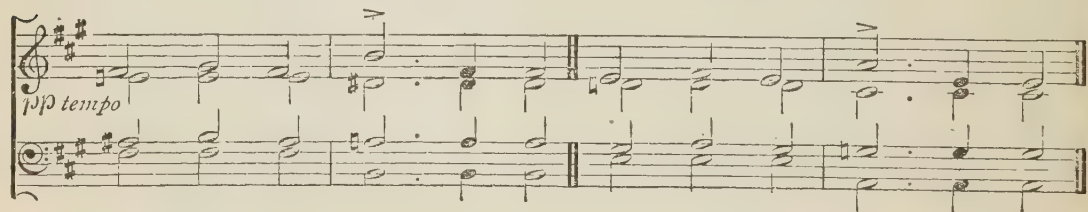
’ LORD of all power and might,  
 Father of love and light,  
 Speed on thy Word :  
*cr* O let the Gospel sound  
 All the wide world around,  
 Wherever man is found ;  
*f* God speed his Word.  
*f* Hail, blessed Jubilee :  
 Thine, Lord, the glory be ;  
 Hallelujah !  
 Thine was the mighty plan,  
 From thee the work began ;  
 Away with praise of man,  
*f* Glory to God !

*mf* Lo, what embattled foes,  
 Stern in their hate, oppose  
 God's holy word :  
*cr* One for his truth we stand,  
 Strong in his own right hand,  
 Firm as a martyr-band ;  
*f* God shield his word.  
*f* Onward shall be our course,  
 Despite of fraud or force :  
 God is before ;  
*f* His word ere long shall run  
 Free as the noon-day sun ;  
 His purpose must be done :—  
 God bless his Word.

## 118. FIAT LUX.

6s. 4s.

BARKWORTH.



# Sundays after the Epiphany: Missions.

'God said, Let there be light, and there was light.'—GEN. i. 3.

*f* THOU, whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard  
*cr* And took their flight,  
*p* Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And, where the gospel's day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
*f* Let there be light.  
  
*mf* Thou, who didst come to bring  
On thy redeeming wing  
*cr* Healing and sight,  
*p* Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind,  
O now, to all mankind,  
*f* Let there be light.

*mp* Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving holy Dove,  
*cr* Speed forth thy flight:  
*p* Move on the water's face,  
*cr* Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
*f* Let there be light.  
  
*f* Holy and Blessèd Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
*cr* Wisdom, Love, Might,  
*f* Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world, far and wide.  
Let there be light.†

This Hymn may also be sung to "Moscow," No. 117.

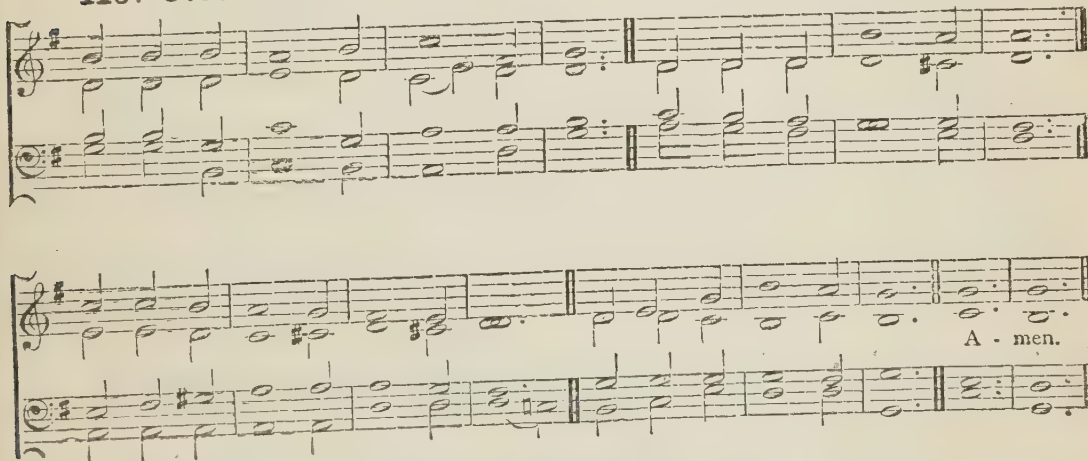
## Lent: Penitential Hymns.

"CREATE AND MAKE IN US NEW AND CONTRITE HEARTS."

### 119. ST. AGNES.

C.M.

DYKES.



"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN vi. 37.

*mf* APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.

*mp* Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh:  
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.

*p* Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely press'd,

By war without, and fears within,  
I come to thee for rest.

*mf* Be thou my shield and hiding-place,  
That, shelter'd near thy side,  
*cr* I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, thou hast died.

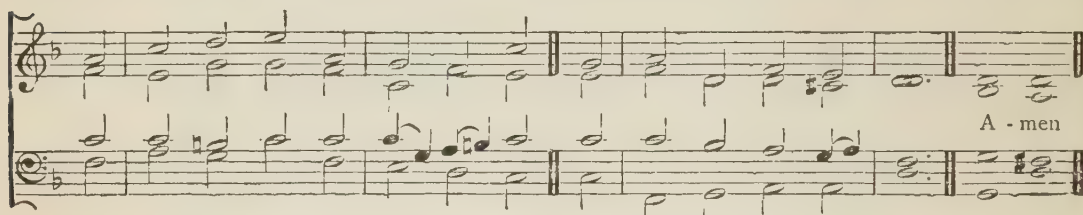
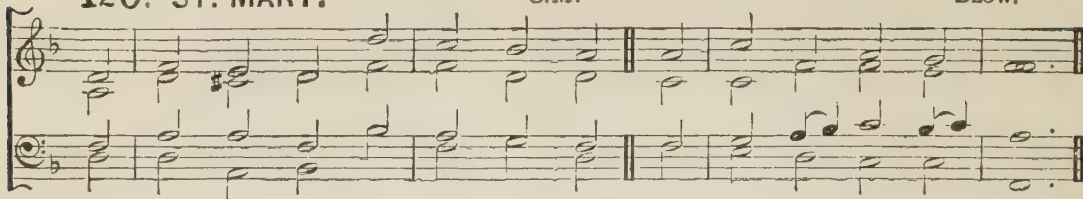
*mf* O wondrous love, to bleed and die,  
*p* To bear the cross and shame,  
*cr* That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead thy gracious name.⁹

# Cent: Penitential Hymns.

## 120. ST. MARY.

C.M.

Blow.



"I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself."—JER. xxxi. 18.

*mp* O LORD, turn not thy face from me,  
Who lie in woeful state,  
Lamenting all my sinful life  
Before thy mercy-gate;

A gate which opens wide to those  
That do lament their sin;

*p* Shut not that gate against me, Lord,  
But let me enter in.

*mp* I need not to confess my life  
To thee, who best can tell  
What I have been; and what I am,  
I know thou know'st it well.

*mf* So come I to thy mercy-gate,  
Where mercy doth abound,  
Imploping pardon for my sin,  
To heal my deadly wound.

O Lord, I need not to repeat  
The comfort I would have:  
Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask  
The blessing I do crave.

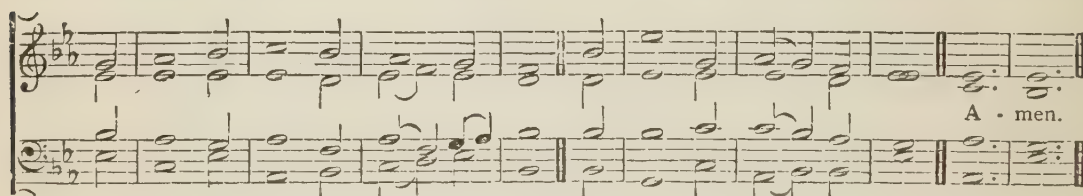
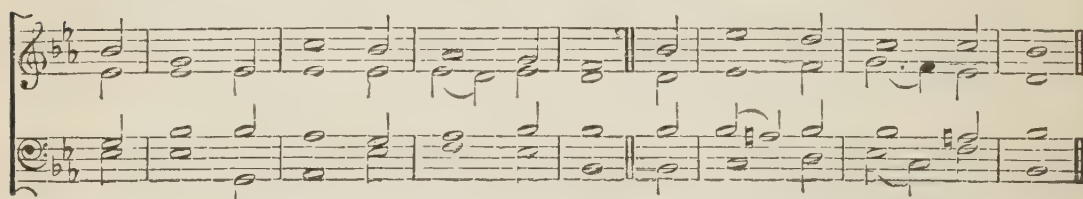
*cr* Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask;  
This is the total sum;  
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,  
Lord, let thy mercy come.<sup>c</sup>

A - men

## 121. BEDFORD.

C.M.

WHEALL.



"He healeth the broken in heart."—Ps. cxlviii. 3.

*mp* WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul  
Lies bleeding and unbound,

*cr* One only hand, a piercèd hand,  
*mf* Can salve the sinner's wound.

*mp* When sorrow swells the laden breast,  
And tears of anguish flow,

*cr, p* One only heart, a broken heart,  
Can feel the sinner's woe.

*mp* When penitence has wept in vain  
Over some foul dark spot.

*cr, p* One only stream, a stream of blood,  
*mf* Can wash away the blot.

*mp* 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,  
His hand that brings relief,  
His heart that's touch'd with all our joys  
And feebleth for our grief.

*mf* Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord;  
Unseal that cleansing tide;

*di* We have no shelter from our sin,  
*p* But in thy wounded side.<sup>c</sup>

A - men.

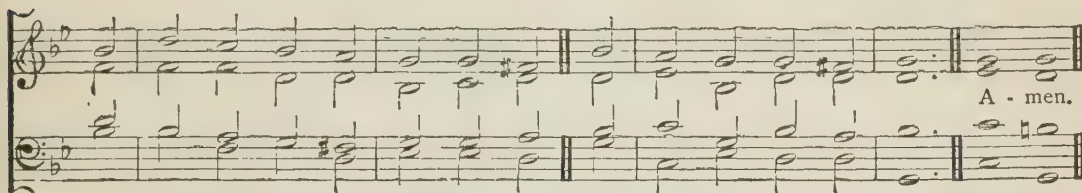
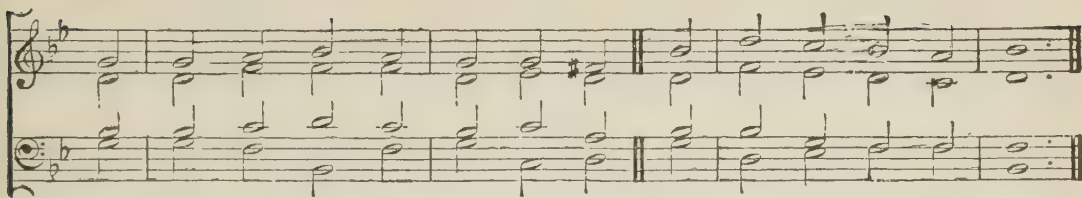


# Cent : Penitential Hymns.

## 122. DUNDEE.

C.M.

KIRBY.



"Thou art my rock."—Ps. lxxi. 3.

*mf* O JESU, Saviour of the lost,  
My rock and hiding-place;  
By storms of sin and sorrow toss'd,  
I seek thy sheltering grace.

*p* Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;  
Pursued by foes I come;  
A sinner, save me, or I die,  
An outcast, take me home.

*cr* Once safe in thine almighty arms,  
*f* Let storms come on amain;  
There danger never, never harms;  
There death itself is gain.

*mf* And when I stand before thy throne,  
And all thy glory see,  
Still be my righteousness alone  
*f* To hide myself in thee.<sup>c</sup>

## 123. NORTHAMPTON.

C.M.

CROFT.



"Let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God in the heavens."—LAM. iii. 41.

*mp* LORD, when we bend before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
*cr* Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.

*p* Our broken spirits, pitying, see;  
And penitence impart;  
*mf* And let a kindling glance from thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign;  
And not a thought our bosom share  
Which is not wholly thine.

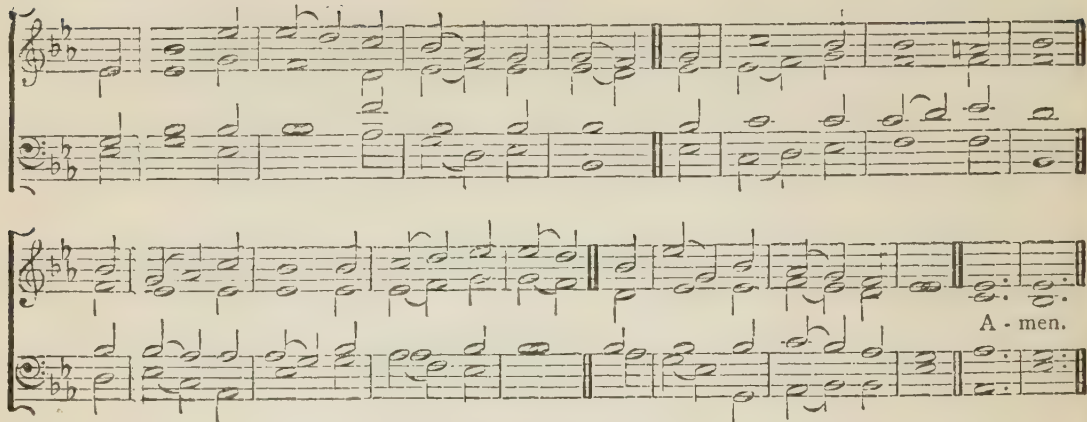
*cr* Let faith each meek petition fill,  
*mf* And waft it to the skies;  
*di* And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it, or denies.<sup>c</sup>

# Tent : Penitential Hymns.

124 ABRIDGE.

C.M.

SMITH.



"Lord, remember me."—LUKE xxiii. 42.

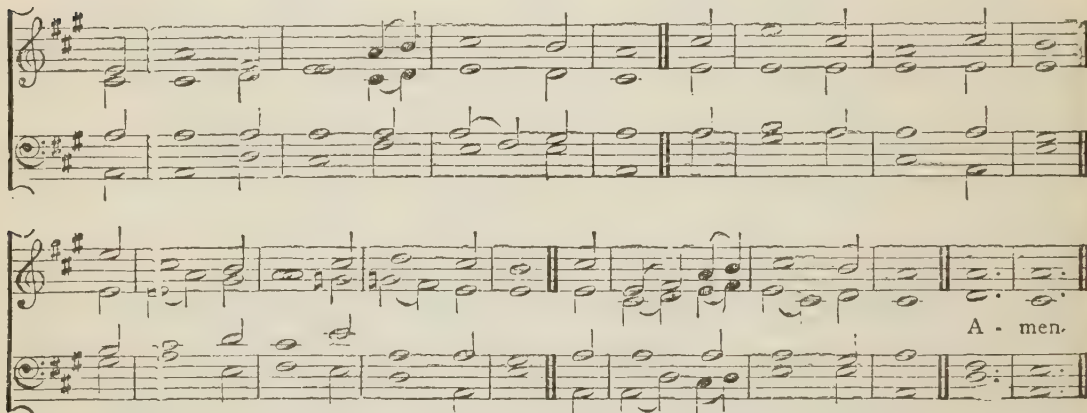
*mf* O THEU, from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my heart to thee ;  
*di* In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
*p* Dear Lord, remember me.  
*mp* When on my aching burden'd heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
*cr* Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart :  
*p* In love remember me.  
*mp* When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,

*cr* O let my strength be as my day :  
*p* For good remember me.  
*mp* If on my face for thy dear name  
Shame and reproaches be ;  
*mf* All hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
If thou remember me.  
*di* And O, when in the hour of death  
I own thy just decree,  
*pp* Be this the prayer of my last breath,  
Dear Lord, remember me.<sup>c</sup>

125. ALL SAINTS.

C.M.

WILSON.



"Come, and let us return unto the Lord."—HOSEA vi. 1.

*mf* COME let us to the Lord our God  
With contrite hearts return ;  
Our God is gracious, nor will leave  
The desolate to mourn.  
*f* His voice commands the tempest forth,  
And stills the stormy wave ;  
And, though his arm be strong to smite,  
*di* 'Tis also strong to save.  
*p* Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd ;  
*c* The dawn shall bring us light :  
*f* God shall appear, and we shall rise  
With gladness in his sight.

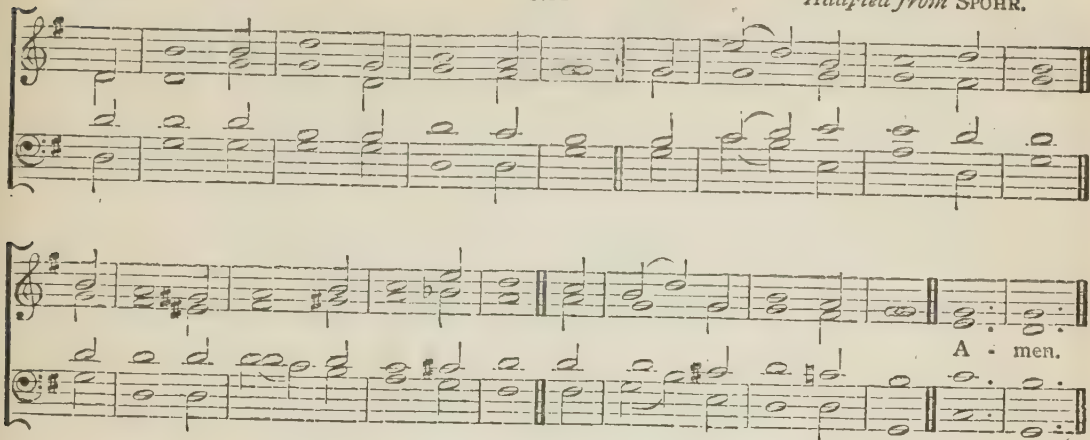
*mf* Our hearts, if God we seek to know,  
Shall know him, and rejoice ;  
*f* His coming like the morn shall be,  
Like morning songs his voice.  
*mf* As dew upon the tender herb  
Diffusing fragrance round ;  
As showers that usher in the spring,  
And cheer the thirsty ground :  
So shall his presence bless our souls,  
And shed a joyful light ;  
*f* That hallow'd morn shall chase away  
The sorrows of the night.<sup>c</sup>

# Pent: Penitential Hymns.

126. SPOHR.

C.M

Adapted from SPOHR.



"My soul thirsteth for God."—Ps. xlii. 2.

*mp* As pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase;  
*cr* So longs my soul, O God, for thee,  
And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine;  
*cr* O when shall I behold thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine?

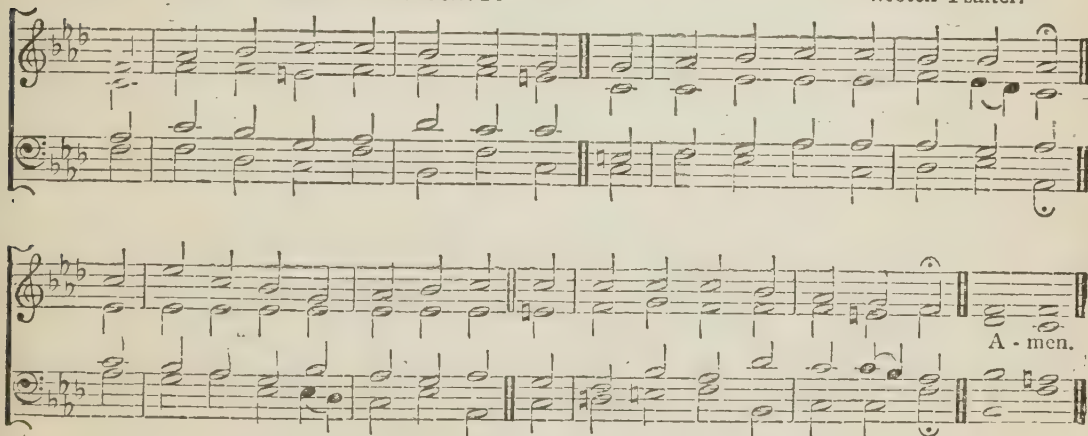
*p* Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
*cr* Trust God, who will employ  
*f* His aid for thee and change these sighs  
To thankful hymns of joy.

*p* God of my strength, how long shall I,  
Like-one forgotten, mourn?  
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed  
To the oppressor's scorn?

*mp* Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
*cr* Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
*f* The praise of him who is thy God,  
Thy health's eternal spring.<sup>c</sup>

127. BABYLON'S STREAMS. L.M.

Scotch Psalter.



"I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only."—Ps. lxxi. 16.

How shall a contrite spirit pray,  
A broken heart its grief make known,  
A weary wanderer find the way  
To peace and rest? Through Christ alone.

*cr* Father, in him we claim our part,  
For thy Son's sake accept us now,  
In him well pleased thou always art,  
Well pleased with us through him be thou.

*mf* O look on thine Anointed One;  
Thy gift in him is all our plea,  
Our righteousness,—what he hath done;  
Our prayer,—his prayer for us to thee.

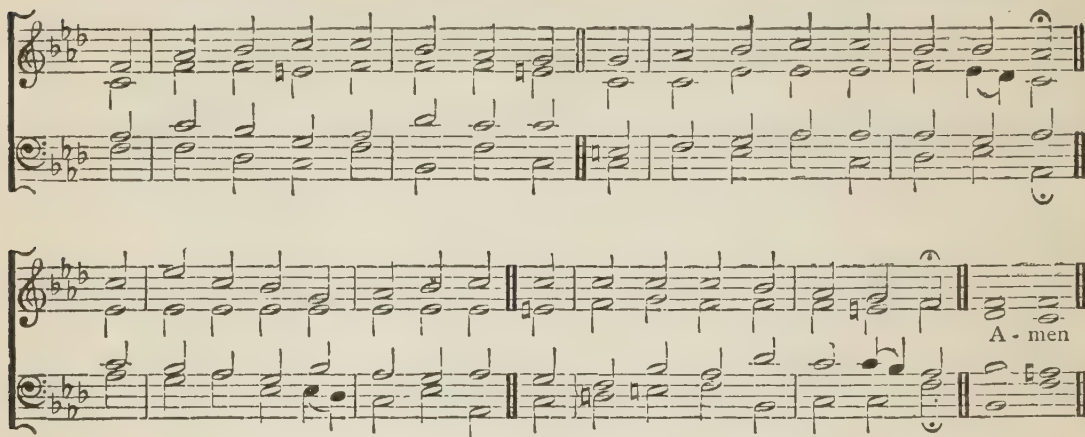
*cr* So while he intercedes above,  
In his dear name may we believe,  
And all the fulness of thy love  
Into our inmost souls receive.<sup>b</sup>



# Cent: Penitential Hymns.

## 128. BABYLON'S STREAMS. L.M.

Scotch Psalter.



"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit."—Ps. li. 17.

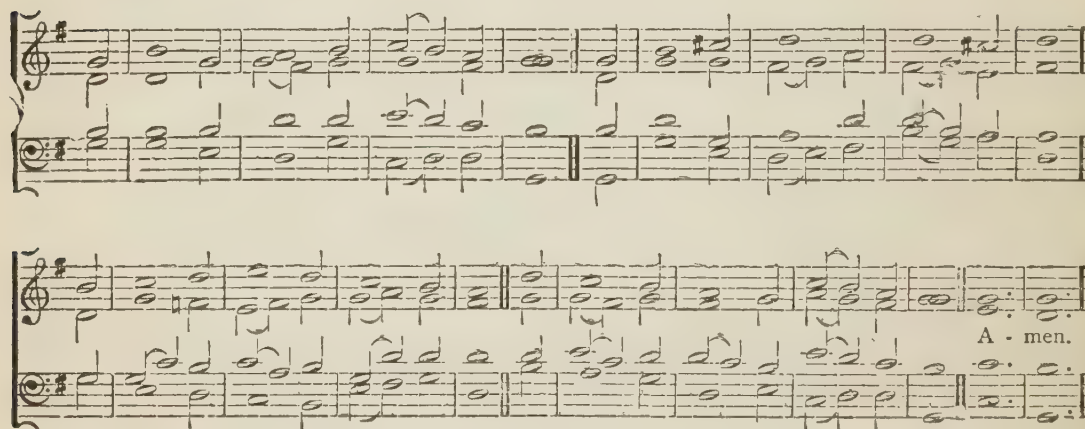
*mp* A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring :  
*cr* The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.  
*p* My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just :  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

*cr* Then will I teach the world thy ways ;  
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace :  
*mf* I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pardoning God.  
Oh may thy love inspire my tongue ;  
Salvation shall be all my song ;  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.<sup>a</sup>

## 129. ANGELS.

L.M.

O. GIBBONS.



"Come: for all things are now ready."—LUKE xiv. 17.

*mf* COME, weary souls, in Christ your Lord  
To more than Paradise restored,  
His proffer'd benefits embrace,  
The plenitude of gospel grace :  
*mp* A pardon written with his blood,  
The favour and the peace of God,  
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,  
The mystic joys of penitence :

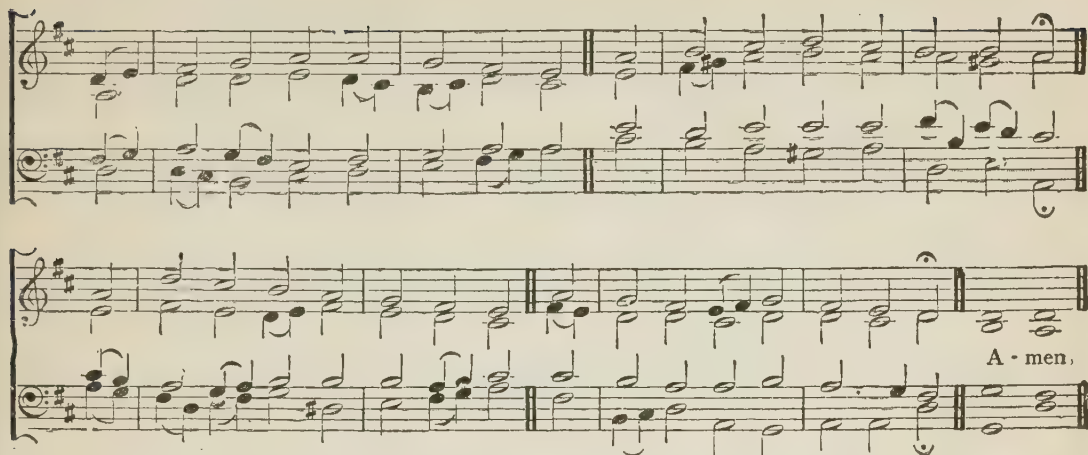
*p* The guiltless shame, the calm distress,  
The unutterable tenderness,  
The genuine meek humility,  
The wonder, Why such love to me ?  
*r* The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,  
*di* The sight that veils the seraph's face,  
*pp* The speechless awe that dares not move,  
And all the silent heaven of love.<sup>a</sup>

# Cent: Penitential Hymns.

## 130. LEIPSIC.

L.M.

BACH.



"Search me, O God, and know my heart."—Ps. cxxxix. 23.

*mf* O THOU to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light,  
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;  
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

Wash out its stains, refine its dross,  
Nail my affections to the cross;  
Hallow each thought; let all within  
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my light, be thou my way;  
No foes, no evil need I fear,  
If thou, my Lord, my God, art near.

*cr* Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee:

*mf* O let thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to thy holy hill,

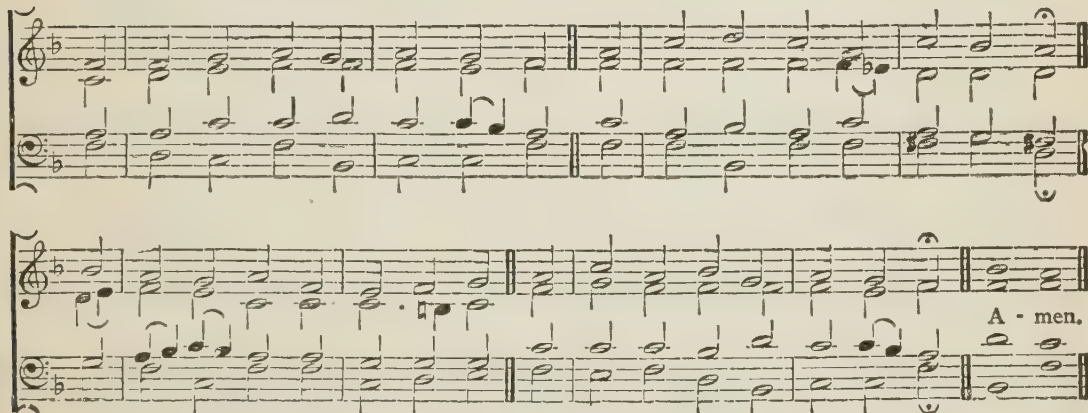
*mp* If rough and thorny be the way,

*cr* My strength proportion to my day,  
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.¶

## 131. ST. AMBROSE.

L.M.

Ancient.



"Ask what I shall give thee."—1 KINGS iii. 5.

*mf* AND dost thou say, Ask what thou wilt?  
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;  
I pray to be released from guilt,  
And freed from sin and Satan's power

*cr* More of thy presence, Lord, impart,  
More of thine image let me bear;  
Erect thy throne within my heart,  
And reign without a rival there.

*mf* Give me to read my pardon seal'd,  
And from thy joy to draw my strength,  
To have thy boundless love reveal'd,  
Its height, and depth, its breadth, and length.

*mf* Grant these requests, I ask no more,  
But to thy care the rest resign;  
Living or dying, rich or poor,  
All shall be well if thou art mine.¶

# Cent: Penitential Hymns

132. OLD 112TH.

SIX 8s.

Lutheran Chorale.

The musical score for hymn 132 is written for six voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor 1, Tenor 2, Bass 1, Bass 2) in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has two staves per voice part. The second system also has two staves per voice part. The third system has two staves per voice part, with the word 'A-men.' written below the final measure of the Bass 2 part.

"Behold, we come unto thee; for thou art the Lord our God."—JER. iii. 22.

*mp* WEARY of wandering from my God,  
And now made willing to return,  
I hear and bow me to the rod;  
For thee, not without hope, I mourn:  
*c* I have an Advocate above,  
A Friend before the throne of love.

*mf* O Jesu, full of truth and grace,  
More full of grace than I of sin,  
Yet once again I seek thy face,  
Open thine arms and take me in;  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless sinner still.

*mp* Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
My fallen spirit to restore:  
O, for thy truth and mercy's sake,  
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:  
*c* The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my heart a house of prayer.

*mp* Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart  
That trembles at the approach of sin;  
A godly fear of sin impart,  
Implant, and root it deep within;  
*c* That I may dread thy gracious power  
And never dare offend thee more.*g*

133. REDHEAD. (No. 76.)

SIX 7s.

REDHEAD.

The musical score for hymn 133 is written for six voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor 1, Tenor 2, Bass 1, Bass 2) in D major and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has two staves per voice part. The second system has two staves per voice part, with the word 'A-men.' written below the final measure of the Bass 2 part.



# Cleft: Penitential Hymns.

*"I will put thee in a cleft of the rock."*—EXOD. xxxiii. 22.

*mp* Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
*cr* Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.  
*v* Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and thou alone.

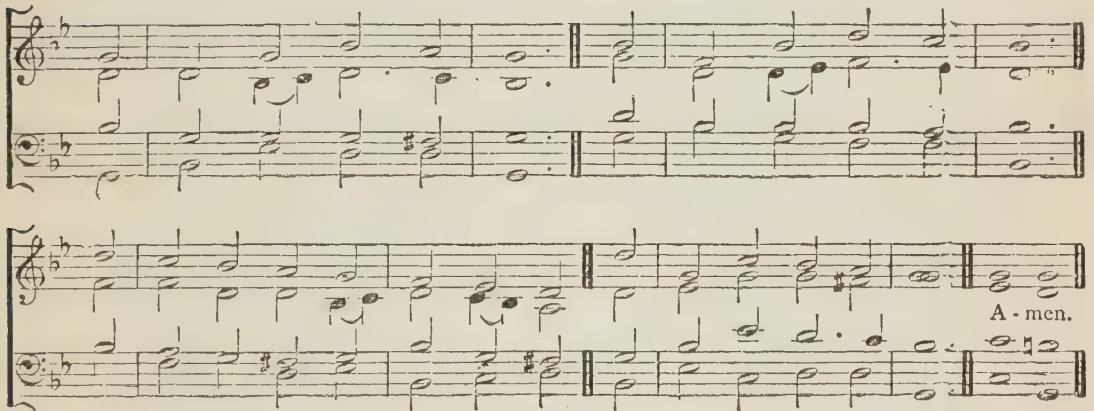
*p* Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
*cr* Wash me, Saviour, or I die.  
*mp* While I draw this fleeting breath,  
*p* When my eyelids close in death,  
*cr* When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
*di* Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
*tp* Let me hide myself in thee.<sup>b</sup>

This Hymn may also be sung to "St. John," No. 302.

## 134, 135. ST. BRIDE.

S.M.

HOWARD.



*"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."*—1 JOHN i. 7.

*"We wept when we remembered Zion."*—  
PS. cxxxvii. 1.

134. *mf* NOT all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.  
*cr* But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.  
*mp* My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.  
My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.  
*c* Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.<sup>e</sup>

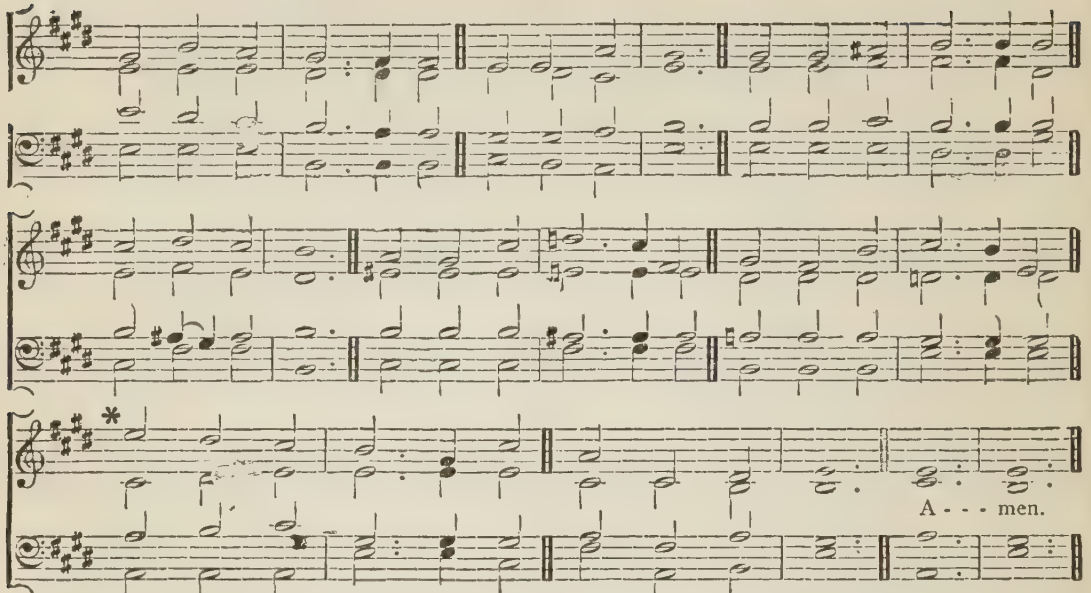
135. *mp* FAR from my heavenly home,  
Far from my Father's breast,  
Fainting I cry, Blest Spirit, come,  
And speed me to my rest.  
Upon the willows long  
My harp has silent hung;  
How should I sing a cheerful song,  
Till thou inspire my tongue?  
My spirit homeward turns,  
And fain would thither flee:  
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,  
When I remember thee.  
*cr* To thee, to thee I press,  
A dark and toilsome road:  
When shall I pass the wilderness,  
And reach the saints' abode?  
*mf* God of my life, be near:  
On thee my hopes I cast:  
O guide me through the desert here,  
And bring me home at last.<sup>e</sup>

# Tent : Penitential Hymns.

## 136. ST. BARNABAS.

6s. 4s.

BRANZ.



*"For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great."—Ps. xxv. 11.*

*mp* No ; not despairingly  
Come I to thee :  
No ; not distrustingly  
Bend I the knee.  
Sin hath gone over me,  
*cr* Yet is this still my plea,  
Jesus hath died.  
*p* Ah, mine iniquity  
Crimson hath been,  
Infinite, infinite,  
Sin upon sin ;  
Sin of not loving thee,  
Sin of not trusting thee,  
*fp* Infinite sin.  
*mp* Lord, I confess to thee  
Sadly my sin ;  
All I am tell I thee,  
All I have been.

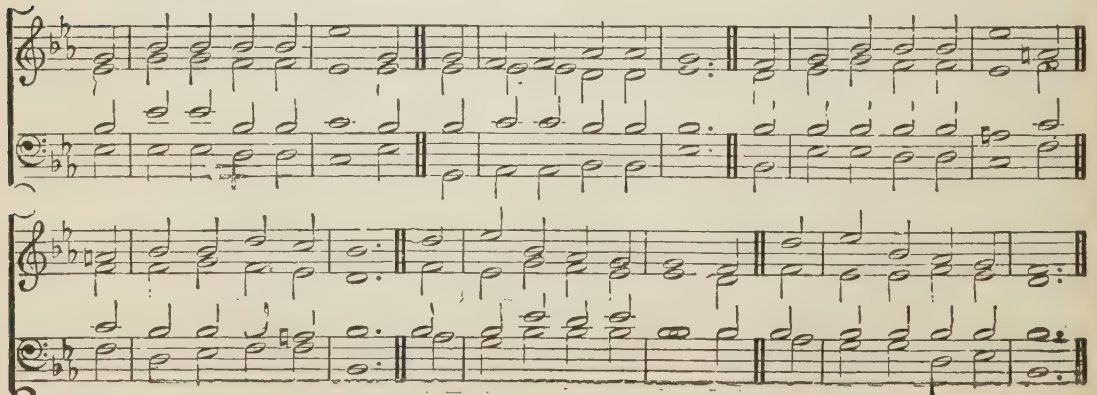
*cr* Purge thou my sin away,  
Wash thou my soul this day,  
Lord make me clean.  
*mf* Faithful and just art thou,  
Forgiving all ;  
Loving and kind art thou,  
When poor ones call ;  
*p* Lord, let the cleansing blood,  
Blood of the Lamb of God,  
Pass o'er my soul.  
*cr* Then all is peace and light  
This soul within :  
Thus shall I walk with thee  
The loved unseen.  
*mf* Leaning on thee, my God,  
Guided along the road,  
Nothing between.

\* Here repeat the words of sixth line.

## 137. GREENLAND.

7s. 6s.

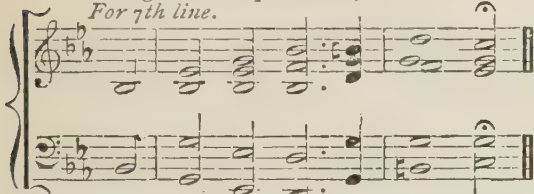
Lausanne Psalter.



# Cent: Penitential Hymns.



*Organ Accompaniment, ad lib.  
For 7th line.*



*"Without me ye can do nothing."—JOHN xv. 5.*

*mf* I COULD not do without thee,  
O Saviour of the lost,  
*di* Whose precious blood redeem'd me  
*p* At such tremendous cost;  
*mf* Thy righteousness, thy pardon,  
Thy precious blood must be  
My only hope and comfort,  
My glory and my plea.

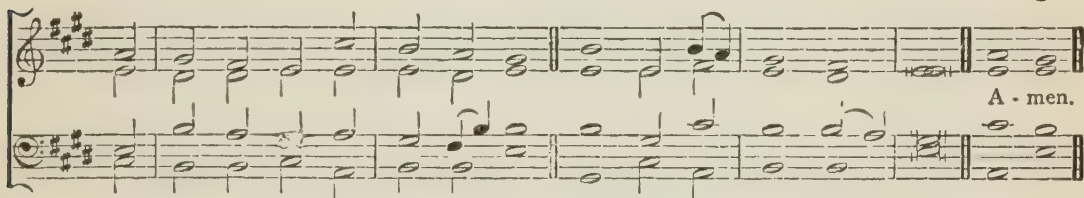
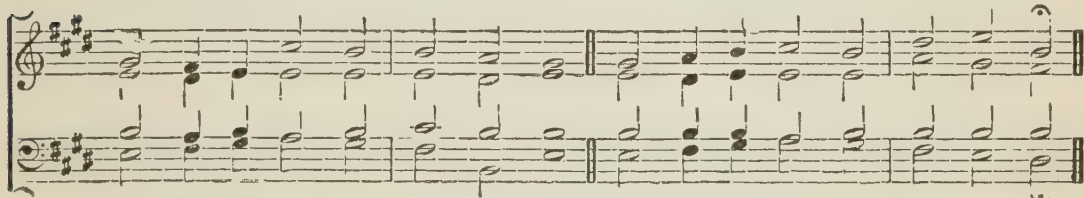
*mp* I could not do without thee,  
I cannot stand alone,

I have no strength or goodness,  
No wisdom of my own;  
*cr* But thou, belovèd Saviour,  
Art all in all to me,  
And perfect strength in weakness  
Is theirs who lean on thee.  
*mp* I could not do without thee;  
No other friend can read  
The spirit's strange deep longings,  
Interpreting its need;  
No human heart could enter  
Each dim recess of mine,  
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,  
O blessed Lord, but thine.  
*mf* I could not do without thee,  
*p* For years are fleeting fast,  
*pp* And soon in solemn loneliness  
*cr* The river must be pass'd;  
But thou wilt never leave me,  
And though the waves roll high,  
*mf* I know thou wilt be near me,  
*pp* And whisper, "It is I."s

138. BALFOUR.

8s. 6s.

PAIMER.



*"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN vi. 37.*

*p* JUST as I am—without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee—  
*cr* O Lamb of God, I come.  
*p* Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—  
*cr* O Lamb of God, I come.  
*p* Just as I am—though toss'd about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without—  
*cr* O Lamb of God, I come.  
*p* Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
*cr* Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

Yea, all I need, in thee to find—  
O Lamb of God, I come.  
*mf* Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
*cr* Because thy promise I believe—  
O Lamb of God, I come.  
*f* Just as I am—thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone—  
O Lamb of God, I come.  
*p* Just as I am—of that free love  
*cr* The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,  
*f* Here for a season, then above—  
O Lamb of God, I come.s

This Hymn may also be sung to "St. Perpetua," No. 326.

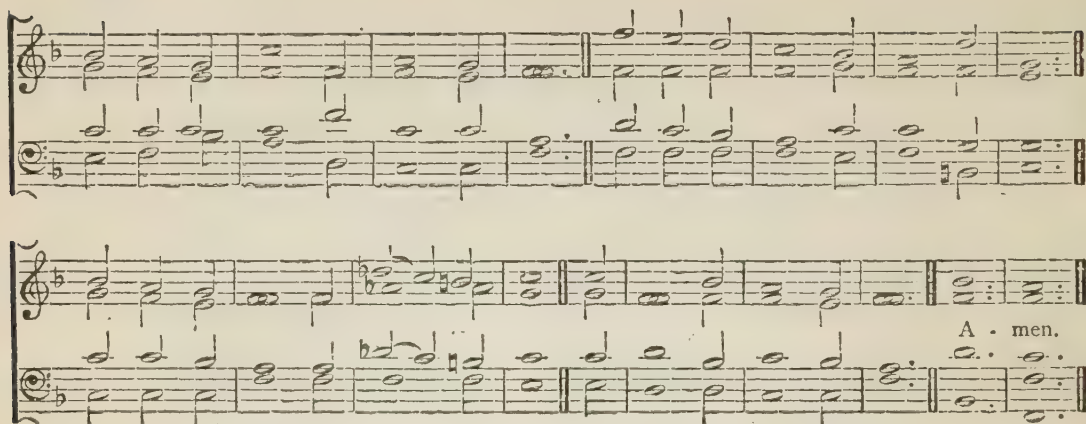


# Tent: Penitential Hymns.

## 139. ST. FABIAN.

8s. 6s.

J. SUMMERS.



*"If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father."—1 JOHN ii. 1.*

*mp* O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,  
Who loving lov'st them to the end;  
On this alone my hopes depend,

*cr* That thou wilt plead for me.

*mp* When, weary in the Christian race,  
Far off appears my resting-place,  
And fainting I mistrust thy grace,

*cr* Then, Saviour, plead for me.

*mp* When I have erred and gone astray  
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,  
And see no glimmering guiding ray,

*cr* Still, Saviour, plead for me.

*my* When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,  
*p* Then with thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, O plead for me.

*di* And when my dying hour draws near,  
*pp* Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,  
*cr* Then to my fainting sight appear,  
Pleading in heaven for me.

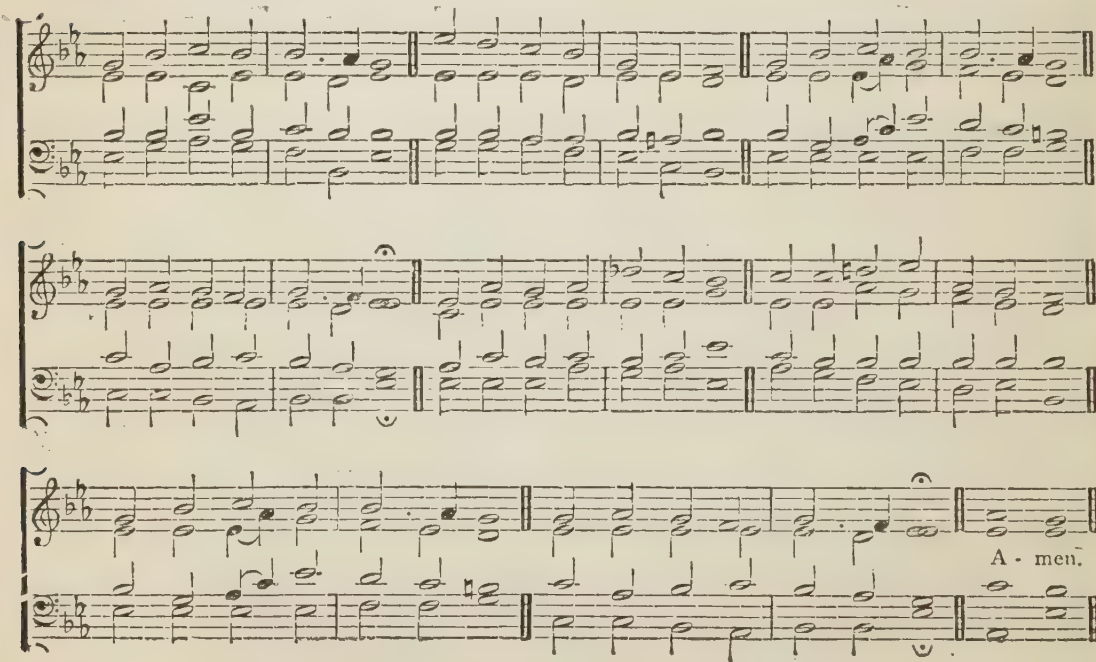
*mf* When the full light of heavenly day  
Reveals my sins in dread array,

*cr* Say thou hast wash'd them all away;  
O say thou plead'st for me.<sup>3</sup>

## 140. HOLLINGSIDE.

D. 7s.

DYKES.



# Cent: Penitential Hymns.

"I flee unto thee to hide me."—Ps. cxliii. 9.

*mp* JESU, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
*cr* While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
*mf* Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past;  
*di* Safe into the haven guide,  
*p* O receive my soul at last.  
*mf* Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
*di* Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
*cr* All my trust on thee is stay'd;  
All my help from thee I bring;  
*mf* Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

*mf* Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name;  
I am all unrighteousness:  
Vile and full of sin I am;  
*mf* Thou art full of truth and grace.  
*cr* Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within:  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee:  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.<sup>†</sup>

## 141. KIRKBY LONSDALE.

D.S.M.

J. T. COOPER.

"When he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing."—LUKE xv. 5

*mp* I WAS a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold;  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controll'd.  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home,  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.  
*mf* The Shepherd sought his sheep,  
The Father sought his child;  
They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild.  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;  
*cr* They bound me with the bands of love,  
They saved the wandering one.  
*mp* They spoke in tender love,  
They raised my drooping head:  
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,  
My fainting soul they fed.

They wash'd my filth away,  
They made me clean and fair;  
*cr* They brought me to my home in peace,—  
The long-sought wanderer.  
*f* Jesus my Shepherd is,  
'Twas he that loved my soul,  
'Twas he that wash'd me in his blood,  
'Twas he that made me whole.  
'Twas he that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep;  
*cr* 'Twas he that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis he that still doth keep.  
*mp* I was a wandering sheep,  
I would not be controll'd;  
*f* But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold.  
*mp* I was a wayward child,  
I once prefer'd to roam;  
*f* But now I love my Father's voice,  
I love, I love his home.<sup>f</sup>

# Cent: Penitential Hymns.

## 142. STEPHANOS. [FIRST TUNE.] P.M.

H. W. BAKER,



*"If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be;"—*

JOHN xii. 26.

*mp* ART thou weary, art thou languid,  
 Art thou sore distress'd?  
*mf* "Come to me," saith One, "and coming  
*p* Be at rest."

*mf* Hath he marks to lead me to him,  
 If he be my Guide?  
*p* "In his feet and hands are wound-prints,  
 And his side."

*mf* Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
 That his brow adorns?  
*c* "Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
*p* But of thorns."

*mf* If I find him, if I follow,  
 What his guerdon here?  
*p* "Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
 Many a tear."

*mf* If I still hold closely to him,  
 What hath he at last?  
 "Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,  
*cr* Jordan pass'd."

*mf* If I ask him to receive me,  
 Will he say me nay?  
*p* "Not till earth, and not till heaven  
 Pass away."

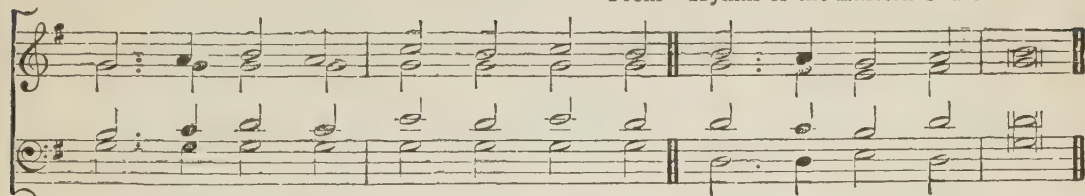
*cr* Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
 Is he sure to bless?  
*p* "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
 Answer, Yes."



# Cent: Penitential Hymns.

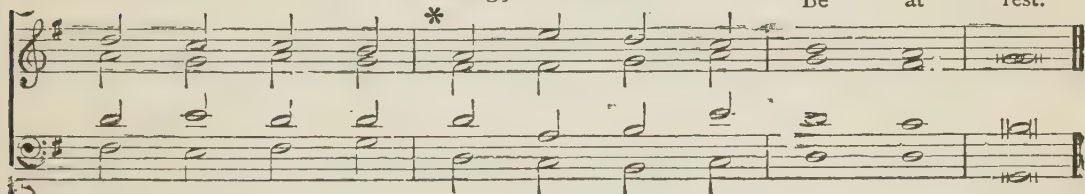
## 142. ST. STEPHEN THE SABAITE. [SECOND TUNE.] P.M.

From "Hymns of the Eastern Church."



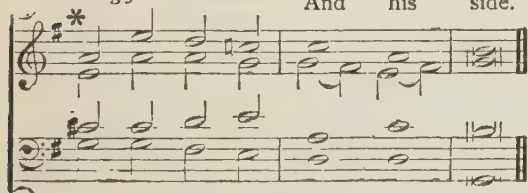
*Ending for 1st verse.*

Be at rest.



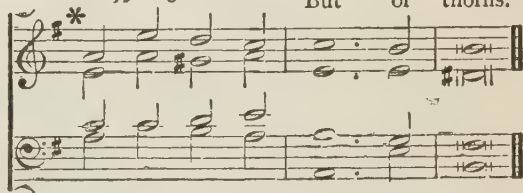
*Ending for 2nd verse.*

And his side.



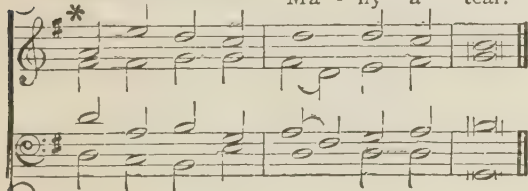
*Ending for 3rd verse.*

But of thorns.



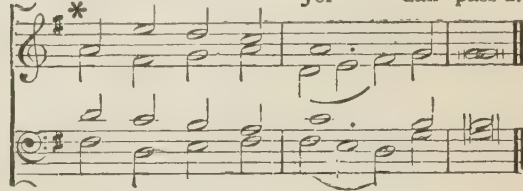
*Ending for 4th verse.*

Ma - ny a tear.



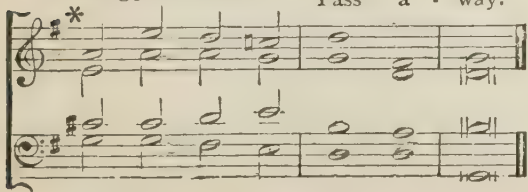
*Ending for 5th verse.*

Jor dan pass d.



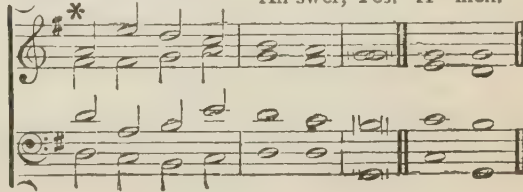
*Ending for 6th verse.*

Pass a . way.



*Ending for 7th verse.*

Answer, Yes, A - men.



# Lent : Penitential Hymns.

## 143. MAGDALENE.

6s. 5s.

DYKES.



"I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."—LUKE xxii. 32.

*mp* IN the hour of trial,  
Jesu, pray for me ;

Lest by base denial

I depart from thee :

*cr* When thou see'st me waver,

With a look recall,

Nor for fear or favour

Suffer me to fall.

*mb* With its witching pleasures  
Would this vain world charm,

Or its sordid treasures

Spread to work me harm,

*di* Bring to my remembrance

Sad Gethsemane,

*pp* Or in darker semblance

Cross-crown'd Calvary

*mp* If with sore affliction

Thou in love chastise,

Pour thy benediction

On the sacrifice :

Then, upon thine altar

Freely offer'd up,

Though the flesh may falter,

Faith shall drink the cup.

*p* When in dust and ashes

To the grave I sink,

*cr* While heaven's glory flashes

O'er the shelving brink,

*mf* On thy truth relying

Through that mortal strife,

Lord, receive me dying

To eternal life.

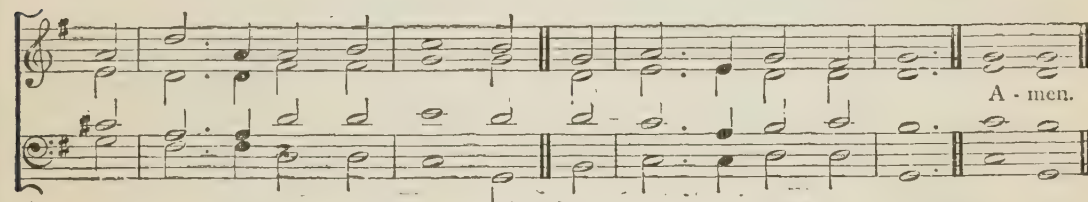
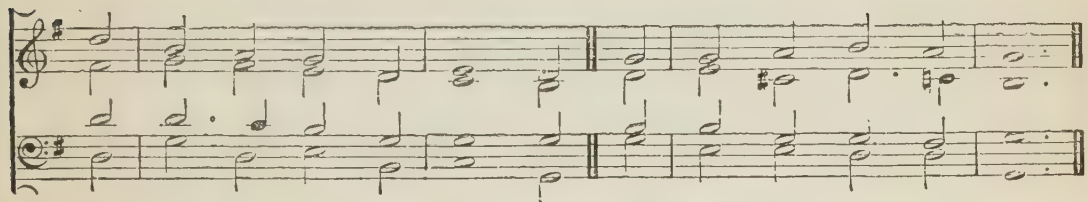
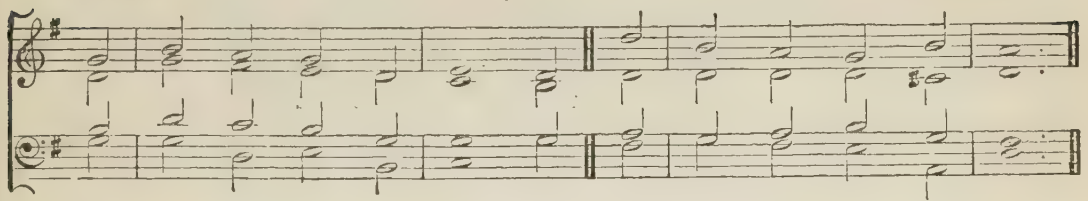
Amen.

# Cent: Penitential Hymns.

## 144. HOLY CHURCH.

7s. 6s.

A. H. BROWN.



"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden."—MATT. xi. 28

*mf* I LAY my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God ;  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursèd load.  
I bring my guilt to Jesus  
To wash my crimson stains  
*c* White in his blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains.

*mf* I lay my wants on Jesus ;  
All fulness dwells in him :  
He heals all my diseases ;  
He doth my soul redeem.  
I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares :  
† He from them all releases ;  
He all my sorrows shares.

*mf* I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine ;  
*cr* His right hand me embraces ;  
I on his breast recline.  
• I love the name of Jesus,  
Emmanuel, Christ the Lord ;  
Like fragrance on the breezes  
His name abroad is pour'd.

*mf* I long to be like Jesus,  
*p* Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;  
*mf* I long to be like Jesus,  
*p* The Father's Holy Child.  
† I long to be with Jesus,  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
*c* To sing, with saints, his praises,  
To learn the angels' song.‡

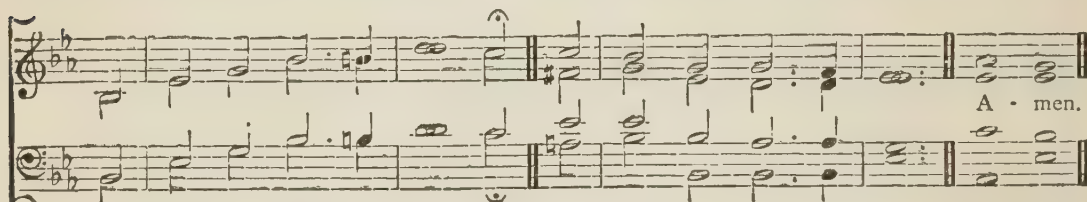
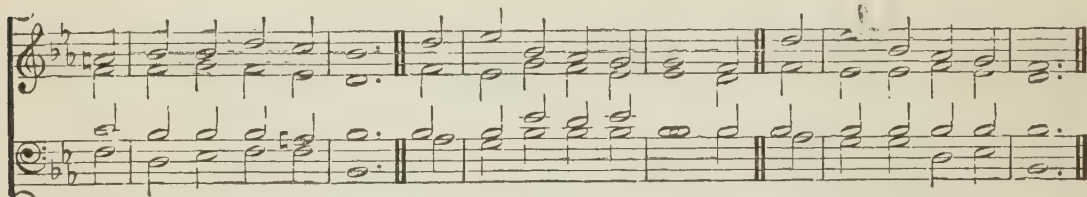
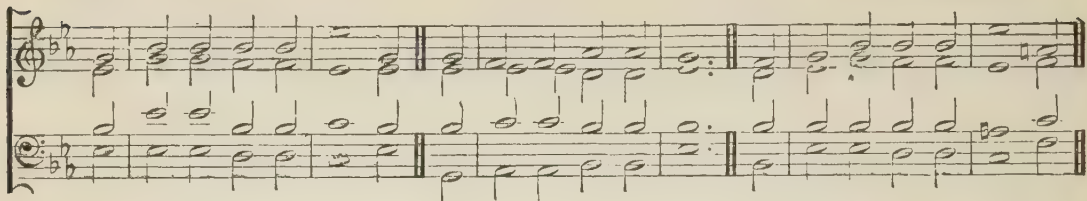


# Cent: Penitential Hymns.

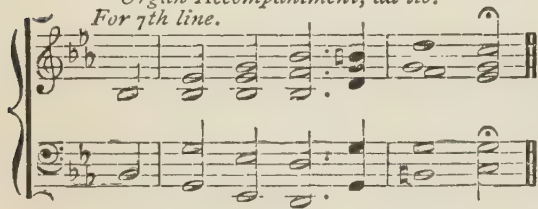
## 145. GREENLAND.

7s. 6s.

Lausanne Psalter.



Organ Accompaniment, ad lib.  
For 7th line.



"He hath filled the hungry with good things."—  
LUKE 1. 53.

*mf* I NEED thee, precious Jesu,  
*p* For I am full of sin;  
My soul is dark and guilty,  
My heart is dead within.  
*mf* I need the cleansing fountain  
Where I can always flee,  
*p* The blood of Christ most precious,  
The sinner's perfect plea.  
*mf* I need thee, precious Jesu,  
*p* For I am very poor:

A stranger and a pilgrim,  
I have no earthly store.  
*mf* I need the love of Jesus  
To cheer me on my way,  
To guide my doubting footsteps,  
To be my strength and stay.

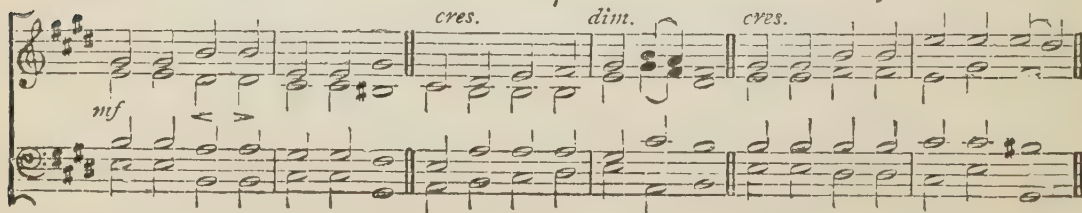
*mf* I need thee, precious Jesu,  
I need a friend like thee,  
A friend to soothe and pity,  
A friend to care for me.  
I need the heart of Jesus  
To feel each anxious care,  
To tell my every trouble,  
And all my sorrow share.

*mf* I need thee, precious Jesu,  
*f* And hope to see thee soon,  
Encircled with the rainbow,  
And seated on thy throne;  
*cr* There, with thy blood-bought children  
My joy shall ever be,  
To sing thy praises, Jesu,  
To gaze my Lord, on thee.s

## 146. SORRENTO.

D. 7s.

J. H. DEANE.



# Lent: Penitential Hymns.

"How shall I give thee up?"—Hos. xi. 8.

*mp* DEPTH of mercy! can there be  
 Mercy still reserved for me?  
 Can my God his wrath forbear,  
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?  
*di* I have long withstood his grace,  
 Long provoked him to his face;  
 Would not hearken to his calls:  
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.  
*mf* Kindled his relentings are;  
 Me he still delights to spare;  
 Cries,—how shall I give thee up?  
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.  
*p* There for me the Saviour stands;  
 Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands.  
 God is love, I know, I feel;  
*pp* Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

*mp* Jesus, answer from above:  
 Is not all thy nature love?  
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget;—  
 Suffer me to kiss thy feet?  
 If I rightly read thy heart,  
 If thou all compassion art,  
*cr* Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
 Pardon and accept me now.  
*mp* Pity from thine eye let fall;  
 By a look my soul recall;  
 Now the stone to flesh convert,  
 Cast a look, and break my heart.  
 Now incline me to repent:  
 Let me now my fall lament;  
 Now my foul revolt deplore;  
*cr* Weep, believe, and sin no more.

## 147. ST. MARY.

C.M.

Blow.

"Enoch walked with God."—GEN. v. 24.

*mf* O FOR a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heavenly frame;  
 A light to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb!  
*p* Where is the blessedness I knew  
 When first I saw the Lord?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
 Of Jesus and his word?  
*mp* What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,  
 How sweet their memory still!  
 But they have left an aching void,  
 The world can never fill

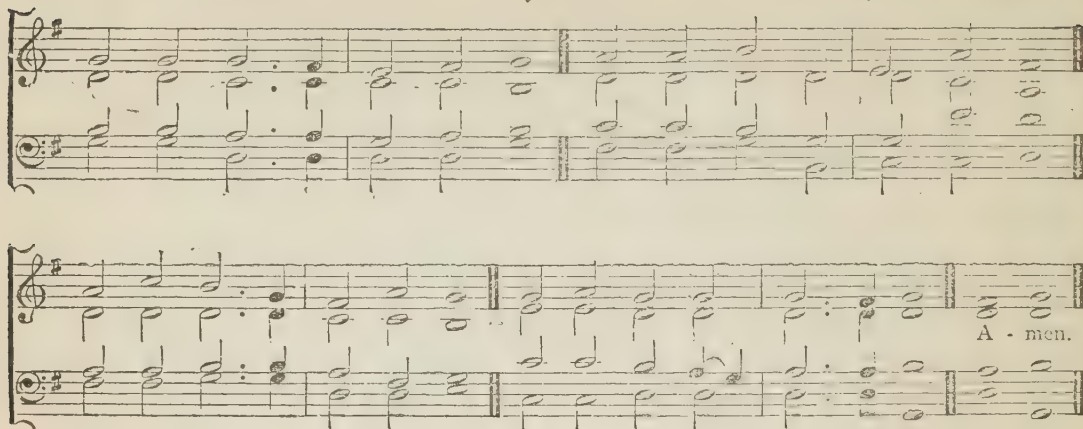
*cr* Return, O holy Dove, return,  
 Sweet messenger of rest:  
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
 And drove thee from my breast.  
*mp* The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
 And worship only thee.  
*mf* So shall my walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my frame;  
*cr* So purer light shall mark the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.

# Lent: Penitential Hymns.

148 ST. BEES.

7s.

DYKES.



"God be merciful to me a sinner."—LUKE xviii. 13

*mp* SINFUL, sighing to be blest ;  
Bound, and longing to be free ;  
Weary, waiting for my rest ;  
*p* God be merciful to me.

*mp* Goodness I have none to plead,  
Sinfulness in all I see,  
I can only bring my need ;  
*p* God be merciful to me.

*mp* Broken heart and downcast eyes  
Dare not lift themselves to thee ;  
Yet thou canst interpret sighs :  
*p* God be merciful to me.

*cr* From this sinful heart of mine  
To thy bosom I would flee ;  
I am not my own but thine :  
*p* God be merciful to me.

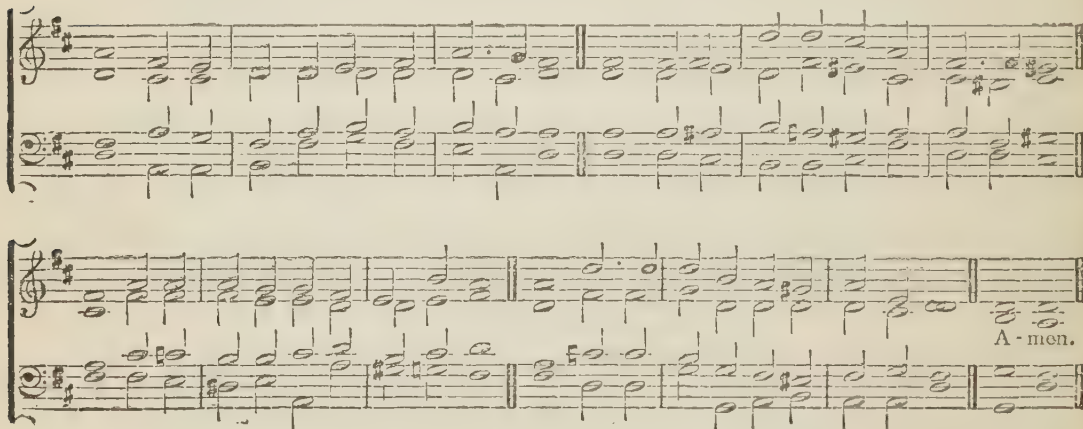
*mf* There is One beside the Throne,  
And my only hope and plea  
*f* Are in him, and him alone :  
*p* God be merciful to me.

He my cause will undertake,  
My Interpreter will be ;  
He's my all ; and for his sake  
*p* God be merciful to me.

149. DALKEITH.

10s.

HEWLETT



"In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins."—Eph. i. 7.

*mp* WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,  
I look at heaven and long to enter in ;  
But there no evil thing may find a home ;  
*cr* And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."



## Cent: Penitential Hymns.

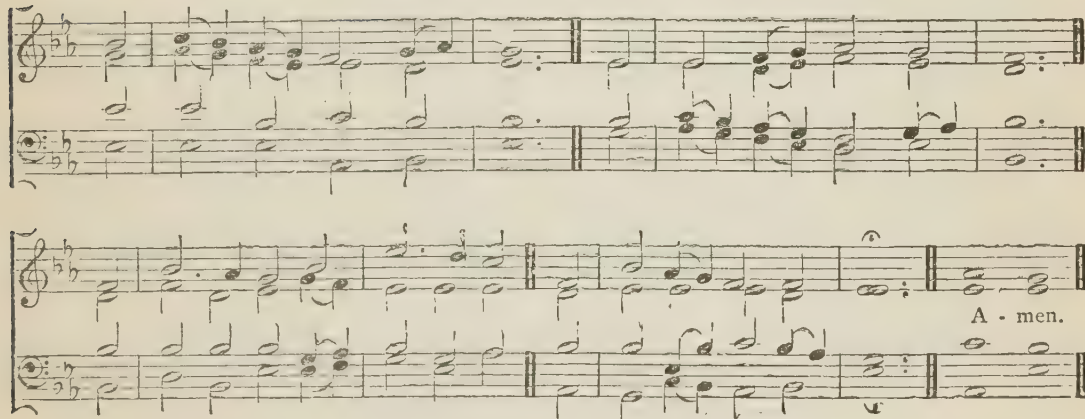
- mf* So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that holy land?  
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?  
*cr* Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.
- mf* The while I fain would tread the heavenly way  
Evil is ever with me day by day;  
*cr* Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
- mf* It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,  
His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me near,  
And his the blood that can for all atone,  
And set me faultless there before the Throne.
- c* 'Twas he who found me on the deathly wild,  
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,  
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,  
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.
- p* O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear  
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,  
*c* That in the Father's courts my glorious dress  
May be the garment of thy righteousness.
- mf* Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:  
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;  
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,  
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.
- p* Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,  
*c* Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;  
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,  
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.*p*

## Cent: Church Missions.

150. VENICE.

S.M.

W. AMPS.



"O Lord, revive thy work."—HAB. iii. 2.

- p* REVIVE thy work, O Lord,  
Thy mighty arm make bare;
- f* Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,  
And make thy people hear.
- f* Revive thy work, O Lord,  
Disturb this sleep of death;  
Quicken the smouldering embers now  
By thine almighty breath.
- mf* Revive thy work, O Lord,  
*ai* Create soul-thirst for thee;

- p* And hungering for the bread of life,  
O may our spirits be.
- c* Revive thy work, O Lord,  
Exalt thy precious name;  
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love  
For thee and thine inflame.
- f* Revive thy work, O Lord,  
And give refreshing showers;  
The glory shall be all thine own,  
The blessing, Lord, be ours.*e*

# Part: Church Missions.

## 151. COMMUNION.

8s. 7s. 4.

ROUSSEAU.

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—REV. xxii. 17.

*mf* COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Come in mercy's gracious hour;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power:  
*cr* He is able, he is willing: doubt no more.

*mf* Come, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief, and true repentance,  
Every grace which brings us nigh,  
*cr* Without money come to Jesus Christ and buy.

*mp* Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him:  
*cr* This he gives you; 'tis the Spirit's rising beam.

*mp* Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruin'd by the fall,  
If you tarry till you're better  
You will never come at all:  
*cr* Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to call.

*mf* Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,  
Pleads the merit of his blood:  
*cr* Venture on him, venture wholly;  
Let no other trust intrude:  
None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.

*f* Saints and angels, join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb:  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name;  
Hallelujah! sinners here may sing the same.

This Hymn may also be sung to "Kensington New," No. 64.

## 152. SORRENTO.

D. 7s.

J. H. DEANE

# Tent: Church Missions.

dim. *p* *cres.* *dim. e rall.* *pp* A-men.

“Why will ye die, O house of Israel?”—EZEK. xxxiii. 11.

*mp* SINNERS, turn : why will ye die?  
 God, your Maker, asks you why—  
 God, who did your being give,  
 Made you with himself to live—  
 He the fatal cause demands,  
 Asks the work of his own hands ;  
*di* Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
 Will you cross his love, and die?  
*p* Sinners, turn : why will ye die?  
 God, your Saviour, asks you why—  
 God, who did your souls retrieve,  
 Died himself that ye might live.  
 Will you let him die in vain,  
 Crucify the Lord again ?  
*di* Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why  
 Will you slight his grace, and die?

*p* Sinners, turn : why will ye die?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you why—  
 He who all your lives hath striven,  
 Urged you to contend for heaven :  
 Will you not his grace receive ?  
 Will you still refuse to live ?  
*di* Why, ye long-sought sinners, why  
 Will you grieve your God, and die?  
*c* Can you doubt if God is love,  
 If to all his yearnings move ?  
 Will you not his word receive ?  
 Will you not his oath believe ?  
*p* See, your dying Lord appears !  
*pp* Jesus weeps ; believe his tears !  
 Mingled with his blood they cry,  
 “Why will you resolve to die?”

## 153. MIDIAN.

8s. 6s. 4.

HAVERGAL.

A-men.

“Let him return unto the Lord.”—ISA. lv. 7.

*mp* RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,  
 Thy Father calls for thee :  
 No longer now an exile roam  
 In guilt and misery :  
*pp* Return, return.

*mp* Return, O wanderer, to thy home,  
 'Tis Jesus calls for thee :  
*c* The Spirit and the bride say, Come,  
 Oh, now for refuge flee :  
*pp* Return, return.

*mp* Return, O wanderer, to thy home,  
*c* 'Tis madness to delay :  
*mf* There are no pardons in the tomb,  
 And brief is mercy's day :  
*pp* Return, return.

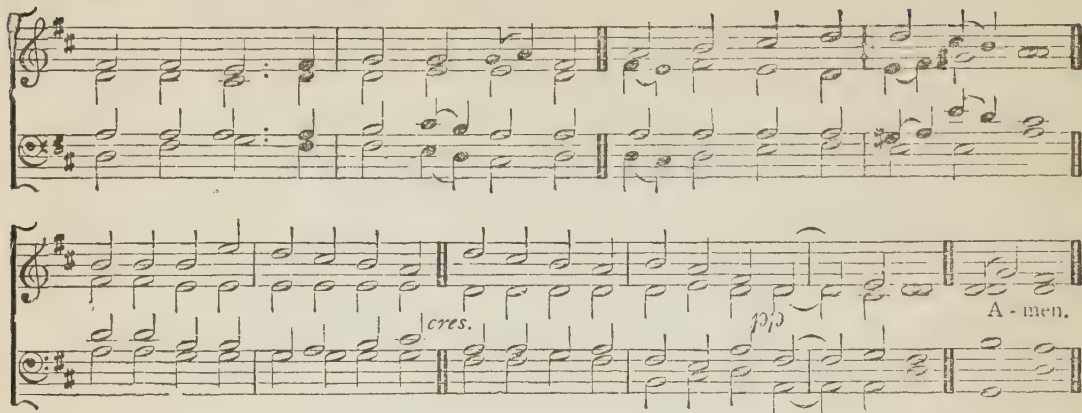


# Tent: Church Missions.

**154. ETIAM ET MIHI.**

8s. 7s. 3.

DYKES.



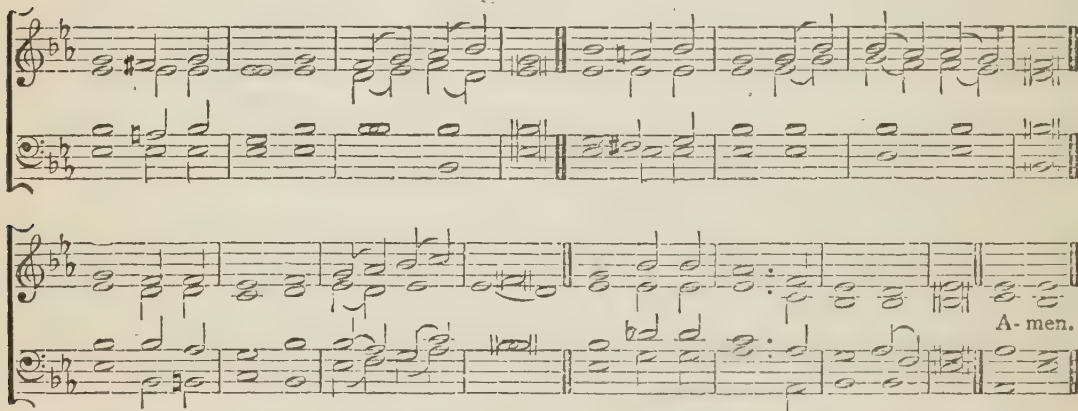
“There shall be showers of blessing.”—EZEK. xxxiv. 26.

*f* LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,  
Thou art scatt'ring full and free:  
Shows the thirsty land refreshing;  
*t* Let some droppings fall on me—Even me.  
*mf* Pass me not, O gracious Father;  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
*p* Let thy mercy light on me—Even me.  
*mf* Pass me not, O gracious Saviour;  
Let me love and cling to thee;  
*cr* I am longing for thy favour;  
*p* Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me—Even me.  
*mf* Pass me not, O mighty Spirit;  
Thou canst make the blind to see;

Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
*p* Speak the word of power to me—Even me.  
*mp* Have I long in sin been sleeping—  
Long been slighting, grieving thee?  
Has the world my heart been keeping?  
*fp* O forgive and rescue me—Even me.  
*cr* Love of God, so pure and changeless;  
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;  
*ff* Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
*di* Magnify it all in me—Even me.  
*mp* Pass me not, but, pardon bringing,  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;  
*cr* Whilst the streams of life are springing,  
*fp* Blessing others, O bless me—Even me.

**155. HOLLY.**

L.M.



“When I passed by thee, and looked upon thee, behold, thy time was the time of love.”—EZEK. xvi. 8.

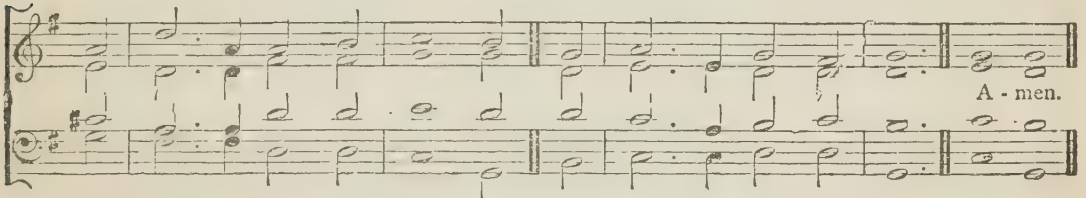
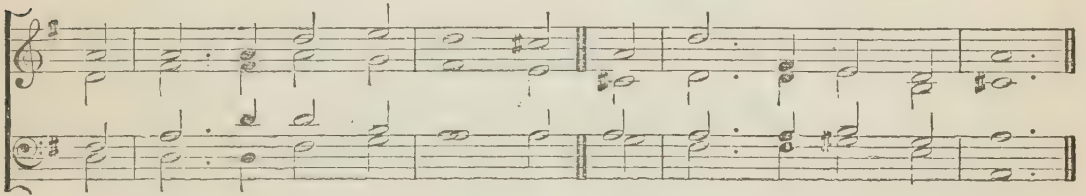
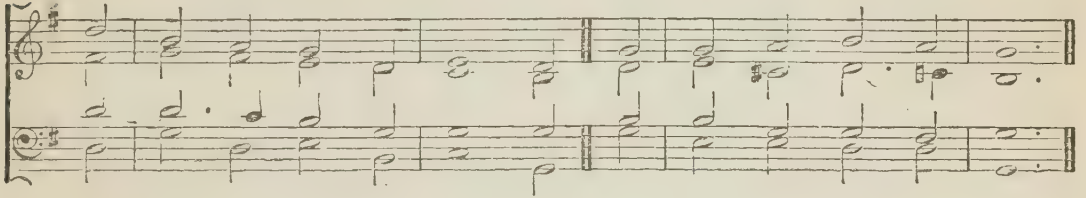
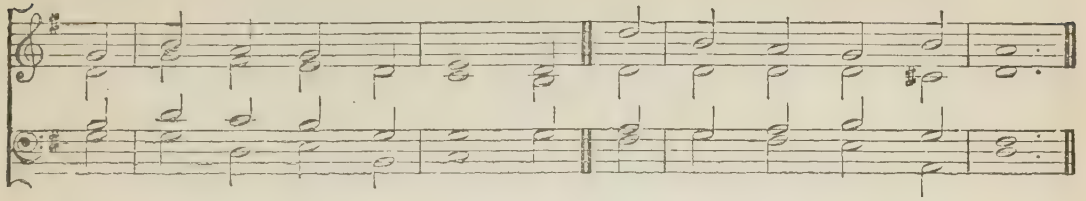
*mp* My God, my Father, dost thou call  
Thy long-lost wandering child to thee?  
*cr* And canst thou, wilt thou pardon all?  
*p* I come; I come; Lord, save thou me.  
*mp* O Jesus, art thou passing by  
With all thy goodness, grace, and power?  
*cr* And dost thou hear my broken cry?  
*p* I come, I come, in mercy's hour.

*mp* O Holy Spirit, is it thou,  
My tenderest Friend refused too long?  
*cr* And art thou pleading, striving now?  
*p* I come, I come: make weakness strong  
*cr* Yes, Lord, I come: thy heart of love  
Is moving, kindling, drawing mine.  
*p* I cast me at thy feet to prove  
The bliss, the heaven of being thine.<sup>b</sup>

156. HOLY CHURCH.

7s. 6s.

A. H. BROWN.



"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—REV. iii. 20.

*mp* O Jesu, thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er;  
*cr* Shame on us, Christian brothers,  
His name and sign who bear;  
O shame—thrice shame upon us.  
*p* To keep him standing there.

*mf* O Jesu, thou art knocking;  
*p* And lo, that hand is scarr'd,  
And thorns thy brow encircle,  
And tears thy face have marr'd.  
*cr* O love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
*di* O sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesu, thou art pleading,  
In accents meek and low,  
*pp* "I died for you, my children,  
And will ye treat me so?"  
*mf* O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door:  
*cr* Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore.

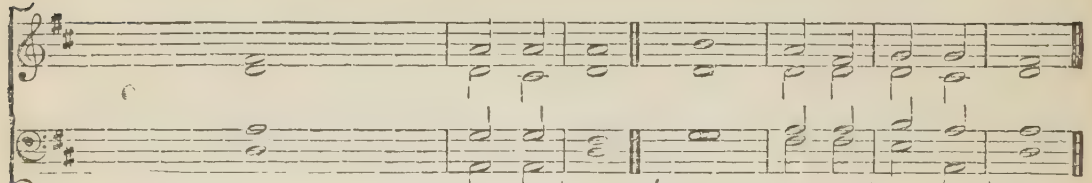
# Part: Church Missions.

## 157. PASTORAL CHANT.

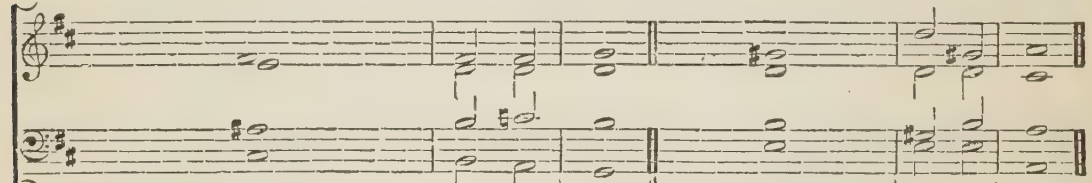
P.M.

C. R. CURT.

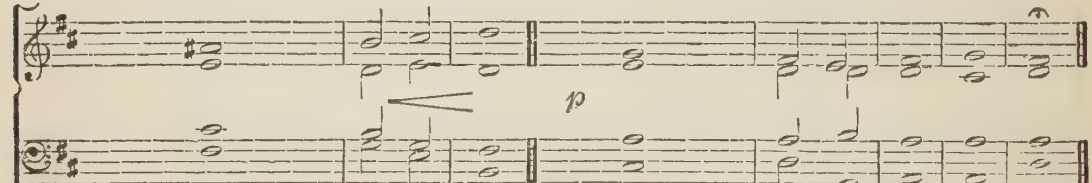
"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost."—LUKE XV. 6.



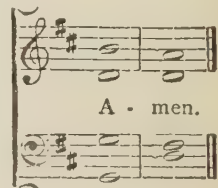
- mf* 1. There were ninety and nine that . . . safe - ly lay 'In the . . . shel - ter of the fold ;  
*cr* 2. "Lord, thou hast here thy . . . . . ninety and nine, Are they . not e - nough for thee?"  
*mf* 3. But none of the ransom'd . . . . . e - ver knew How deep were the wa - ters cross'd ;  
*mf* 4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way, That mark out the mountain's track?"  
*f* 5. And all through the mountains, . . thun - der - riven, And up . from the roc - ky steep,



- di* 1. But one was out on the . . . . . hills a - way, Far off from the . . . gates of gold,  
*p* 2. But the Shepherd made answer: . "This of mine Has wander'd a . . . way from me ;  
*cr* 3. Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd through Ere he found his sheep that was lost.  
*mf* 4. "They were shed for one who had gone a - stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."  
*f* 5. There arose a cry to the . . . . . gate of heaven, "Rejoice, I have . found my sheep."



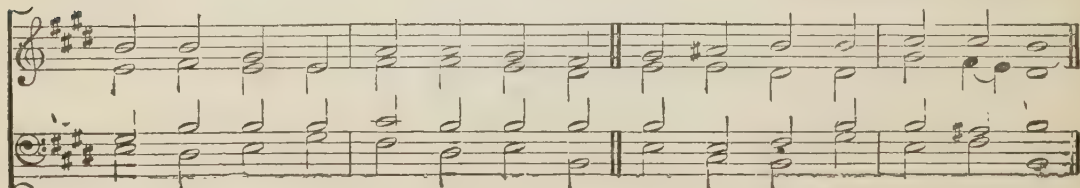
1. Away on the mountains . . . wild and bare, Away from the . . ten - der Shep - herd's care.  
*f* 2. And although the road be . rough and steep, I go to the . . . . . desert to find my sheep."  
3. Out in the desert he . . . . . heard its cry, Sick, and helpless, . and rea - dy to die.  
*f* 4. "Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to - night by many a thorn."  
5. And the angels echoed a - round the throne, "Rejoice, for the . Lord brings back his own."



## 158. GOTH.

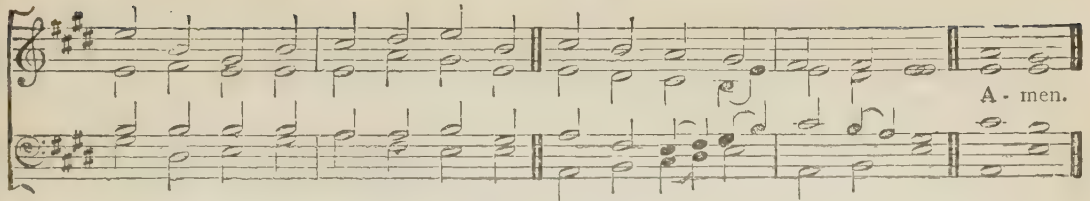
8s. 7s.

The late PRINCE CONSORT.





# Tent: Church Missions.



*"Every man that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me."—JOHN vi. 45.*

*mf* SOULS of men, why will ye scatter,  
Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep?  
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander  
From a love so true and deep?

Was there ever kindest shepherd  
Half so gentle, half so sweet,  
As the Saviour, who would have us  
Come and gather round his feet?

*p* There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed:  
*mf* There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.

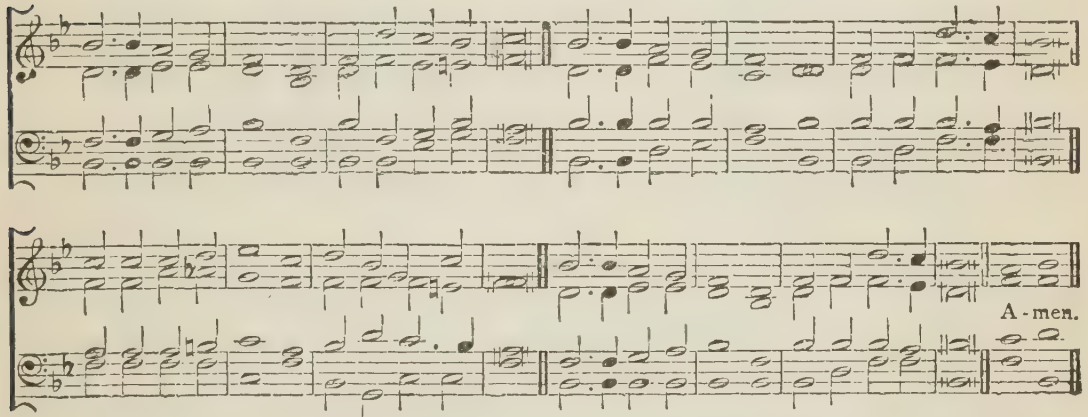
*cr* Pining souls, come nearer Jesus;  
And oh come not doubting thus,  
But with faith that trusts more bravely  
His great tenderness for us.

*f* For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

*mf* If our love were but more simple  
We should take him at his word;  
*cr* And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.<sup>m</sup>

## 159. FIDES.

IIS.



*"He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him."—2 TIM. i. 12.*

*mf* JESUS, I will trust thee, trust thee with my soul;  
*mp* Guilty, lost, and helpless, thou canst make me whole,  
*cr* There is none in heaven or on earth like thee:  
*p* Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, Lord, for me

*mf* Jesus, I may trust thee, name of matchless worth,  
Spoken by the angel at thy wondrous birth;  
*p* Written, and for ever, on thy cross of shame,  
*cr* Sinners read and worship, trusting in that name.

*mf* Jesus, I must trust thee, pondering thy ways,  
Full of love and mercy all thine earthly days:  
*mp* Sinners gather'd round thee, lepers sought thy face—  
None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's grace.

*mf* Jesus, I can trust thee, trust thy written word,  
Though thy voice of pity I have never heard.  
When thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet—  
*di* Only may I hearken, sitting at thy feet.

Jesus, I do trust thee, trust without a doubt:  
Whosoever cometh, thou wilt not cast out;  
*f* Faithful is thy promise, precious is thy blood;  
These my soul's salvation, thou my Saviour God.

# The Passion.

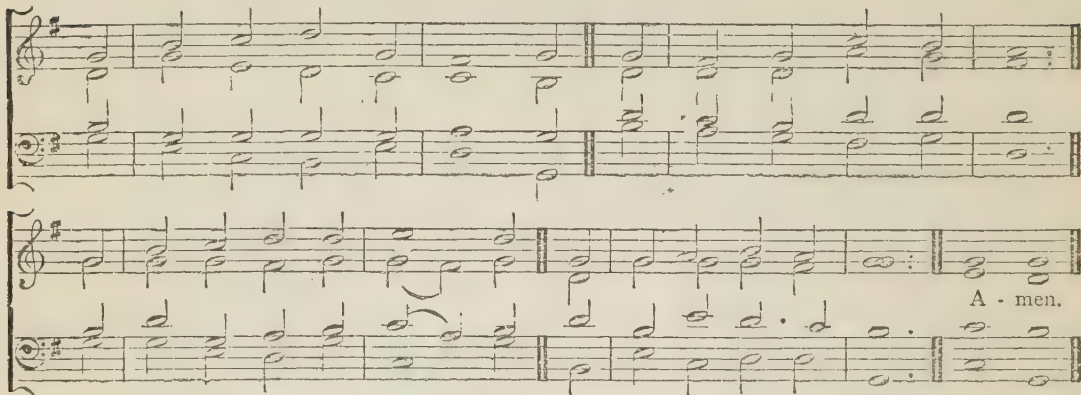
"BY THY CROSS AND PASSION, GOOD LORD, DELIVER US."

PALM SUNDAY.

160. ST. ALPHEGE.

7s. 6s.

GAUNTLETT.



"Hosanna to the Son of David."—MATT. xxi. 9.

All glory, laud, and honour,  
To thee, Redeemer, King,  
To whom the lips of children  
Made sweet Hosannas ring!

Thou art the King of Israel,  
Thou David's Royal Son,  
Who in the Lord's name comest,  
The King and Blessed One

♫ The company of angels  
Are praising thee on high;  
And mortal men, and all things  
Created, make reply.

*f* The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before thee went:  
Our praise and prayer and anthems  
Before thee we present.

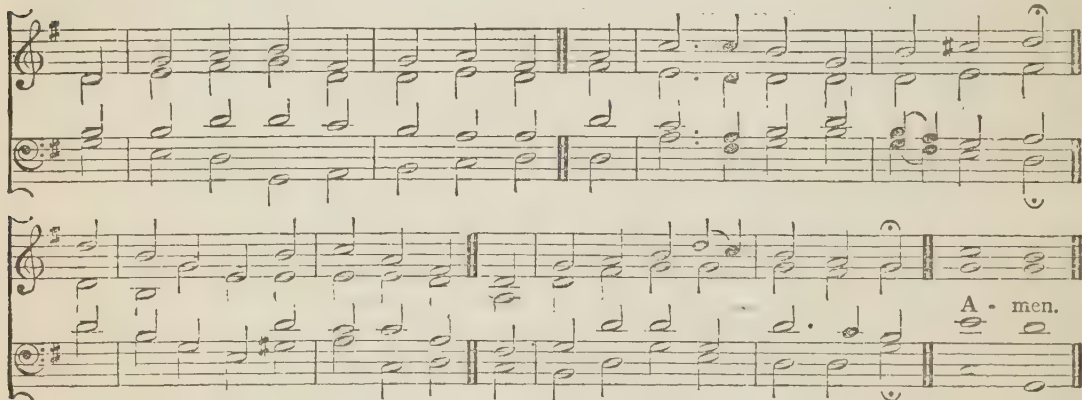
*mf* To thee before thy passion  
They sang their hymns of praise:  
To thee, now high exalted,  
Our melody we raise.

*c* Thou didst accept their praises;  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.

161. BROCKHAM.

L.M.

J. CLARKE.



"Thy king cometh unto thee: he is just and having salvation."—ZECH. ix. 9.

*f* Ride on, ride on in majesty;  
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry:  
*mp* O Saviour meek, pursue thy road,  
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.  
*f* Ride on, ride on in majesty;  
*f* In lowly pomp ride on to die:  
*c* O Christ, thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.  
*f* Ride on, ride on in majesty;  
*f* The wingèd squadrons of the sky

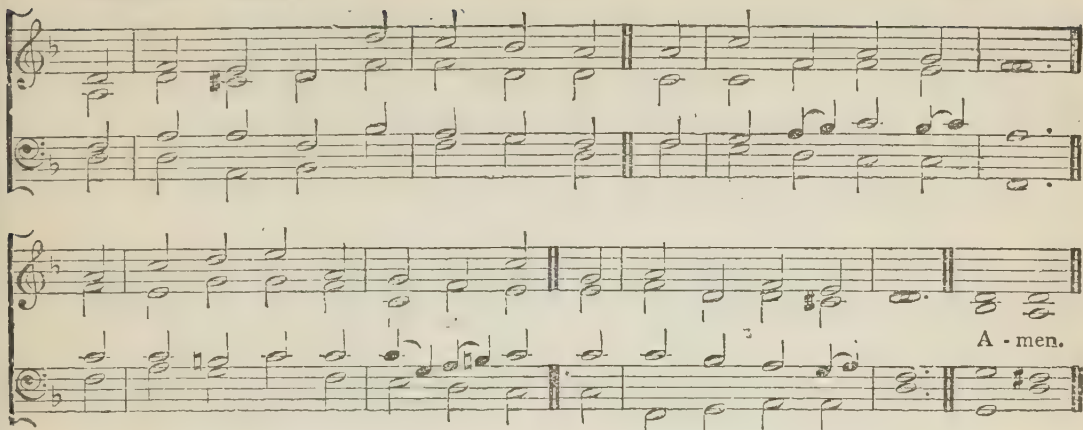
Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
To see the approaching sacrifice.  
*f* Ride on, ride on in majesty;  
*mf* Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
The Father on his sapphire throne  
Expects his own anointed Son.  
*f* Ride on, ride on in majesty;  
*p* In lowly pomp ride on to die:  
*pp* Bow thy meek head to mortal pain;  
*ff* Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

# The Passion.

## 162. ST. MARY.

C.M.

BLOW.



"These are they which follow the Lamb, whithersoever he goeth."—REV. xiv. 4.

*mf* A PILGRIM through this lonely world,  
The blessèd Saviour pass'd;  
*di* A mourner all his life was he,  
*p* A dying Lamb at last,

*mp* That tender heart, that felt for all,  
For all its life-blood gave;  
It found on earth no resting-place,  
*p* Save only in the grave.

*mf* Such was our Lord—and shall we fear  
The cross, with all its scorn?  
Or love a faithless evil world,  
That wreath'd his brow with thorn?

*cr* No, facing all its frowns or smiles,  
Like him obedient still,  
We homeward press through storm or calm  
To Zion's blessèd hill.

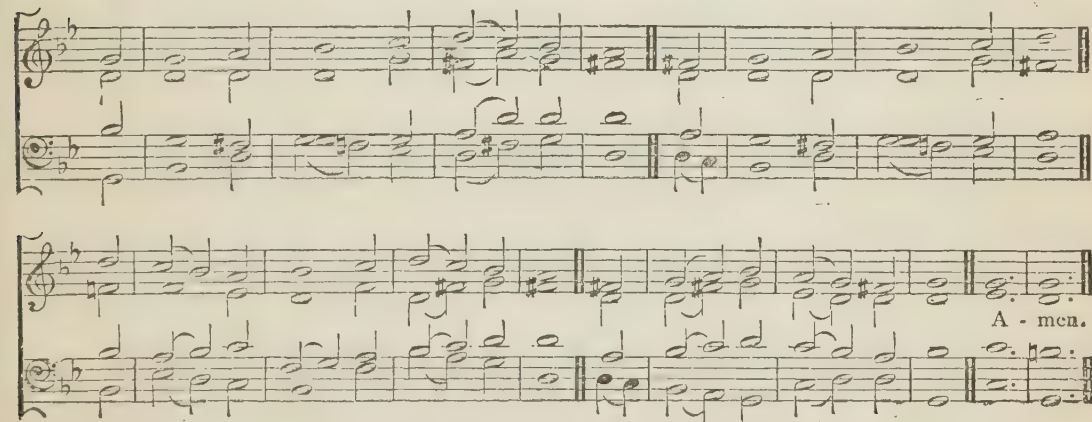
*mf* In tents we dwell amid the waste,  
Nor turn aside to roam  
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest  
Where Jesus had no home.

Dead to the world with him who died  
To win our hearts, our love,  
We, risen with our risen Head,  
In spirit dwell above.<sup>c</sup>

## 163. BURFORD.

C.M.

PURCELL.



"Behold the Lamb of God."—JOHN i. 36.

*mf* BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore  
Thy burdens on the tree;  
He died the captives to restore,  
*p* His blood was shed for thee.

*mp* Look to him, till the sight endears  
The Saviour to thy heart;  
*p* His piercèd feet bedew with tears,  
Nor from his cross depart.

*cr* Look to him, till his dying love  
Thy every thought control;  
Its vast constraining influence prove  
O'er body, spirit, soul.

*mf* Look to him, as the race you run,  
Your never-failing friend;  
He will complete the work begun,  
And grace in glory end.<sup>c</sup>

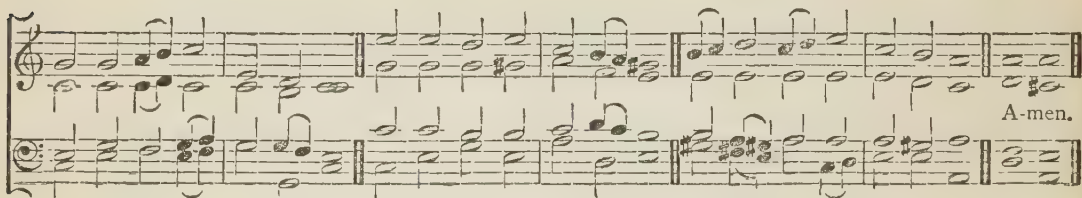
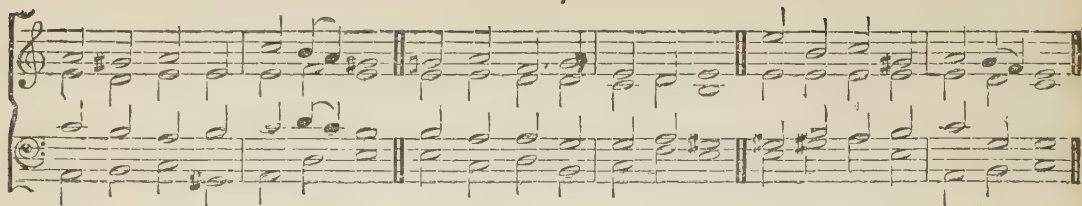


# The Passion.

164. PRESBURG.

SIX 7S.

C. E. BACH.



"The fellowship of his sufferings."—PHIL. iii. 10.

*mp* Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power,  
*p* Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with him one bitter hour;  
*c* Turn not from his griefs away;  
*c* Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

*mp* Follow to the judgment-hall,  
View the Lord of life arraign'd;  
O the wormwood and the gall!  
O the pangs his soul sustain'd!  
*c* Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;  
Learn of him to bear the cross.

*mp* Calvary's mournful mountain climb:

There, adoring at his feet,  
*c* Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete.

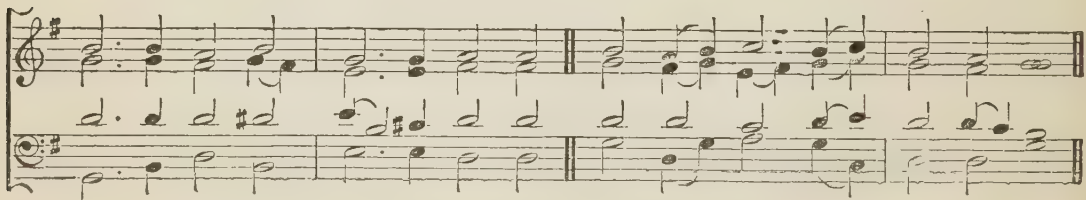
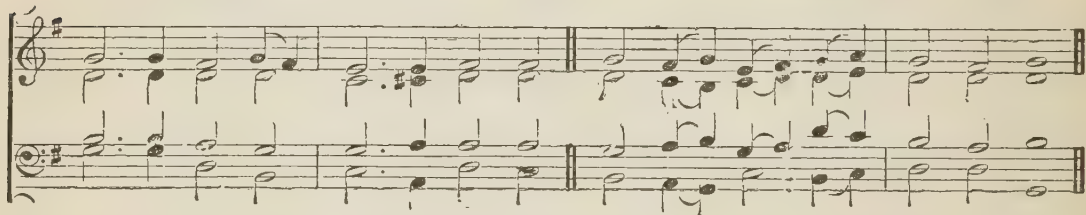
*pp* It is finish'd, hear him cry;  
*c* Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

*mf* Early hasten to the tomb  
Where they laid his breathless clay;  
All its solitude and gloom;

*c* Who hath taken him away?  
*f* Christ is risen: he meets our eyes;—  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.<sup>k</sup>

165. ITALIAN CHORALE. D. 8s. 7s.

Arranged by C. J. VINCENT.



# The Passion.



"He shall bear their iniquities."—ISA. liii. 11.

*mp* GREAT High Priest, we see thee stooping,  
With our names upon thy breast ;  
*p* In the garden groaning, drooping,  
To the ground with horrors prest :  
Wondering angels stood confounded,  
To behold their Maker thus ;  
*c* And can we remain unwounded,  
When we know 'twas all for us ?

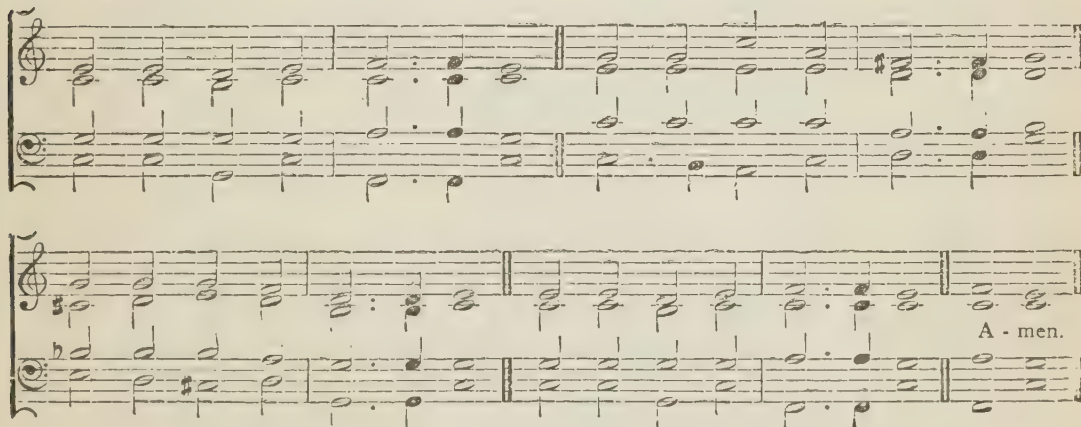
*mf* Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,  
Can our wayward souls convert ;  
Nothing else from guilt release us,  
Nothing else can melt the heart :  
Law and terrors do but harden,  
All the while they work alone ;  
*cr* But the sense of blood-bought pardon  
Can dissolve a heart of stone.

*mf* Jesus, all our consolations  
Flow from thee, the sovereign good ;  
*c* Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,  
All are purchased by thy blood :  
' From thy fulness we receive them ;  
We have nothing of our own :  
Freely thou delight'st to give them  
To the needy who have none."

## 166. REDHEAD. (No. 47.)

7s.

REDHEAD.



"Christ, our passover, is sacrificed for us."—1 COR. v. 7.

*mf* SEE the destined day arise,  
See a willing sacrifice ;  
*di* Jesus, to redeem our loss,  
Hangs upon the shameful cross.

*p* Jesu, who but thou had borne,  
Lifted on that tree of scorn,  
Every pang and bitter thro',  
Finishing thy life of woe ?

*pp* Who but thou had dared to drain,  
Steep'd in gall, the cup of pain ;

And with tender body bear  
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear ?

*mp* Thence the cleansing water flow'd,  
Mingled from thy side with blood ;  
*c* Sign to all attesting eyes  
Of the finish'd sacrifice.

*mf* Holy Jesu, grant us grace  
In that sacrifice to place  
*cr* All our trust for life renew'd,  
Pardon'd sin, and promised good.

# The Passion.

## 167. ROCKINGHAM.

L.M.

MILLER.

A - men.

*"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."*—GAL. vi. 14.

*mf* WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

*cr* Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

*pp* See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
*cr* Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

*mf* Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small;  
*f* Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.<sup>b</sup>

## 168. MAGDEBURG.

L.M.

GOUDIMEL.

A - men.

*"The preaching of the cross is unto us who are saved the power of God."*—1 COR. i. 18.

*mf* WE sing the praise of him who died,  
*di* Of him who died upon the cross:  
*cr* The sinners hope let men deride:  
For this we count the world but loss.

*f* Inscribed upon the cross we see  
In shining letters, God is love:

*p* He bears our sins upon the tree:  
*cr* He brings us mercy from above.

*f* The cross—it takes our guilt away;  
It holds the fainting spirit up;

It cheers with hope the gloomy day  
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
*mp* It takes its terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light.

*mf* The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love,  
*di* The sinner's refuge here below,  
*cr* The angels' theme in heaven above.<sup>b</sup>



# The Passion.

159. TECUM VOLO VULNERARI. TWELVE 6S.

C. J. VINCENT.

*Slow.* *Quicker.* *Slower.* A - men.

"Abide in him."--I JOHN ii. 28.

*p* Cling to the Crucified !  
*cr* His death is life to thee,  
 Life for eternity,  
*m* His pains thy pardon seal ;  
 His stripes thy bruises heal ;  
 His cross proclaims thy peace,  
 Bids every sorrow cease.  
 His blood is all to thee ;  
 It purges thee from sin,  
 It sets thy spirit free,  
 It keeps thy conscience clean :  
*pp* Cling to the Crucified !

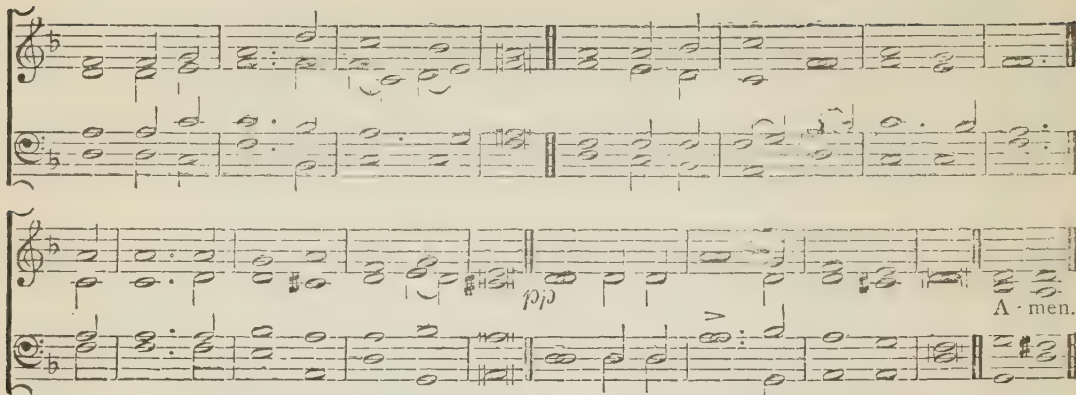
*p* Cling to the Crucified !  
*cr* His is a heart of love,  
 Full as the hearts above :  
 Its depths of sympathy  
 Are all awake for thee :  
*f* His countenance is light  
 E'en in the darkest night.  
 That love shall ne'er depart ;  
 That light grow never dim :  
 Charge thou thy faithless heart  
 To find its all in him.  
*pp* Cling to the Crucified ! AMEN.

# The Passion.

## 170. ST. CROSS.

L.M.

DYKES.



"Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."—LAM. i. 12.

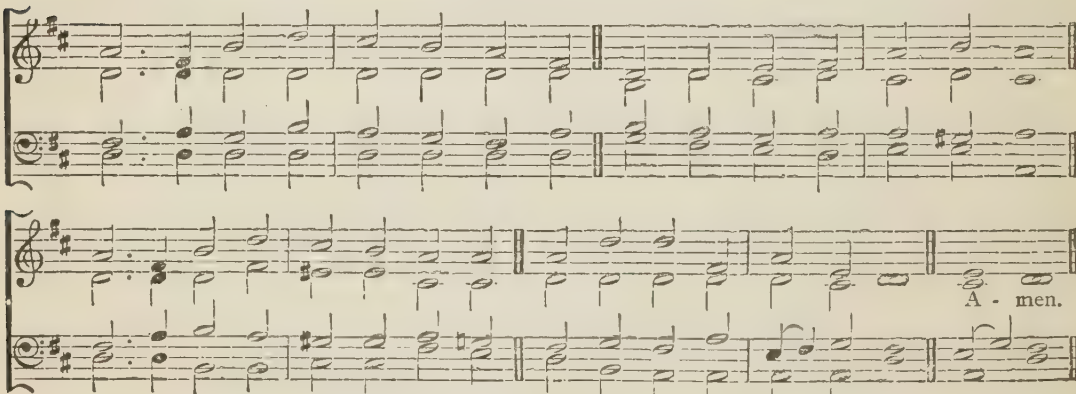
*mp* O come and mourn with me awhile;  
O come ye to the Saviour's side;  
O come, together let us mourn;  
*pp* Jesus, our Love, is crucified.  
*mp* Have we no tears to shed for him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?  
Ah! look how patiently he hangs;  
*pp* Jesus, our Love, is crucified.  
*mp* Seven times he spake, seven words of love;  
*p* And all three hours his silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men;  
*pp* Jesus, our Love, is crucified.  
*c* O break, O break, hard heart of mine!  
*p* Thy weak self-love and guilty pride

Betray'd, condemn'd, and scourged thy Lord;  
*tp* Jesus, our Love, is crucified.  
Come, take thy stand beneath the cross;  
So may the blood from out his side  
Fall gently on thee, drop by drop;  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.  
*cr* A broken heart, a fount of tears,  
Ask, and they will not be denied:  
A broken heart love's cradle is;  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.  
*f* O love of God, O sin of man,  
In this dread act your strength is tried;  
*ff* And victory remains with love;  
*di* For he, our Love, is crucified.<sup>b</sup>

## 171. SYCHAR.

8s. 7s.

DYKES.



"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—ISA. xlv. 22.

*mf* SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
*p* Which before the cross I spend;  
*cr* Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.  
*mp* Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:  
*p* Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead, and claim my peace with God.  
*mf* Truly bless'd is this station,  
*p* Low before his cross to lie;

While I see divine compassion  
Beaming in his languid eye.  
Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;  
*cr* Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.  
*mf* Lord, in ceaseless contemplation  
*cr* Fix my thankful heart on thee;  
*f* Till I taste thy full salvation,  
And thine unveil'd glory see.<sup>m</sup>

# The Passion.

172. PASSION CHORALE. 7s. 6s.

Lutheran Chorale.



"I am crucified with Christ. —GAL. ii. 20.

*mp* O SACRED Head, once wounded,  
With grief and shame bow'd down,

*di* Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, thine only crown.

*f* O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss till now was thine !

*di* Yes, though despised and gory,

*cr* I joy to call thee mine.

*mp* Thy sinless soul's oppression  
Was all for sinners' gain :  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But thine the deadly pain.

*cr* Lo, here I fall, my Saviour :  
'Tis I deserve thy place ;  
Look on me with thy favour,  
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

*mf* The joy can ne'er be spoken,  
Above all joys beside,  
When in thy body broken  
I thus with safety hide.

*cr* Lord of my life, desiring,  
Thy glory now to see,

*p* Beside thy cross expiring,  
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

*mf* What language shall I borrow  
To thank thee, dearest Friend,  
For this thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end ?

*cr* O make me thine for ever ;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
Outlive my love for thee.

*p* Be near me when I'm dying,  
O show thy cross to me ;

*cr* And to my succour flying  
Come, Lord, and set me free.  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move ;

*p* For he, who dies believing,  
*cr* Dies safely through thy love."



# The Passion.

173. CORELLI.

TEN 7S.

CORELLI.

"Truly this was the Son of God."—MATT. xxvii. 54.

*mp* BOUND upon the accursèd tree,  
*di* Faint and bleeding, who is he?  
*p* By the eyes so pale and dim,  
 Streaming blood and writhing limb,  
 By the flesh with scourges torn,  
 By the crown of twisted thorn,  
 By the side so deeply pierced,  
 By the baffled burning thirst,  
 By the drooping death-dew'd brow,  
*cr* Son of Man, 'tis thou, 'tis thou!  
*mf* Bound upon the accursèd tree,  
*cr* Dread and awful, who is he?  
*f* By the sun at noonday pale,  
 Shivering rocks, and rending veil,  
 Earth that trembles at his doom,  
 Yonder saints who burst their tomb,  
 Eden promised ere he died  
 To the felon at his side,  
*cr* Lord, our suppliant knees we bow;  
*f* Son of God, 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

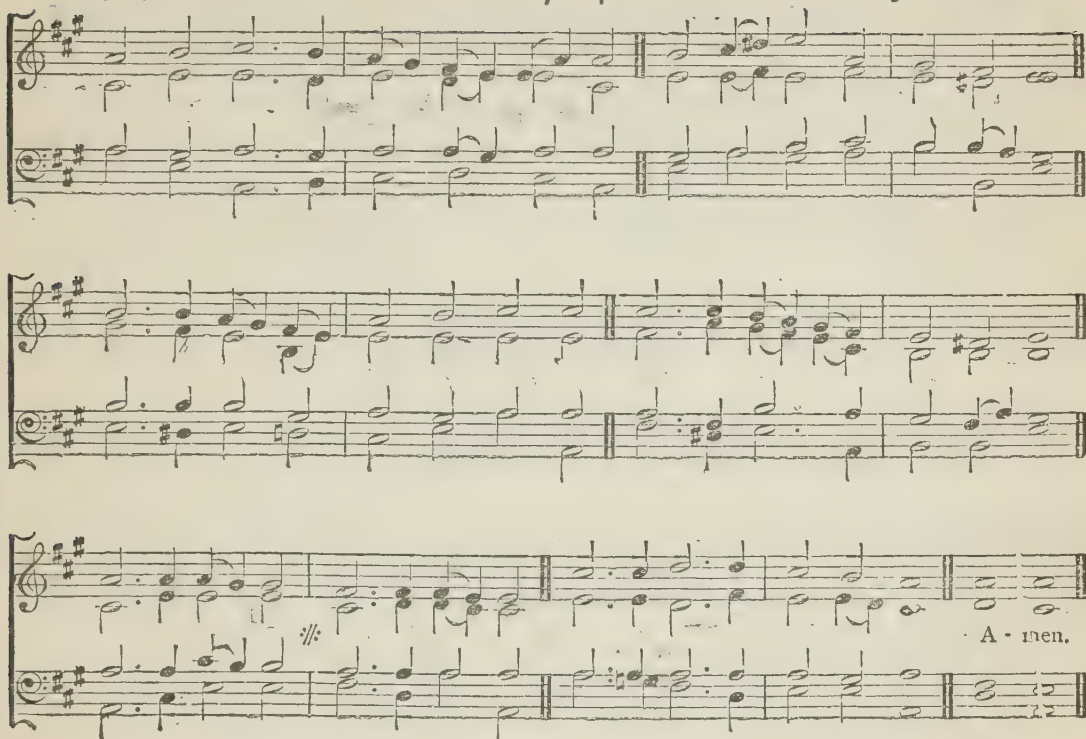
*mp* Bound upon the accursèd tree,  
*di* Sad and dying, who is he?  
*p* By the last and bitter cry,  
 By the mortal agony,  
 By the lifeless body, laid  
 In the chamber of the dead,  
 By the mourners, come to weep  
 Where the bones of Jesus sleep,  
*cr* Crucified, we know thee now;  
 Son of Man, 'tis thou, 'tis thou!  
*mf* Bound upon the accursèd tree,  
*cr* Dread and awful, who is he?  
*p* By the prayer for them that slew,  
 "Lord, they know not what they do."  
*t* By the spoil'd and empty grave,  
 By the souls he died to save,  
*cr* By the conquest he hath won,  
 By the saints before his throne,  
 By the rainbow round his brow,  
*f* Son of God, 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

# The Passion.

174. CALVARY.

8s. 7s. 4.

J. STANLEY.



*"It is finished."*—JOHN xix. 30.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;  
See, it rends the rocks asunder,  
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky :

*p* "It is finish'd,"  
*c* Hear the dying Saviour cry.

*mf* "It is finish'd." O what pleasure  
Do the wondrous words afford !  
Heavenly blessings without measure  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.

*p* "It is finish'd,"  
*c* Saints the dying words record.

*mf* Finish'd all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law,  
Finish'd all that God had promised :  
Death and hell no more shall awe.

*p* "It is finish'd,"  
*c* Saints from hence your comfort draw

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;  
Strike them to Emmanuel's name.

*c* All on earth, and all in heaven,  
Join the triumph to proclaim.

*f* Hallelujah !  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

# The Passion.

175. ST. HILDA.

D. 8s. 7s.

J. BARNBY.

"Who, when he had purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."—HEB. i. 3.

*mf* HAIL, thou once despised Jesus,  
Hail, thou Galilean King :  
Thou didst suffer to release us,  
Thou didst free salvation bring.  
*p* Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame,  
*cr* By thy merits we find favour ;  
Life is given through thy name.  
*mf* Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins were on thee laid :  
*cr* By Almighty love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made.  
*t* All thy people are forgiven,  
Through the virtue of thy blood :  
Open'd is the gate of heaven,  
*p* Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

*f* Jesu, hail ! enthroned in glory,  
There for ever to abide ;  
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,  
Seated at thy Father's side :  
*cr* There for sinners thou art pleading,  
There thou dost our place prepare,  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.  
*t* Worship, honour, power, and blessing  
Thou art worthy to receive :  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give :  
*f* Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
Bring your sweetest noblest lays ;  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise,<sup>13</sup>

## Easter Even.

176. REDHEAD. (No. 76.) SIX 7s.

REDHEAD.



# Easter Even.

"Let us labour to enter into that rest."—HEB. iv. 11.

*mp* SABBATH of the saints of old,  
Day of mysteries manifold,  
By the great Creator blest,  
Type of his eternal rest ;  
*cr* Resting from his work the Lord  
Spake to-day the hallowing word.  
*p* Resting in the tomb to-day  
Still the Saviour's body lay ;  
Wrapt in sleep, from head to feet  
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,  
Lying in the rock alone,  
Hidden by the sealèd stone.  
*mp* Lord, with thee till life shall end  
We would solemn vigil spend ;  
Close the door from sight and sound

Of the busy world around,  
*cr* And in patient watch remain  
Till thou shalt appear again.  
*p* Still with thee their Sabbath keep  
They who 'neath the altar sleep ;  
*cr* Resting from their labours past,  
Waiting for the trumpet's blast ;  
*f* When, the new creation done,  
Endless joys shall be begun.  
*mf* Jesu, keep us safe from sin ;  
With them let us enter in,  
*cr* Danger past and toil at end ;  
And to those blest joys ascend,  
*r* There in flesh our God to see,  
And adore eternally.<sup>k</sup>

## Easter.

"BY THY GLORIOUS RESURRECTION, GOOD LORD, DELIVER US."

177. ST. MILDRED.

6s. 8s.

STEGGALL.

"Thou hast led captivity captive."—Ps. lxxviii. 18.

*r* THE happy morn is come ;  
Triumphant o'er the grave,  
*cr* The Saviour leaves the tomb ;  
Omnipotent to save.  
*ff* Captivity is captive led ;  
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.  
*mf* Who now accuses them  
*p* For whom their Surety died ?  
*mf* Who now shall those condemn

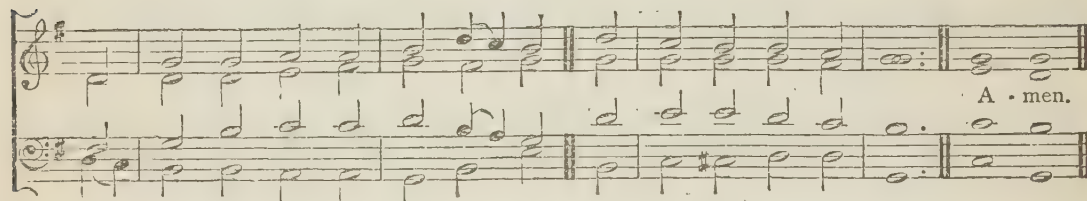
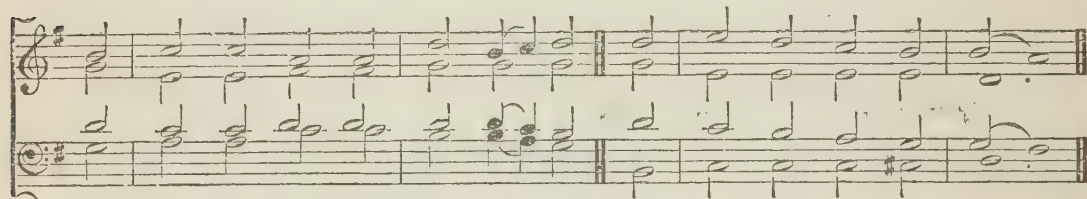
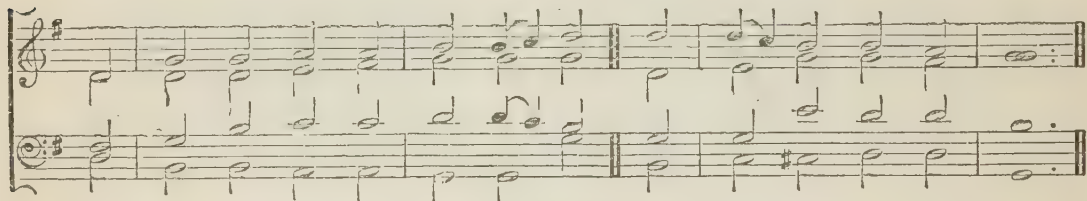
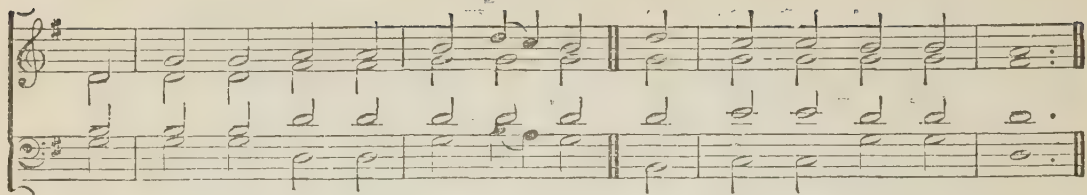
*cr* Whom God hath justified ?  
*ff* Captivity is captive led ;  
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.  
*r* Christ hath the ransom paid ;  
The glorious work is done ;  
On him our help is laid ;  
By him our victory won.  
*p* Captivity is captive led ;  
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.<sup>w</sup>

# Easter.

178. ST. ASAPH.

D.C.M.

GIORNIVICHI.



*"Awake, psalter and harp: I myself will awake early."—Ps. cviii. 2.*

*f* AWAKE, glad soul ! awake, awake !  
Thy Lord hath risen long ;  
Go to his grave, and with thee take  
Both tuneful heart and song ;  
Where life is waking all around,  
Where love's sweet voices sing,  
The first bright blossom may be found  
Of an eternal spring.

*mf* The shade and gloom of life are fled  
This resurrection day ;  
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,  
The grave hath no more prey :

*f* In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,  
In Christ we wake and rise ;

*p* And the sad tears death makes us weep,

*c* He wipes from all our eyes.

*f* And every bird and every tree,  
And every opening flower,  
Proclaim his glorious victory,  
His resurrection power ;  
The folds are glad, the fields rejoice  
With vernal verdure spread,  
The little hills lift up their voice  
And shout that death is dead.

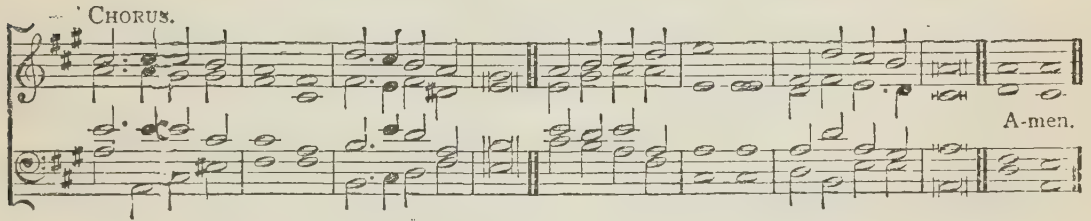
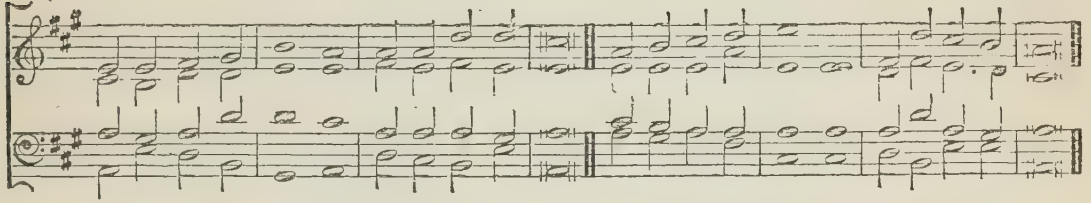
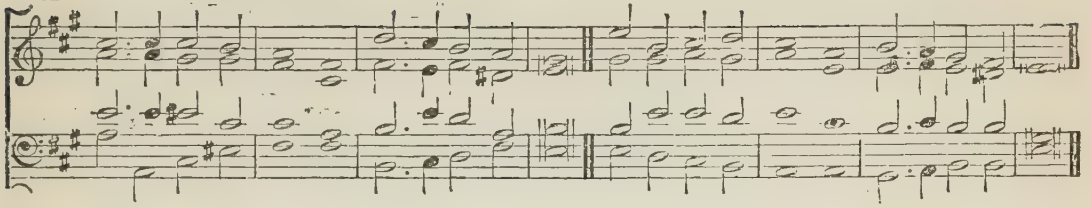
*f* Then wake, glad heart ! awake, awake !  
And seek thy risen Lord,  
Joy in his resurrection take  
And comfort in his word :  
And let thy life through all its ways  
One long thanksgiving be,  
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,  
'Christ died and rose for me.'

# Easter.

179. HERMAS.

IIS.

F. R. HAVERGAL.



"I have the keys of hell and of death."—REV. i. 18.

- f* "WELCOME, happy morning," age to age shall say ;  
Hell to-day is vanquish'd, heaven is won to-day.  
Lo, the Dead is living, God for evermore !  
Him their true Creator all his works adore.
- f* "Welcome, happy morning," age to age shall say ;  
Hell to-day is vanquish'd, heaven is won to-day
- mf* Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,  
All good gifts return'd with her returning King ;  
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,  
Speak his sorrow ended, hail his triumph now
- f* Welcome, happy morning, etc.
- mf* Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,  
Hours and passing moments praise thee in their flight ;  
Brightness of the morning, sky, and fields, and sea,  
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to thee.
- f* Welcome, happy morning, etc.
- mf* Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,  
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,  
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,  
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
- f* Welcome, happy morning, etc.
- Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show ;
- cr* Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil thy word ;  
'Tis thine own third morning ; rise, my buried Lord !
- f* Welcome, happy morning, etc.
- f* Loose the hearts long prison'd, bound with Satan's chain ;  
All that now is fallen raise to life again ;  
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see ;  
Bring again our daylight : day returns with thee.
- f* "Welcome, happy morning," age to age shall say ;  
Hell to-day is vanquish'd, heaven is won to-day.



# Easter.

## 180. VICTORY.

P.M.

PALESTRINA.

Harmonized by STEWART.

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! *S:*

"O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvellous things."—Ps. xcvi. 1.

*f* ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

*f* THE strife is o'er, the battle done;  
The victory of life is won;

*f* The song of triumph has begun,— Alleluia!

*f* The powers of death have done their worst.  
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;

*f* Let shouts of holy joy outburst,— Alleluia!

*mf* The three sad days have quickly sped;

*cr* He rises glorious from the dead;

*ff* All glory to our risen Head! Alleluia!

*f* He brake the age-bound chains of hell;  
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;

*f* Let hymns of praise his triumph tell: Alleluia

*p* Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,

*mf* From death's dread sting thy servants free,

*cr* That we may live, and sing to thee Alleluia!

*f*

## 181. CROFT.

6s. 8s.

CROFT.

"Thou shalt cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to sound."—LEV. xxv. 9.

*f* BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,

*f* The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home

*mf* Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made;

*cr* Ye weary spirits, rest;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad:

*f* The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return ye ransom'd sinners, home.

*mf* Extol the Lamb of God,

*cr* The all-atoning Lamb:

*cr* Redemption by his blood  
Throughout the world proclaim;

*f* The year of Jubilee is come;

Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

*mf* Ye, who have sold for nought

Your heritage above,

Receive it back unbought,

*p* The gift of Jesus' love:

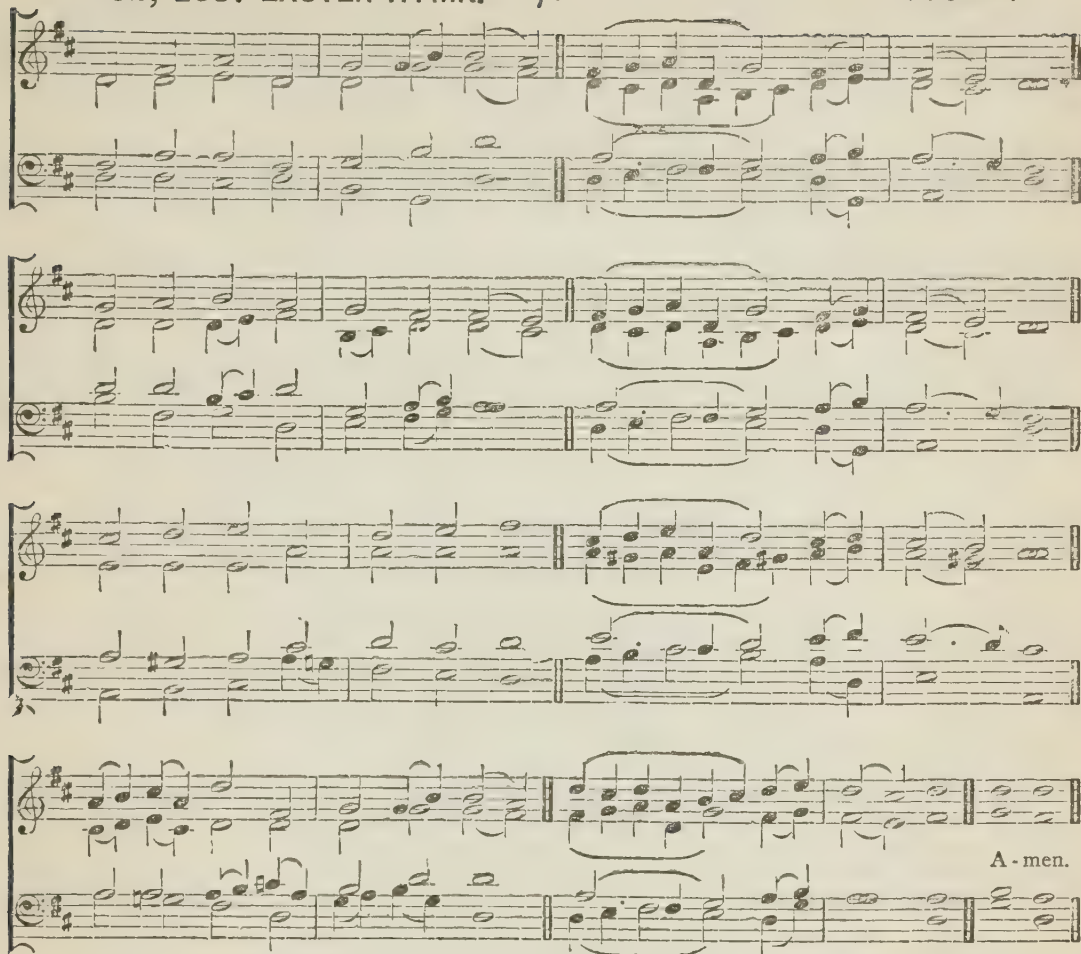
*f* The year of Jubilee is come;

Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home."

# Easter.

182, 183. EASTER HYMN. 7s.

H. CAREY.



## 182. "He is risen."—MARK xvi. 6.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day : Hallelujah !  
Sons of men, and angels, say, Hallelujah !  
Raise your joys and triumphs high ; Hallelujah !  
Sing, ye heavens ; thou earth, reply, Hallelujah !

*mf* Love's redeeming work is done ; Hallelujah !  
*f* Fought the fight, the battle won ; Hallelujah !  
*p* Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ; Hallelujah !  
*cr* Lo ! he sets in blood no more Hallelujah !

*mf* Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ; Hallelujah !  
*f* Christ hath burst the gates of hell ; Hallelujah !  
*p* Death in vain forbids his rise ! Hallelujah !  
*cr* Christ hath open'd Paradise. Hallelujah !

*f* Lives again our glorious King ; Hallelujah !  
*p* Where, O death, is now thy sting ? Hallelujah !  
*cr* Once he died our souls to save ; Hallelujah !  
*f* Where thy victory, O grave ? Hallelujah !

*f* Soar we now where Christ hath led, Hallelujah !  
*p* Following our exalted Head : Hallelujah !  
*cr* Made like him, like him we rise ; Hallelujah !  
*f* Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Hallelujah !

*ff* Hail the Lord of earth and heaven, Hallelujah !  
Praise to thee by both be given ; Hallelujah !  
Thee we greet triumphant now, Hallelujah !  
Hail the Resurrection thou ! Hallelujah ! Amen.

## 183. "He is not here ; for he is risen."— MATT. xxviii. 6.

*f* JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Hallelujah !  
Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah !  
*mp* Who did once upon the cross, Hallelujah !  
Suffer to redeem our loss ; Hallelujah !

*f* Hymns of praise then let us sing, Hallelujah !  
Unto Christ our heavenly King, Hallelujah !  
*mp* Who endured the cross and grave, Hallelujah !  
Sinners to redeem and save ; Hallelujah !

*cr* But the pains, which he endured, Hallelujah !  
Our salvation have procured : Hallelujah !  
*f* Now above the sky he's King, Hallelujah !  
Where the angels ever sing, Hallelujah !

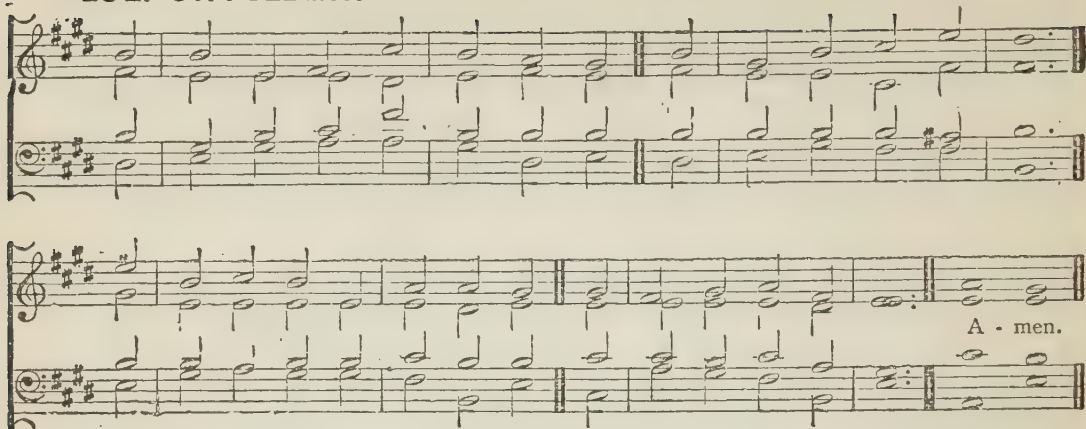
*ff* Now be God the Father praised, Hallelujah !  
With the Son from death upraised, Hallelujah !  
And the Spirit ever blest ; Hallelujah !  
One true God, by all confess'd ; Hallelujah ! Amen.

# Easter.

## 184. ST. FULBERT.

C.M.

GAUNTLETT.



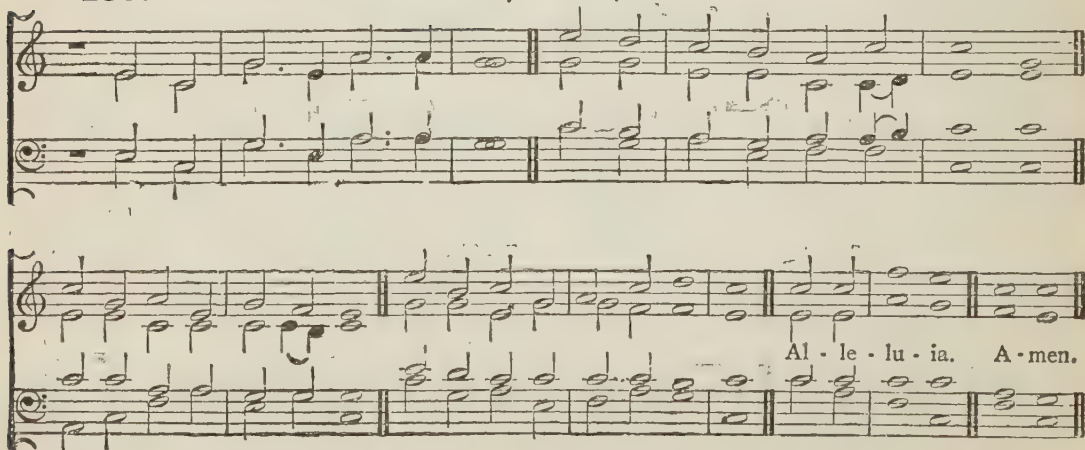
*"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 COR. xv. 20.*

- f* AGAIN the Lord of life and light  
Awakes the kindling ray,  
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
And pours increasing day.
- f* O what a night was that which wrapp'd  
The heathen world in gloom ;
- f* O what a sun which broke this day  
Triumphant from the tomb !
- mp* The powers of darkness leagued in vain  
To bind our Lord in death :
- cr* He shook their kingdom, when he fell,  
By his expiring breath.
- f* This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud Hosannas sung :  
Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
And praise on every tongue.
- f* Ten thousand differing lips shall join  
To hail this welcome morn,  
Which scatters blessings from its wings  
On nations yet unborn.<sup>e</sup>

## 185. ST. ALBINUS.

7s. 8s. 4.

GAUNTLETT.





# Easter.

"I am he that liveth and was dead."—REV. i. 18.

**JESUS** lives : no longer now  
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us ;  
**JESUS** lives : by this we know  
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.  
Alleluia !

*mf* **JESUS** lives : henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immortal ;  
*di* This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.  
*f* Alleluia !

*mp* **JESUS** lives : for us he died :  
*cr* Then, alone to **JESUS** living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.  
Alleluia !

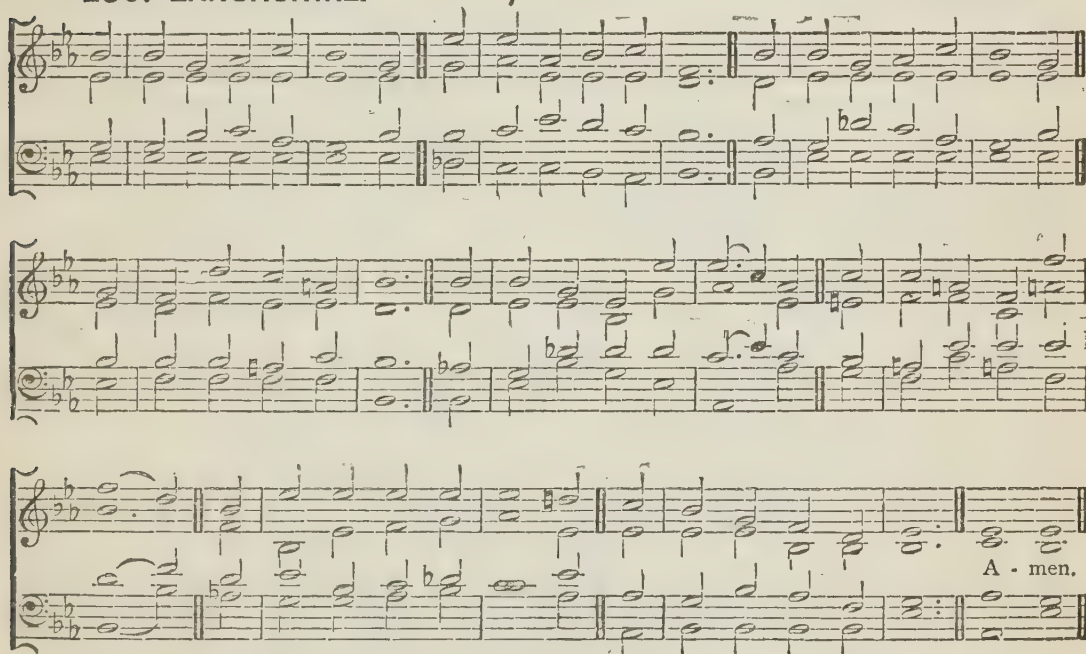
*f* **JESUS** lives : our hearts know well  
Nought from us his love shall sever ;  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
Tear us from his keeping ever.  
Alleluia !

**JESUS** lives : to him the throne  
Over all the world is given :  
*mf* May we go where he is gone,  
*cr* Rest and reign with him in heaven.  
Alleluia ! Amen.

## 186. LANCASHIRE.

7s. 6s.

H. SMART.



"Behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail."—MATT. xxviii. 9.

THE day of Resurrection,  
Earth, tell it out abroad :  
The Passover of gladness,  
The Passover of God !  
From death to life eternal,  
From this world to the sky,  
*f* Our Christ hath brought us over,  
With hymns of victory.  
*mf* Our hearts be pure from evil,  
That we may see aright  
The Lord in rays eternal  
Of resurrection-light ;

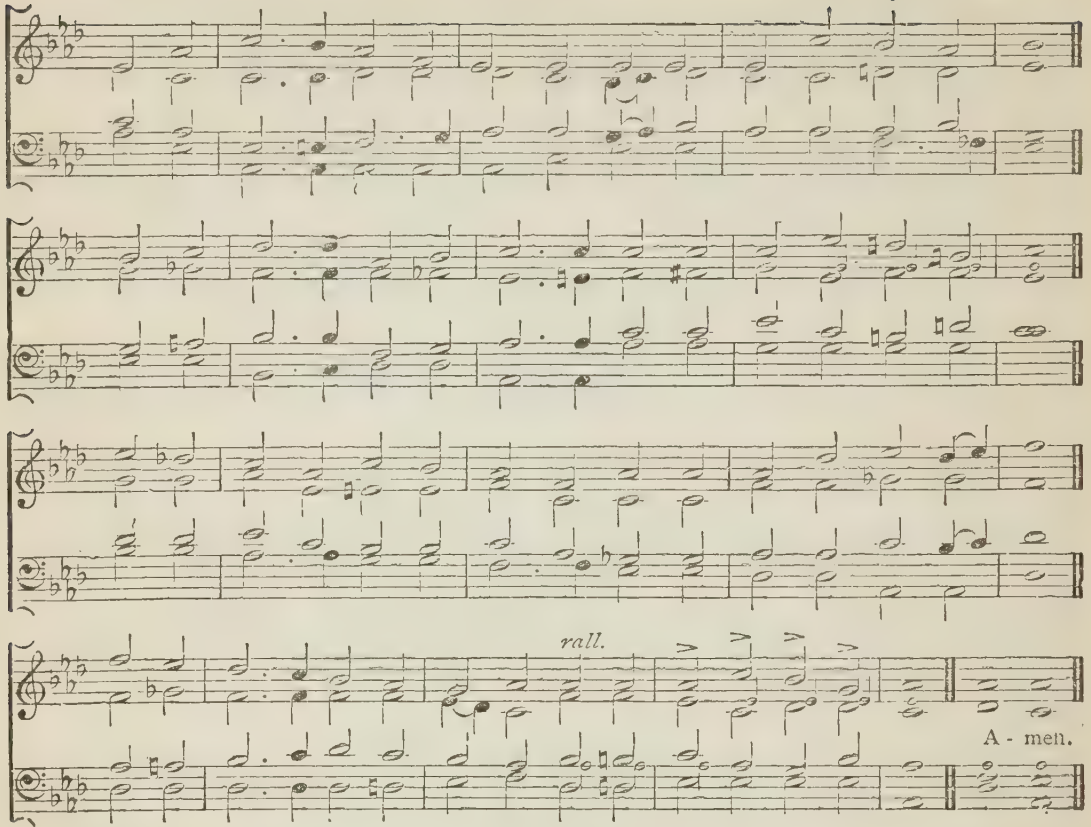
*cr* And, listening to his accents,  
May hear, so calm and plain,  
His own "All hail !" and, hearing,  
May raise the victor-strain.  
*f* Now let the heavens be joyful,  
Let earth her song begin ;  
Let the round world keep triumph,  
And all that is therein ;  
Invisible and visible,  
Their notes let all things blend,  
*ff* For Christ the Lord hath risen,  
Our Joy that hath no end."

# Easter.

187. SANCTUARY.

D. 8s. 7s.

DYKES.



"A lively hope by the resurrection."—1 PETER i. 3.

- f* HALLELUJAH, Hallelujah ! Hearts to heaven and voices raise ;  
Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to God a hymn of praise !
- p* He who on the cross a victim for the world's salvation bled,  
*ff* Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, now is risen from the dead.
- f* Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from death to life is born,  
Glorious life, and life immortal, on this holy Easter morn :  
Christ has triumph'd, and we conquer by his mighty enterprise.
- ff* We with him to life eternal by his resurrection rise.
- mf* Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits of the holy harvest-field,  
Which will all its full abundance at his second coming yield ;  
Then the golden ears of harvest will their heads before him wave,
- cr* Ripen'd by his glorious sunshine, from the furrows of the grave.
- mf* Christ is risen ; we are risen ; shed upon us heavenly grace,  
Rain and dew and gleams of glory from the brightness of thy face  
That we, Lord, with hearts in heaven, here on earth may fruitful be  
And by angel-hands be gather'd, and be ever safe with thee.
- f* Hallelujah, Hallelujah ! Glory be to God on high ;  
Hallelujah to the Saviour, who has gain'd the victory ;  
Hallelujah to the Spirit, Fount of love and sanctity ;  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah to the Triune Majesty ! Amen.

This Hymn may also be sung to 'Deerhurst,' No. 370.

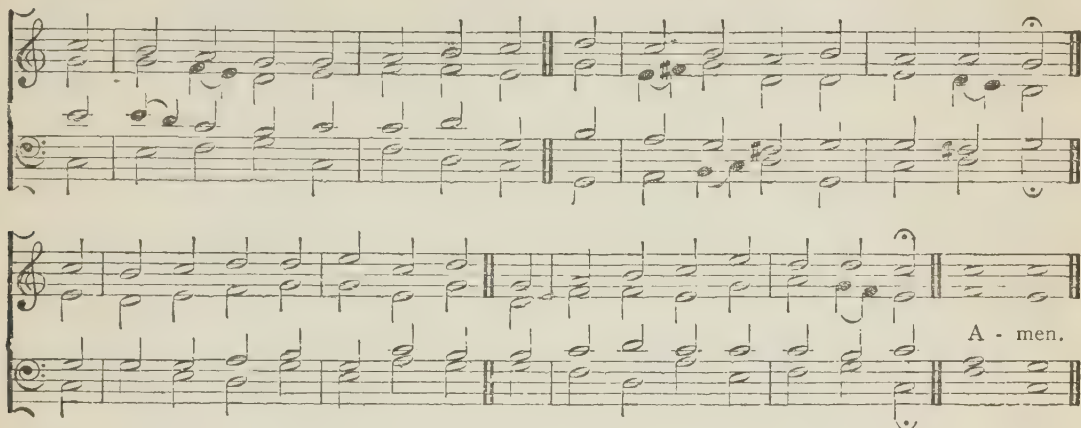
# Sundays after Easter: the Lord's Day.

"THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE: WE WILL REJOICE AND BE GLAD IN IT."

## 188. GÖLDEL.

L.M.

German Chorale.



"Jesus stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you."—JOHN xx. 19.

COME, condescending Saviour, come,  
Almighty from the vanquish'd tomb;  
Here thine assembled servants bless,  
And fill our hearts with sacred peace.

*mf* O come thyself, most gracious Lord,  
With all the joy thy smiles afford;  
*cr* Reveal the lustre of thy face,  
And make us feel thy vital grace.

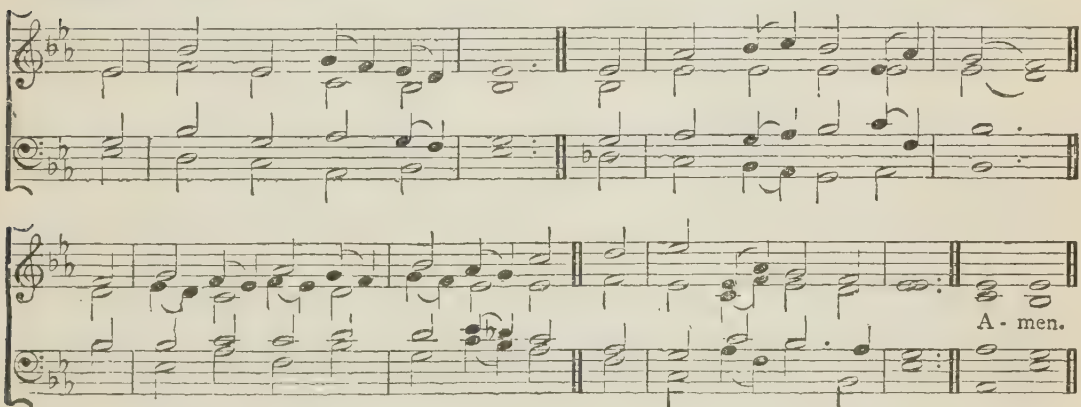
*mf* Enter our hearts, Redeemer blest;  
Enter, thou ever-honour'd guest,  
Not for one transient hour alone,  
*cr* But there to fix thy lasting throne.

*mf* Enter, and make our hearts thy home;  
*p* And when our life's last hour is come,  
Let us but die as in thy sight,  
*cr* And death shall vanish in delight.<sup>a</sup>

## 189. CARLISLE.

S.M.

LOCKHART.



"He shall be as the light of the morning, even as a morning without clouds."—2 SAM. xxiii. 4.

*p* THIS is the day of light:  
*mf* Let there be light to-day;  
*cr* O Dayspring, rise upon our night,  
And chase its gloom away.

*p* This is the day of rest:  
*mf* Our failing strength renew;  
*di* On weary brain and troubled breast  
*mp* Shed thou thy freshening dew.

*p* This is the day of peace:  
*mf* Thy peace our spirits fill;

*cr* Bid thou the blasts of discord cease;  
The waves of strife be still.

*p* This is the day of prayer:  
*mf* Let earth to heaven draw near;  
*cr* Lift up our hearts to seek thee there;  
Come down to meet us here.

*f* This is the first of days:  
*mf* Send forth thy quickening breath,  
*f* And wake dead souls to love and praise,  
O Vanquisher of death.<sup>e</sup>



# Sundays after Easter: the Lord's Day.

## 190. HOSANNA.

P.M.

DYKES.

"Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord."—Ps. cxviii. 25.

HOSANNA to the living Lord !  
Hosanna to the incarnate Word !  
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing :  
*f* Hosanna, Lord : Hosanna in the highest !

*f* Hosanna, Lord ! thine angels cry ;  
Hosanna, Lord ! thy saints reply ;  
*p* Above, beneath us, and around,  
*cres.* The dead and living swell the sound ;  
*f* Hosanna, Lord : Hosanna in the highest !

*mf* O Saviour, with protecting care,  
Return to this thy house of prayer ;

Assembled in thy sacred name,  
Where we thy parting promise claim ;  
*cres.* Hosanna, Lord : Hosanna in the highest !

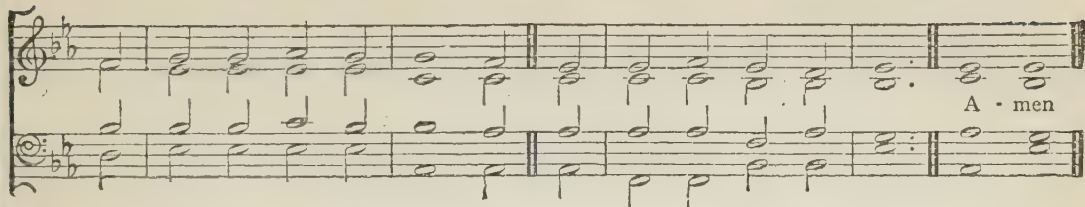
*mf* But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,  
Eternal ! bid thy Spirit rest ;  
*p* And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure and worthy thee.  
*cres.* Hosanna, Lord : Hosanna in the highest !  
*p* So in the last and dreadful day,  
When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
*cres.* Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again,  
*f* Hosanna, Lord : Hosanna in the highest !

## 191. AURELIA.

7s. 6s.

S. S. WESLEY.

# Sundays after Easter: the Lord's Day.



"The Lord's day."—REV. i. 10.

*f* O DAY of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright;  
On thee, the high and lowly,  
Through ages join'd in tune,  
*p* Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,  
*cr* To the great God Triune.

*p* On thee, at the Creation,  
The light first had its birth;  
On thee for our salvation  
Christ rose from depths of earth;  
On thee our Lord victorious  
The Spirit sent from heaven;  
And thus on thee most glorious  
A triple light was given.

*mf* Thou art a port protected  
From storms that round us rise;  
A garden intersected  
With streams of Paradise;

Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry dreary sand;  
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
We view our promised land.

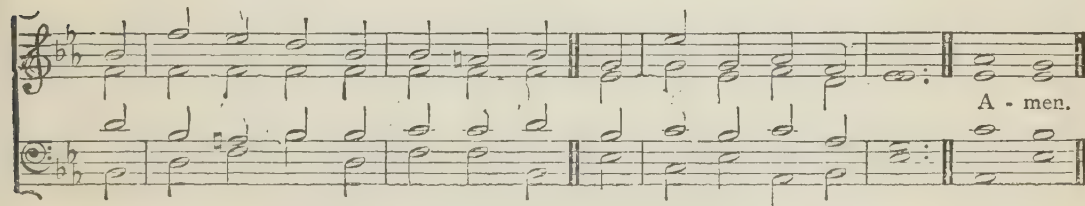
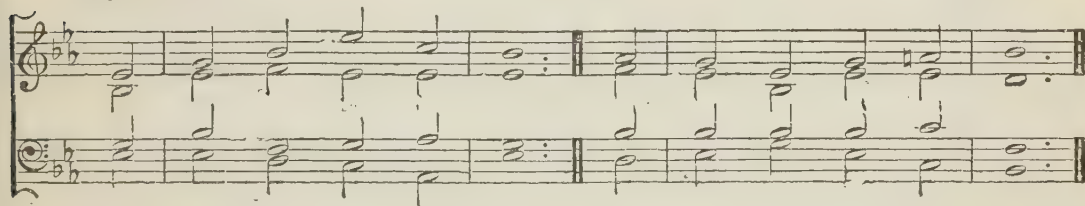
To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly manna falls;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls;  
Where gospel-light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams;  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams

*mf* May we, new graces gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
Attain the rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest.  
*f* And there our voice upraising,  
To Father and to Son  
And Holy Ghost, be praising  
Ever the Three in One. Amen.

## 192. MORAVIA.

S.M.

WfSt.



"A day in thy courts is better than a thousand."—Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

*f* WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.

*mf* The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;

*cr* Here we may seek and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

*mf* One day of prayer and praise  
His sacred courts within,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.

*p* My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this;

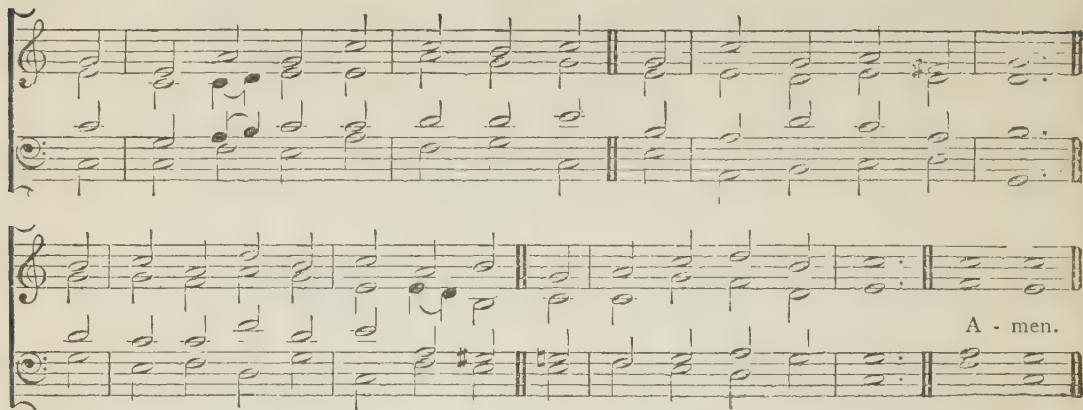
*cr* And wait to hail the brighter day  
Of everlasting bliss.

# Sundays after Easter: the Lord's Day.

## 193. ST. ANNE.

C.M.

CROFT.



"This is the day which the Lord hath made."—Ps. cxviii. 24.

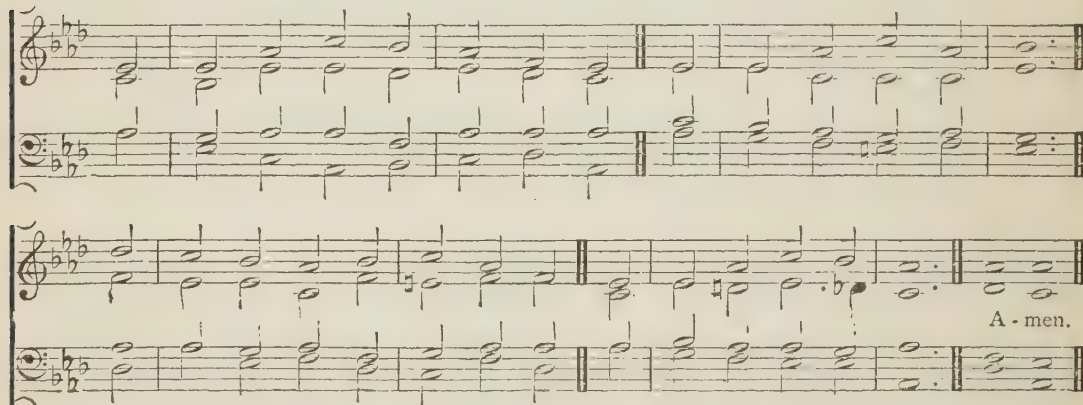
- 7** THIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own;  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- To-day he rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell;  
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- f** Hosanna to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son!

- mf** Help us, O Lord, descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.
- c** Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace;  
Who comes, in God his Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.
- f** Hosanna in the highest strains  
The Church on earth can raise;  
The highest heavens in which he reigns  
Shall give him nobler praise. **e**

## 194. EVAN I.

C.M.

HAVERGAL.



"The first day of the week."—ACTS xx. 7.

- mf** BLEST day of God, how calm, how bright,  
A day of joy and praise;  
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,  
The first and best of days.
- f** This day the Lord our Saviour rose  
Victorious from the dead;  
And, as a conqueror, his foes  
In glorious triumph led.

- mf** This day believers doth enrich;  
May grace rest on them all:  
It is their Pentecost, on which  
The Holy Ghost doth fall.
- As the first fruits an earnest prove  
Of all the sheaves behind,  
**c** So they who do the Sabbath love  
A happy week shall find. **e**

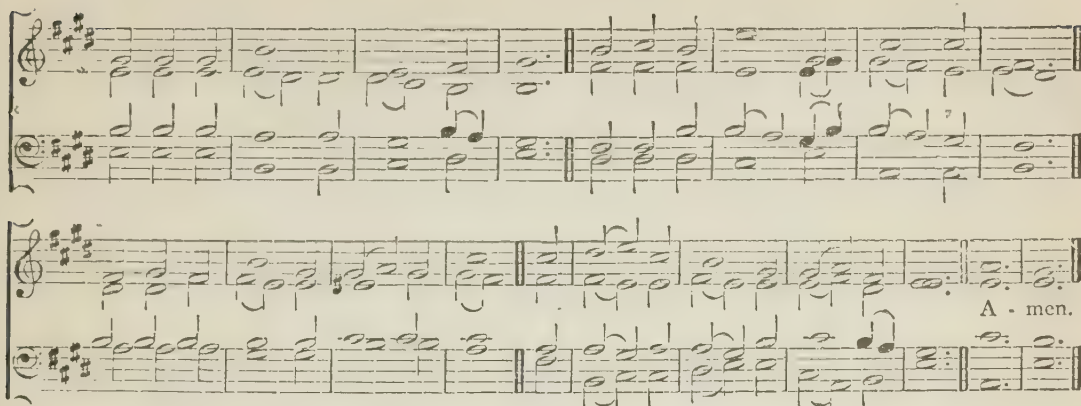


# Sundays after Easter: the Lord's Day.

## 195. HOPE.

L.M.

IRONS.



"Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work."—Ps. xcii. 4.

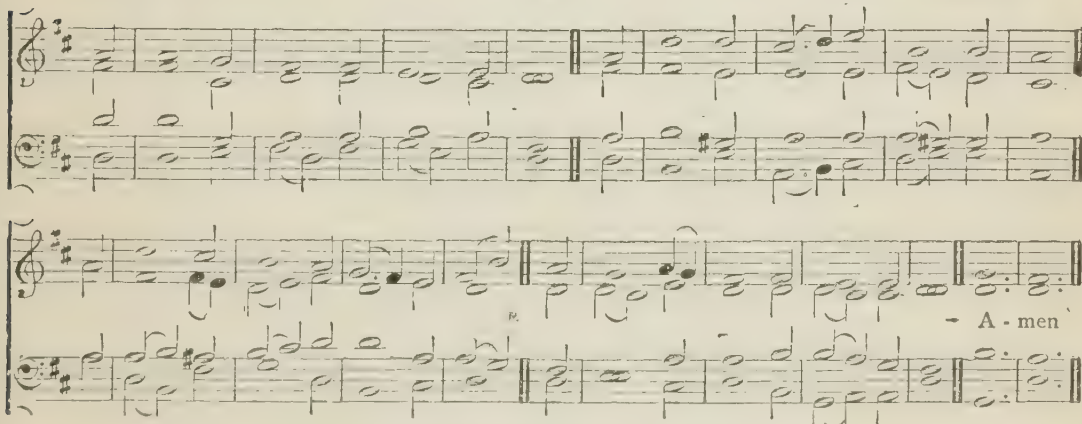
- f* SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- f* Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- f* My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word;

- Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!  
How deep thy counsels, how divine!
- mf* And I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart;
- c* And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- f* Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desired or wish'd below;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.<sup>a</sup>

## 196. EMMANUEL.

L.M.

BRAUM.



"I will make them joyful in my house of prayer."—ISA. lvi. 7.

- mp* DEAR is to me the Sabbath morn;  
The village bells, the pastor's voice,  
*c* These oft have found my heart forlorn,  
And these have bid that heart rejoice
- mf* And dear to me the wingèd hour  
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord,  
To feel devotion's soothing power,  
And catch the manna of thy word,

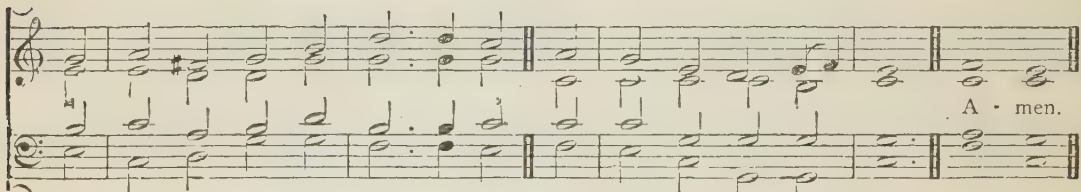
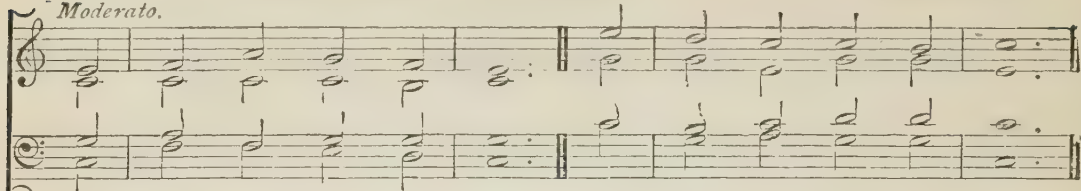
- c* And dear to me the loud Amen,  
Which echoes through the bless'd abode,  
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,  
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.
- mf* O, when the world, with iron hand,  
Would bind me in its six days' chait,  
*f* Thus burst, O Lord, the strong man's band,  
And let my spirit loose again.<sup>b</sup>

# Sundays after Easter: the Lord's Day.

## 197. ST. GEORGE (GAUNTLETT). S.M.

GAUNTLETT.

*Moderato.*



"Praise ye him, all his angels."—Ps. cxlviii. 2.

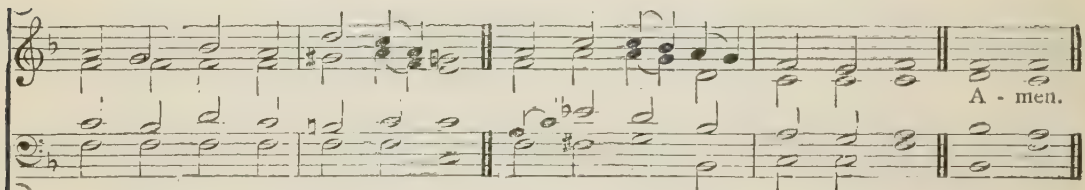
*mp* OUR day of praise is done ;  
*di* The evening shadows fall ;  
*cr* But pass not from us with the sun,  
 True Light that lightenest all !  
*f* Around the throne on high,  
 Where night can never be,  
 The white-robed harpers of the sky  
 Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.  
*p* Too faint our anthems here ;  
 Too soon of praise we tire :  
*f* But oh, the strains how full and clear  
 Of that eternal choir !

*mf* Yet, Lord, to thy dear will  
 If thou attune the heart,  
 We in thine angels' music still  
 May bear our lower part.  
 'Tis thine each soul to calm,  
 Each wayward thought reclaim,  
*cr* And make our life a daily psalm  
 Of glory to thy name.  
 A little while, and then  
 Shall come the glorious end ;  
 And songs of angels and of men  
 In perfect praise shall blend.<sup>e</sup>

## 198. WEBER.

7s.

WEBER.



"We which have believed do enter into rest."—HEB. iv. 3.

*mf* ERE another Sabbath's close,  
 Ere again we seek repose,  
*cr* Lord, our song ascends to thee,  
 At thy feet we bow the knee.  
*mf* For the mercies of the day,  
 For this rest upon our way,  
*f* Thanks to thee alone be given,  
 Lord of earth, and King of heaven.  
*p* Cold our services have been,  
 Mingled every prayer with sin ;

But thou canst and wilt forg've ;  
 By thy grace alone we live.  
*mf* Whilst this thorny path we 'read,  
 May thy love our footsteps lead ;  
 When our journey here is past,  
 May we rest with thee at last.  
 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove  
 Foretastes of our joys above ;  
 While their steps thy pilgrims bend  
 To the rest which knows no end.<sup>e</sup>

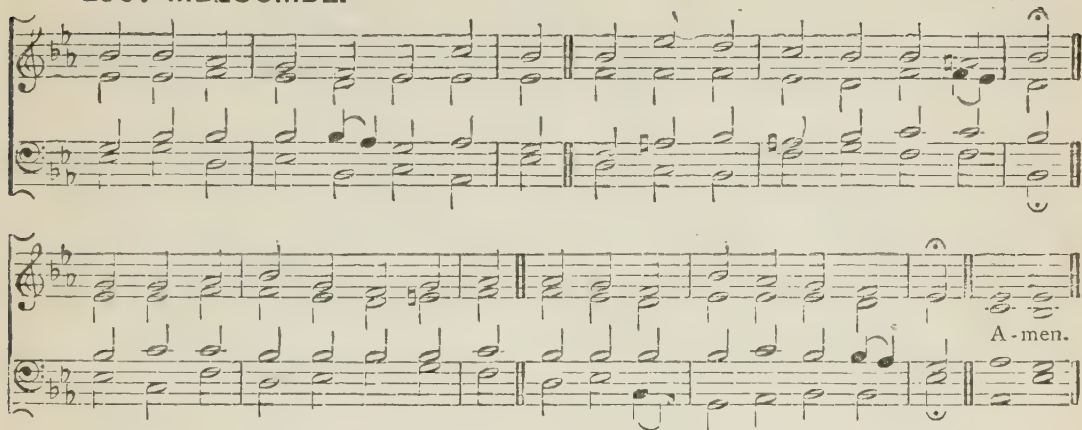
# Sundays after Easter: Public Worship

"DAY BY DAY WE MAGNIFY THEE."

## 199. MELCOMBE.

L.M

S. WEBBE.



*"To see thy power and thy glory so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary."—Ps. lxxiii. 2.*

*f* O LORD, within thy sacred gates,  
Where I so oft have sought for thee,  
Again my longing spirit waits,  
The fulness of delight to see.

*c* In blessing thee with thankful songs,  
My happy life shall glide away:  
The praise, that to thy name belongs,  
Daily with lifted hands I'll pay

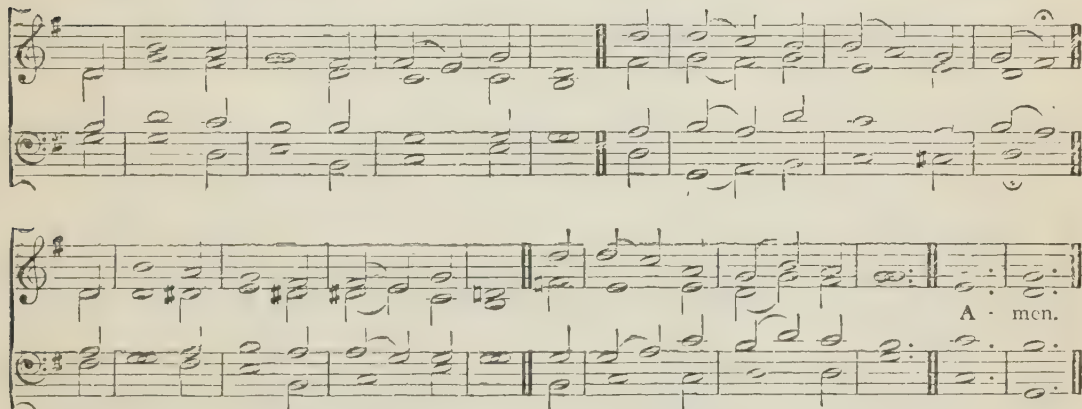
*p* Abundant sweetness, while I sing  
Thy love, my favour'd soul o'erflows;  
*c* Secure in thee, my God, my King,  
Of glory that no period knows.

*f* More dear than life itself, thy love  
My heart and tongue shall still employ;  
Thy love to sing, thy grace to prove,  
Be this my glory, peace, and joy.<sup>b</sup>

## 200. BELMONT

C.M.

S. WEBBE.



*"In all places where I record my name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee."—EXOD. xx. 24.*

*mf* GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear;  
Thy presence now display;  
As thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord dwell;  
*p* Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.

*mf* May we in faith receive thy word,  
In faith address our prayers;  
And in the presence of our Lord  
Unbosom all our cares.<sup>c</sup>

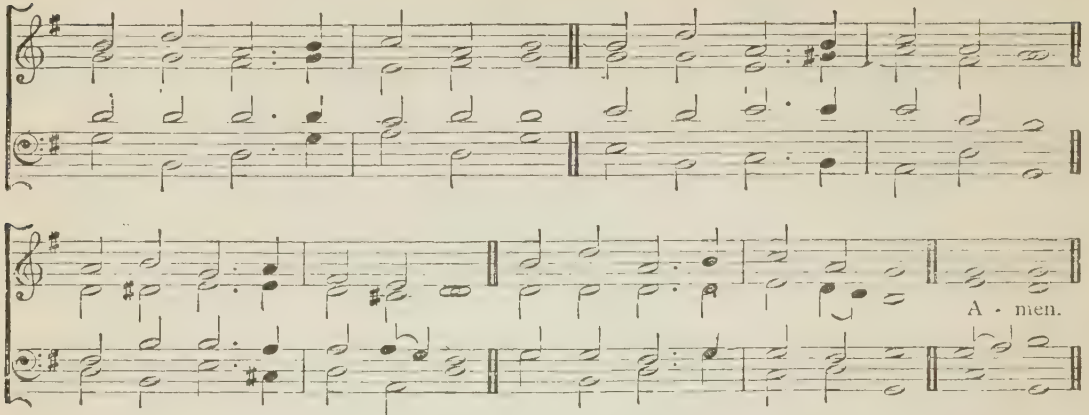


# Sundays after Easter: Public Worship.

## 201. GERMAN HYMN.

7s.

PLEVEL.

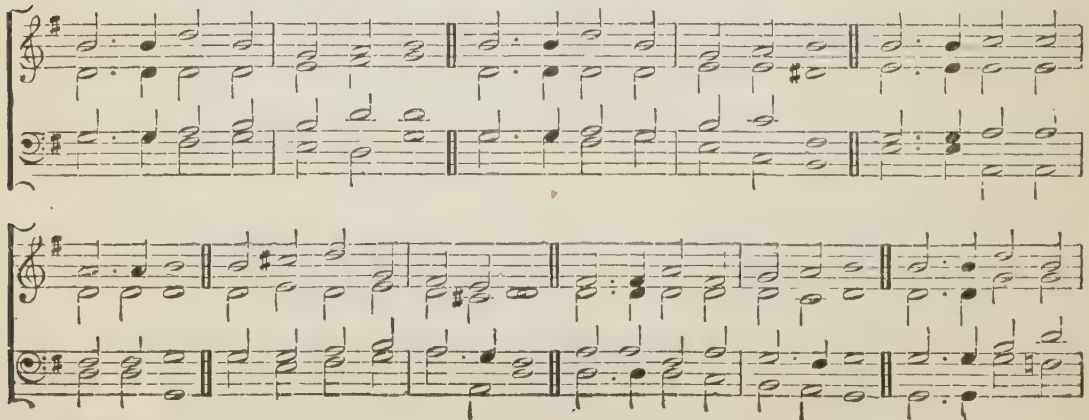


"This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."—GEN xxviii 17.

- t* To thy temple I repair,  
Lord, I love to worship there,  
When within the veil I meet  
Christ before the mercy-seat.
- p* Thou through him art reconciled,  
I through him became thy child ;
- mf* Abba, Father, give me grace  
In thy courts to seek thy face.  
While thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue :  
That my joyful soul may bless  
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.
- mf* While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend ;
- p* Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads ;  
Hear ; for Jesus intercedes.
- mf* While thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in thy name,  
Through their voice by faith may I  
Hear thee speaking from the sky  
From thy house when I return,  
May my heart within me burn ;
- p* And at evening let me say,  
I have walk'd with God to-day

## 202. ST. GEORGE (ELVEY). D. 7s.

G. ELVEY



# Sundays after Easter : Public Worship.



"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts."—Ps. lxxiv. 1.

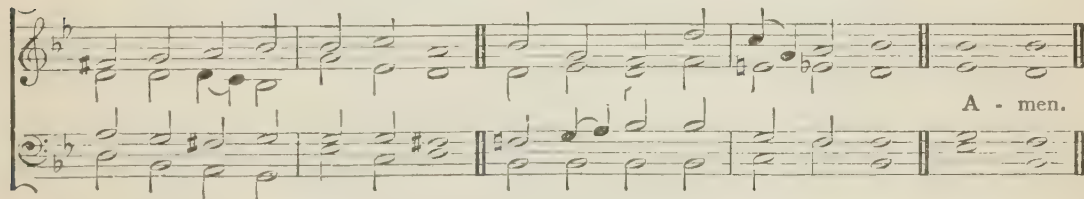
PLEASANT are thy courts above,  
In the land of light and love ;  
Pleasant are thy courts below,  
*di* In this land of sin and woe.  
*cr* O, my spirit longs and fains  
For the converse of thy saints,  
For the brightness of thy face,  
For thy fulness, God of grace.  
*mf* Happy birds, that sing and fly  
Round thy altars, O Most High :  
*♩* Happier souls that find a rest  
In a heavenly Father's breast !  
Like the wandering dove, that found  
No repose on earth around,  
*cr* They can to their ark repair,  
And enjoy it ever there.

*f* Happy souls ! their praises flow  
Even in this vale of woe ;  
*cr* Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies.  
*ff* On they go from strength to strength  
Till they reach thy throne at length :  
At thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.  
*mp* Lord, be mine this prize to win,  
Guide me through a world of sin,  
Keep me by thy saving grace,  
Give me at thy side a place :  
*f* Sun and shield alike thou art,  
Guide and guard my erring heart :  
*ff* Grace and glory flow from thee ;  
*di* Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.!

## 203. CHRIST CHAPEL.

*7s.*

STEGGALL.



"Ask, and it shall be given you."—MATT. vii. 7.

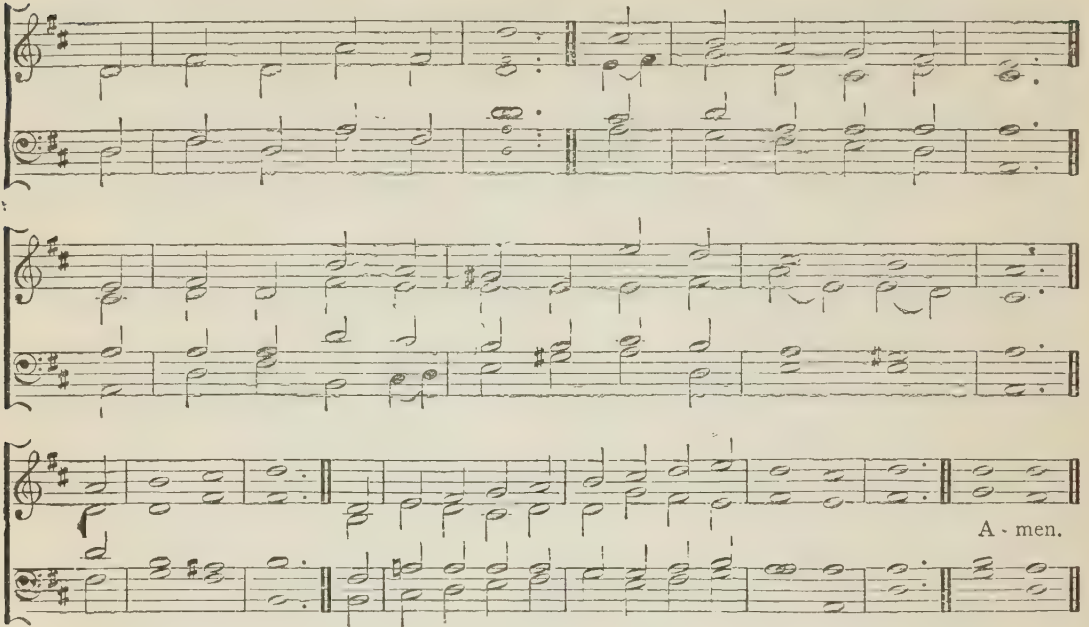
COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;  
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;  
He himself has bid thee pray ;  
Therefore will not say thee nay.  
*mf* Thou art coming to a King ;  
Large petitions with thee bring ;  
For his grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.  
*♩* With my burden I begin ;  
Lord, remove this load of sin ;

Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.  
*cr* Lord, I come to thee for rest ;  
Take possession of my breast ;  
There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.  
*mf* While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;  
*♩* As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.!

# Sundays after Easter: Public Worship.

204. DARWELL'S 148TH. 6s. 4s.

DARWELL.



*"My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord."—Ps. lxxxiv. 2.*

*♪* LORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thy earthly temples are!  
To thine abode  
My heart aspires,  
With warm desires  
To see my God.

*mf* O happy souls, that pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy men, that pay  
Their constant service there!  
They praise thee still:  
And happy they,  
That love the way  
To Zion's hill.

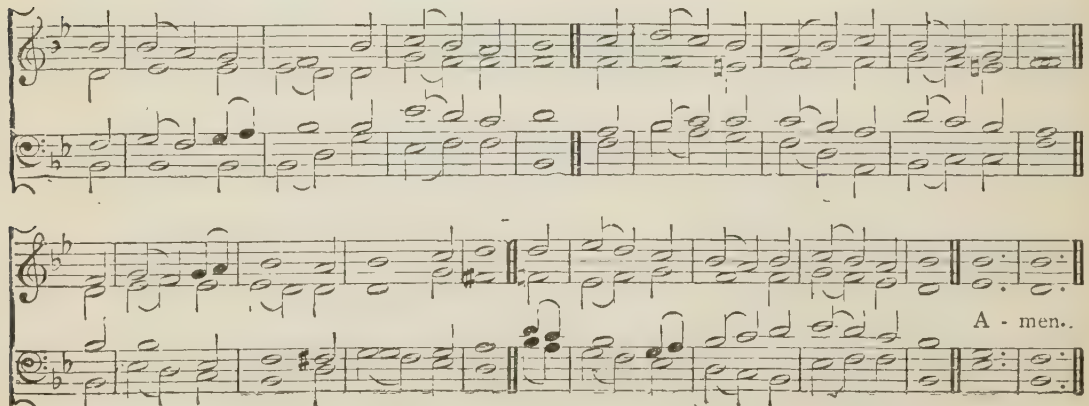
*♩* They go from strength to strength  
Through this dark vale of tears  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heaven appears:  
O glorious seat;  
When God our King  
Shall thither bring  
Our willing feet.

*f* God is our sun and shield,  
Our light and our defence;  
With gifts his hands are fill'd,  
We draw our blessings thence:  
*di* Thrice happy he,  
O God of hosts  
Whose spirit trusts,  
Alone in thee.<sup>w</sup>

205. WAREHAM.

L.M.

KNAPP.





# Sundays after Easter : Public Worship.

"There I will meet with thee; and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat."—

EXOD. xxv. 22.

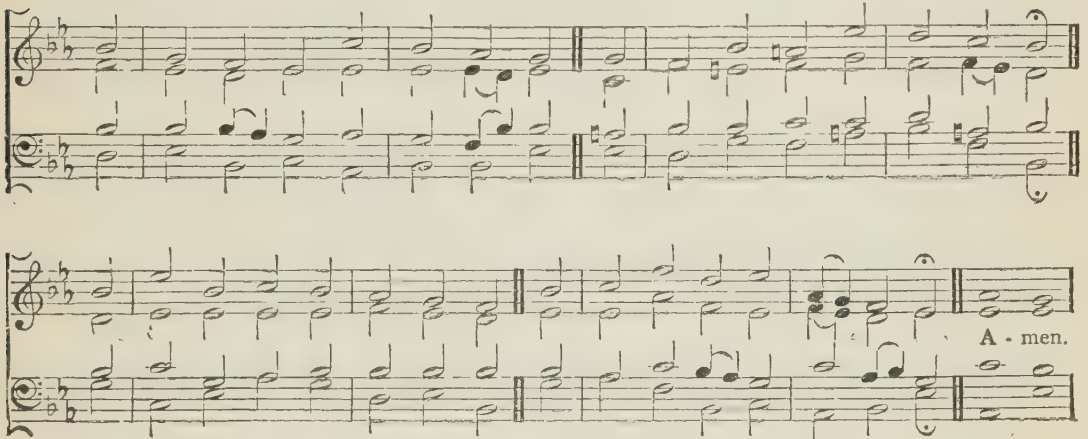
FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
*di* There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
*p* 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.  
*mf* There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place than all beside more sweet;  
*p* It is the blood-stain'd mercy-seat.  
*mp* There is a spot where spirits blend,  
And friend holds fellowship with friend;

*cr* Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet  
*b.* Around one common mercy-seat.  
*mf* Ah, whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
*p* Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?  
*f* There, there on eagle wing we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more,  
*cr* And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
*ff* And glory crowns the mercy-seat.<sup>a</sup>

206. KENT.

L. M.

GREENE.



"O God, thou art my God: early will I seek thee"—Ps. lxxiii. 1.

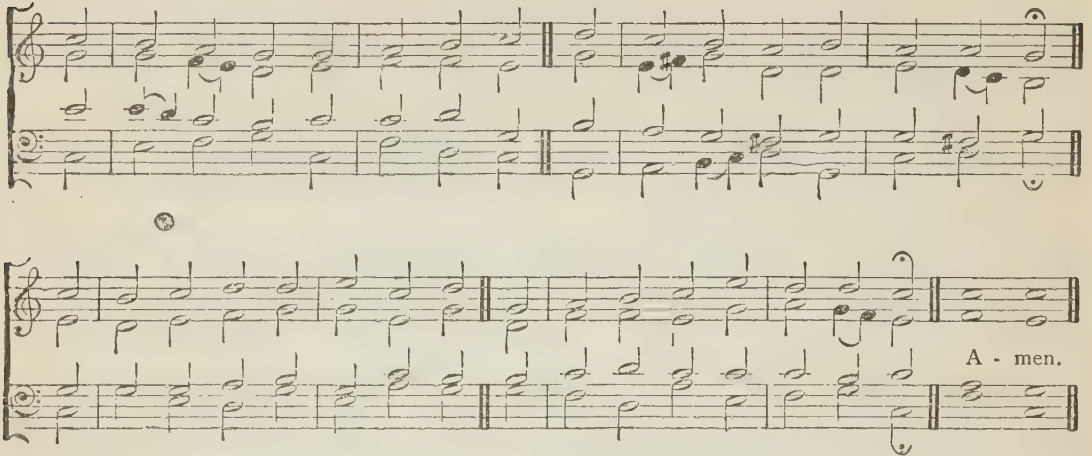
*1* GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,  
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest:  
The glories that compose thy name  
Stand all engaged to make me bless'd.  
Thou Great and Good, thou Just and Wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God;  
*di* And I am thine by sacred ties;  
*p* Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.  
*mf* With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,  
For thee I long, to thee I look,  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.  
*cr* With early feet I love to appear  
Among thy saints, and seek thy face:  
Oft have I seen thy glory there,  
And felt the power of sovereign grace.  
*1* 'I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise;  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And spend the remnant of my days<sup>b</sup>

# Sundays after Easter: Public Worship.

## 207. GÖLDEL.

L.M.

German Chorale.



"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."—  
MATT. xviii. 20.

*f* JESU, where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy-seat;  
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,  
And every place is hallow'd ground.

*mf* For thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind;  
Such ever bring thee where they come,  
And going take thee to their home.

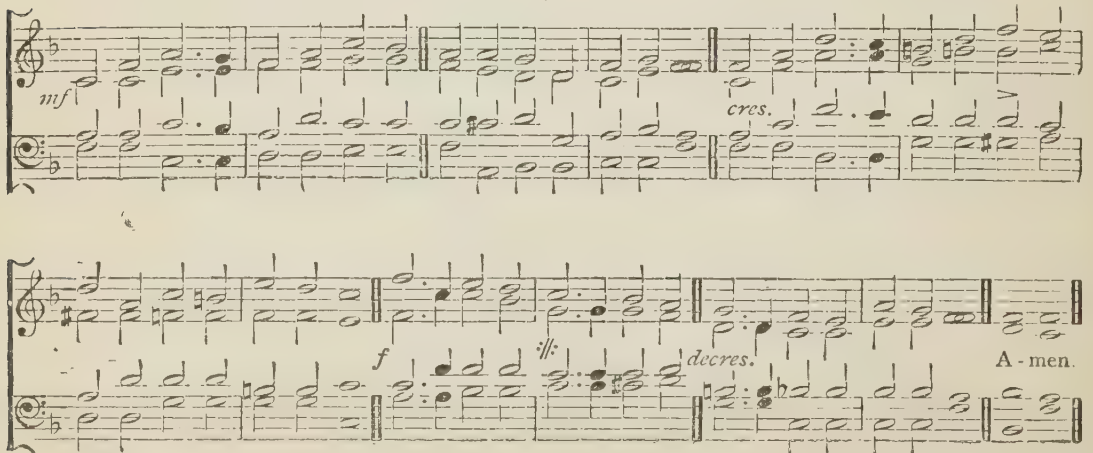
*mf* Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
*cr* Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.

*mf* Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

*cr* Lord, we are few, but thou art near;  
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;  
*f* O rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make all hearts, O Lord, thine own.<sup>a</sup>

## 208. KENSINGTON NEW. 8s. 7s. 4.

J. TILLEARD.



# Sundays after Easter: Public Worship.

"Now are we all here present before God."—ACTS x. 33.

*mf* In thy name, O Lord, assembling,  
We thy people, now draw near;  
*f* Teach us to rejoice with trembling,  
*c* Speak, and let thy servants hear,  
Hear with meekness, hear thy word with godly fear.

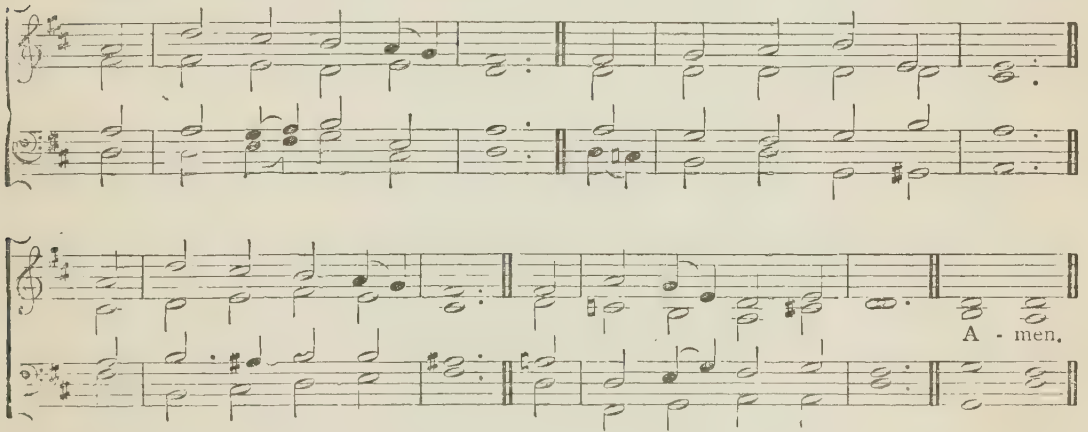
*mf* While our days on earth are lengthen'd,  
May we give them, Lord, to thee,  
*c* Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,  
May we run, nor weary be;  
Till thy glory without clouds in heaven we see.

Then in worship purer, sweeter,  
Thee thy people shall adore,  
Tasting of enjoyment greater  
Far than thought conceived before,  
*f* Full enjoyment, full, unmix'd, and evermore.<sup>o</sup>

## 209. DILEXI DECOREM.

6s.

BARKWORTH.



"Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house."—Ps. xxvi. 8.

*f* We love the place, O God,  
Wherein thine honour dwells;  
The joy of thine abode  
All earthly joy excels.

*mf* It is the house of prayer,  
Wherein thy servants meet;  
And thou, O Lord, art there  
Thy chosen flock to greet.

*mp* We love thy feast, O Lord,  
Where thou, the living Bread,  
By faithful hearts adored,  
Our fainting souls dost feed.

*mf* We love the word of life,  
The word that tells of peace,  
Of comfort in the strife,  
And joys that never cease.

*f* We love to sing below  
For mercies freely given;  
*c* But oh! we long to know  
The triumph-song of heaven.

*mp* Lord Jesu, give us grace  
On earth to love thee more,  
*f* In heaven to see thy face,  
And with thy saints adore Amen

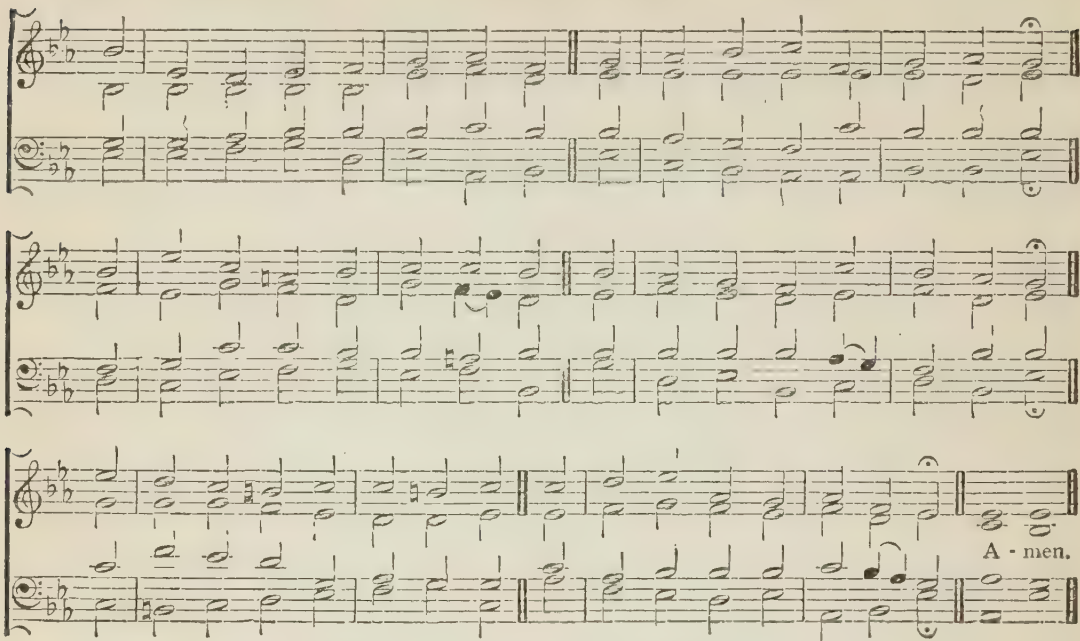


# Sundays after Easter : Public Worship.

## 210. ST. PAUL'S.

SIX 8s.

Goss.



"The Lord is in this place."—GEN. xxviii. 16.

- mf* Lo, God is here : let us adore,  
And own how dreadful is this place :  
*p* Let all within us feel his power,  
And silent bow before his face :  
*c* Who know his power, his grace who prove,  
*p* Serve him with awe, with reverence love.  
*r* Lo, God is here : him day and night  
The united choirs of angels sing ;  
*ff* To him, enthroned above all height,  
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.  
*di* Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue  
*mf* Gladly the toys of earth we leave,  
Wealth, pleasure, fame for thee alone ;  
To thee our will, soul, flesh we give,  
O take, O seal them for thine own ;  
Thou art the God : thou art the Lord :  
Be thou by all thy works adored.  
*f* Being of beings, may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;  
Still may we stand before thy face,  
Still hear and do thy sovereign will ;  
To thee may all our thoughts arise,  
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

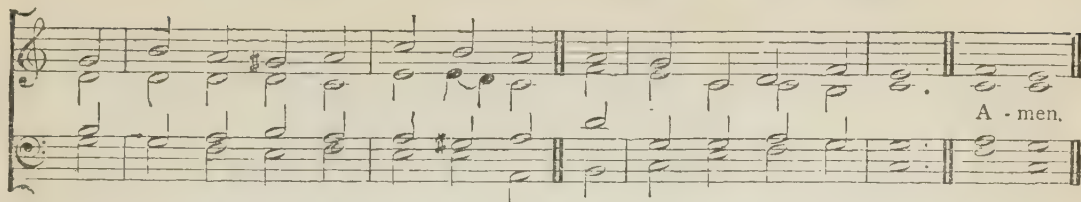
## 211. WESTMINSTER.

C.M.

TURLE.



# Sundays after Easter : Public Worship.



"Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."—1 PET. i. 5.

*mf* NOT unto us, but thee, O Lord,  
Be praise and glory given,  
*cr* For every gracious thought and word,  
Which brings us nearer heaven !  
*mf* Thy saints are in thy faithful hand,  
Secure beneath thine eye ;  
*cr* And safe, at last, they all shall stand,  
Before thy throne on high.

*f* Redeem'd from sin, and saved by grace,  
Thy glory they shall see ;  
And eye to eye, and face to face,  
For ever dwell with thee.  
*mf* O hasten, Lord, the glorious day ;  
Call all thy children home ;  
Teach us, with humble hope, to say,  
Lord Jesu, quickly come.<sup>c</sup>

## 212. PRAYER.

C.M.

BAMBRIDGE.



"Lord, teach us to pray."—LUKE xi. 1.

*mf* PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.  
*p* Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.  
*mp* Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try,  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.  
*mf* Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death :  
He enters heaven with prayer.

*p* Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;  
*cr* While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, " Behold, he prays."  
*mf* The saints in prayer appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind ;  
While with the Father and the Son  
Sweet fellowship they find.  
*mp* Nor prayer is made on earth alone,  
The Holy Spirit pleads ;  
And Jesus on the eternal throne  
For sinners intercedes.  
*p* O thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
*di* The path of prayer thyself hast trod :  
*p* Lord, teach us how to pray.<sup>c</sup>

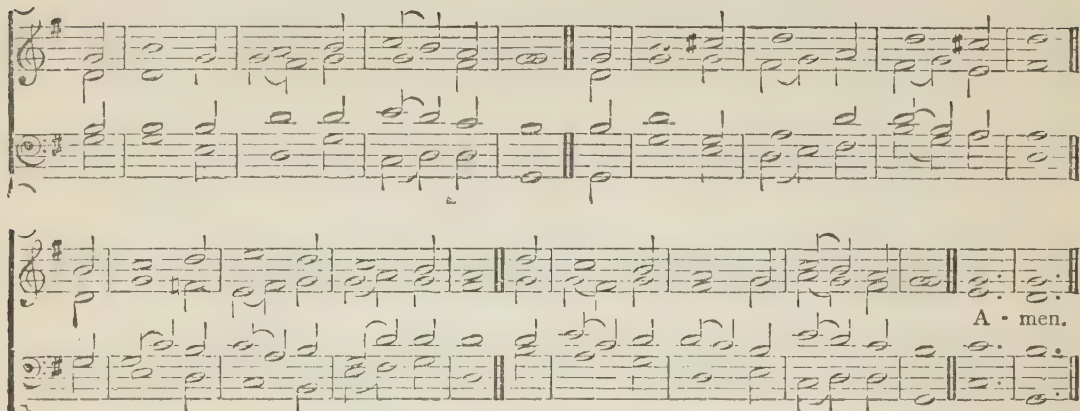
This Hymn may also be sung to "St. David's," No. 202.

# Sundays after Easter: Public Worship.

## 213. ANGELS.

L.M.

O. GIBBONS.



*"Continuing instant in prayer."—ROM. xii. 12.*

*mp* WHAT various hindrances we meet,  
In coming to the mercy-seat !

*c* Yet who that knows the worth of prayer  
But wishes to be often there ?

*mf* Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw ;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;

And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

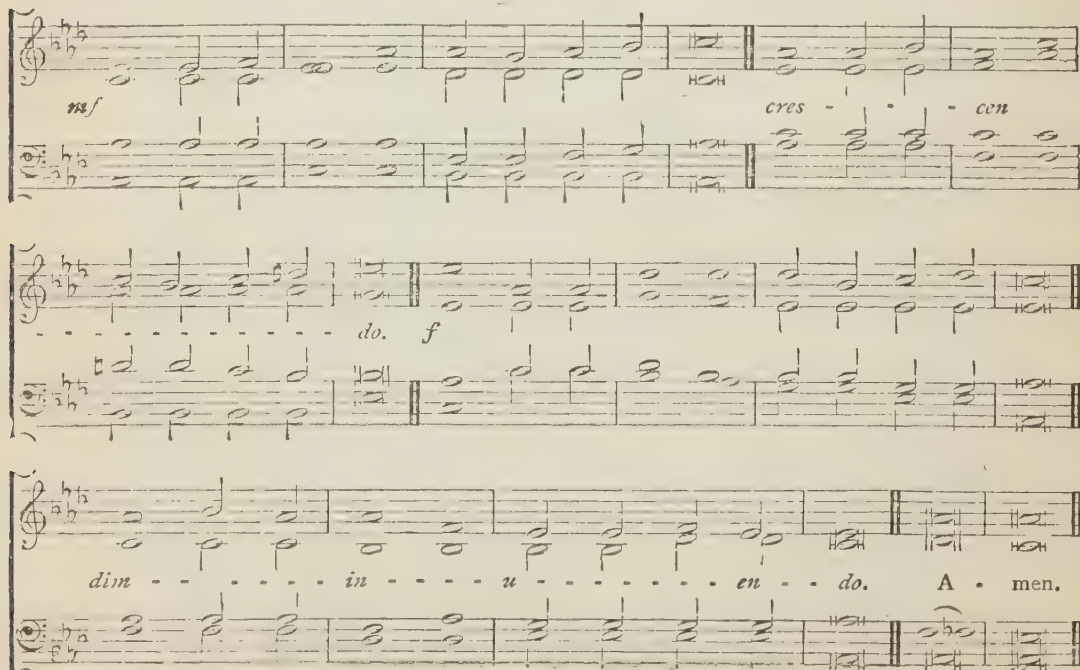
*mp* Have we no words ? ah ! think again :  
Words flow apace when we complain,  
And fill our fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all our care.

*mf* Were half the breath thus vainly spent  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Our cheerful song would oftener be,  
Hear what the Lord hath done for me.<sup>a</sup>

## 214. ELLERS.

I.O.S.

E. J. HOPKINS.





# Sundays after Easter: Public Worship.

"The Lord will bless his people with peace."—Ps. xxix. 11.

*f* SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise  
With one accord our parting hymn of praise,  
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,  
*p* Then lowly kneeling wait thy word of peace.

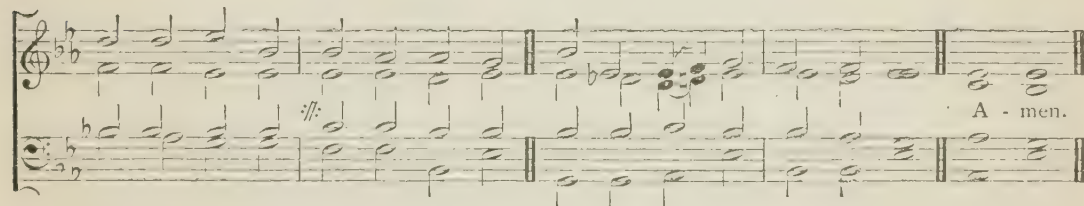
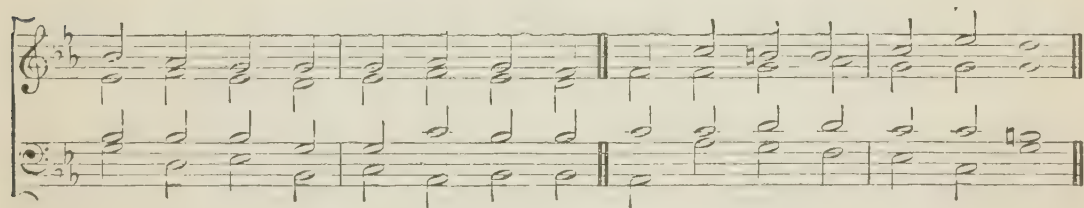
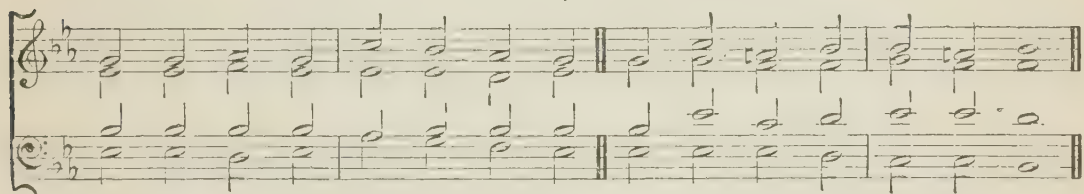
*mp* Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way ;  
*cr* With thee began, with thee shall end the day ;  
*mf* Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
That in this house have call'd upon thy name.

*mp* Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,  
*cr* Turn thou for us its darkness into light ;  
*mf* From harm and danger keep thy children free,  
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

*mp* Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
*cr* Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;  
*mf* Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflicts cease,  
*p* Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.<sup>p</sup>

## 215. ST. PETER.

8s. 7s.



"While he blessed them, he was parted from them."—LUKE xxiv. 51.

*mf* LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace :  
O refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.

*f* Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;  
*mf* May the fruits of thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound :  
*cr* May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.

*p* So, whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away,  
*cr* Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
*f* May we ever  
Reign with Christ in endless day.<sup>o</sup>

# Sundays after Easter: Public Worship.

## 216. VESPERS.

8s. 7s.

Russian Melody.

"Go in peace."—LUKE vii. 50.

*mf* MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above.

*mf* Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth can not afford. *m*

## The Ascension: Heaven.

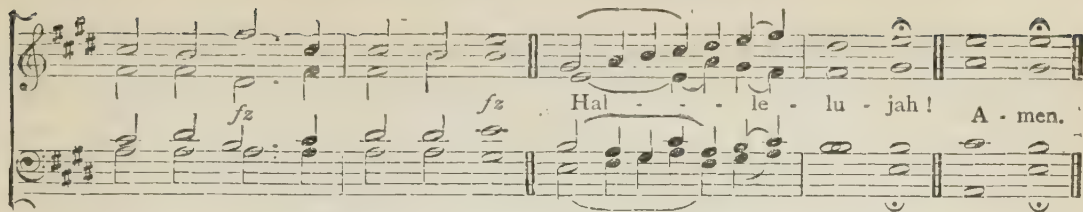
"THOU SITTEST AT THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD IN THE GLORY OF THE FATHER.  
"MAY WE ALSO IN HEART AND MIND THITHER ASCEND."

## 217. ST. SALVADOR.

7s.

GAUNTLETT.

# The Ascension: Heaven.



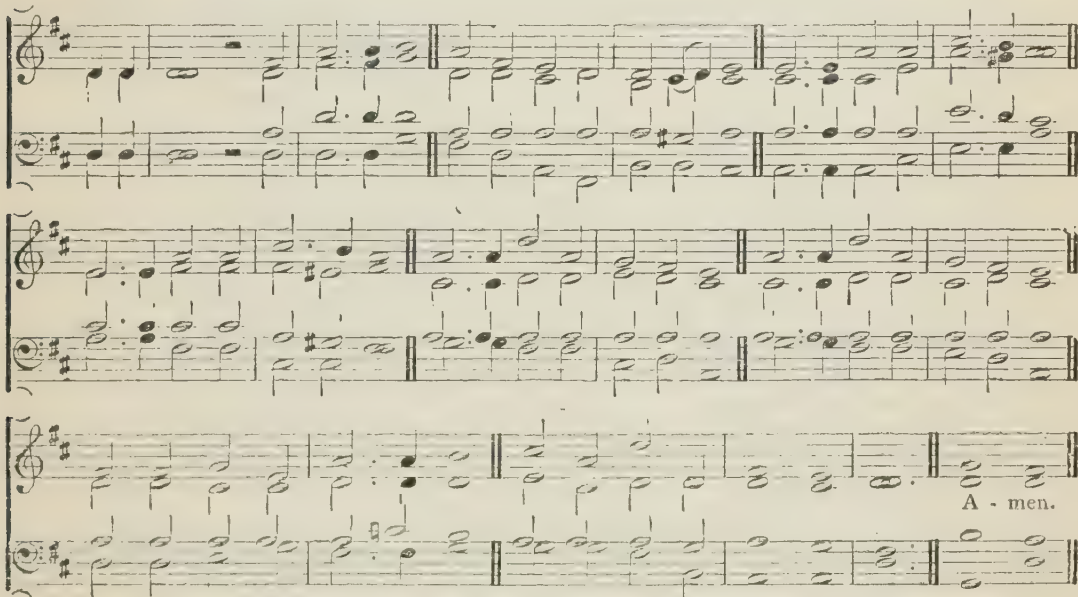
"Thou hast ascended on high."—Ps. lxxviii. 18.

- |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| <i>p</i> HAIL the day that sees him rise,<br>Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;<br>Christ, awhile to mortals given,<br>Re-ascends his native heaven.                                    | Hallelujah! <i>mp</i> See, he lifts his hands above;<br>Hallelujah! See, he shows the prints of love;<br>Hallelujah! Hark, his gracious lips bestow<br>Hallelujah! Blessings on his church below.                          | Hallelujah!<br>Hallelujah!<br>Hallelujah!<br>Hallelujah! |
| <i>f</i> There the glorious triumph waits;<br>Lift your heads, eternal gates;<br>Wide unfold the radiant scene,<br>Take the King of Glory in.  | Hallelujah! <i>mf</i> Still for us his death he pleads;<br>Hallelujah! Prevalent, he intercedes;<br>Hallelujah! <i>cr</i> Near himself prepares our place,<br>Hallelujah! <i>f</i> Harbinger of human race.                | Hallelujah!<br>Hallelujah!<br>Hallelujah!<br>Hallelujah! |
| <i>r</i> Him though highest heaven receives,<br><i>p</i> Still he loves the earth he leaves;<br><i>f</i> Though returning to his throne,<br><i>s</i> Still he calls mankind his own. | Hallelujah! <i>cr</i> Lord, though parted from our sight,<br>Hallelujah! High above yon azure height,<br>Hallelujah! <i>f</i> Grant our hearts may thither rise,<br>Hallelujah! <i>ff</i> Following thee beyond the skies. | Hallelujah!<br>Hallelujah!<br>Hallelujah!<br>Hallelujah! |
- Amen.

## 218. ST. PATRICK.

D. 7S.

SULLIVAN.



"He was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight."—Acts i. 9.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <i>p</i> He is gone. <i>cr</i> A cloud of light<br>Has received him from our sight;<br><i>f</i> High in heaven, where eye of men<br>Follows not, nor angel's ken;<br>Through the veils of time and<br>Pass'd into the holiest place; [space]<br>All the toil, the sorrow done,<br>All the battle fought and won. | <i>p</i> He is gone. <i>cr</i> We heard him say, <i>p</i> He is gone. <i>cr</i> But we once more<br>"Good that I should go away."<br>Gone is that dear form and face, <i>f</i> Shall behold him as before;<br>But not gone his present grace, <i>f</i> In the heaven of heavens the same,<br>Though himself no more we see, <i>f</i> As on earth he went and came.<br>Comfortless we cannot be: <i>f</i> In the many mansions there,<br>No, his Spirit still is ours, [powers. <i>p</i> Place for us he will prepare:<br>Quickening, freshening all our <i>p</i> In that world unseen, unknown,<br>He and we may yet be one.        |
| <i>p</i> He is gone. And we remain<br>In this world of sin and pain;<br>In the void which he has left<br>On this earth, of him bereft,<br><i>cr</i> We have still his work to do,<br>We can still his path pursue<br>Seek him both in friend and foe,<br>In ourselves his image show.                            | <i>p</i> He is gone. <i>cr</i> Towards the goal, <i>p</i> He is gone. <i>cr</i> But not in vain,<br>World and church must onward<br>Wait until he comes again:<br><i>f</i> Far behind we leave the past; [roll: <i>f</i> He is risen, he is not here,<br>Forward are our glances cast: <i>f</i> Far above this earthly sphere;<br>Still his words before us range <i>f</i> Evermore in heart and mind<br>Through the ages, as they change: <i>f</i> Where our peace in him we find,<br>Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead, <i>ff</i> To our own eternal Friend,<br>He will give what'er we need. <i>ff</i> Thitherward let us ascend! |

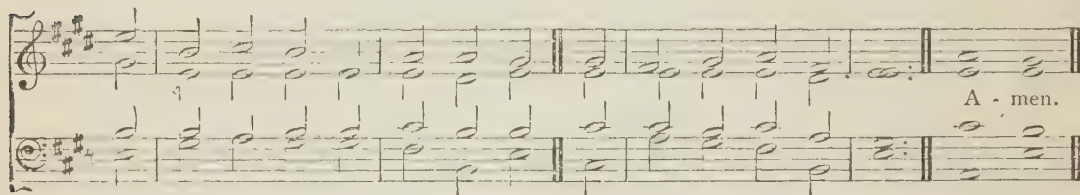


# The Ascension : Heaven.

## 219. ST. FULBERT.

C.M.

GAUNTLETT.



"We see Jesus crowned with glory and honour."—HEB. ii. 9.

*mp* THE Head, that once was crown'd with thorns,  
Is crown'd with glory now ;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.

*f* The highest place that heaven affords  
Is his, is his by right,  
The King of kings and Lord of lords,  
And heaven's eternal light.

*mf* The joy of all who dwell above ;  
The joy of all below,  
To whom he manifests his love  
And grants his name to know.

*f* To them the cross with all its shame,  
*cr* With all its grace is given ;  
*f* Their name an everlasting name,  
Their joy the joy of heaven.

*f* They suffer with their Lord below  
*f* They reign with him above,  
*mf* Their profit and their joy to know  
The mystery of his love.

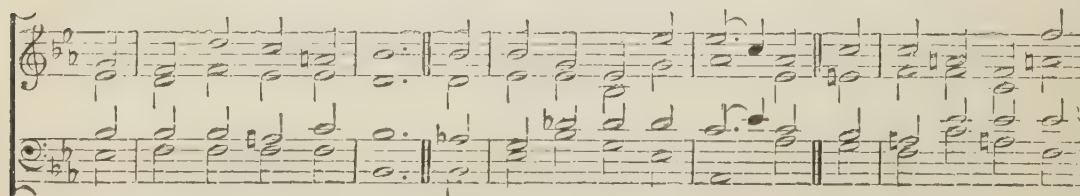
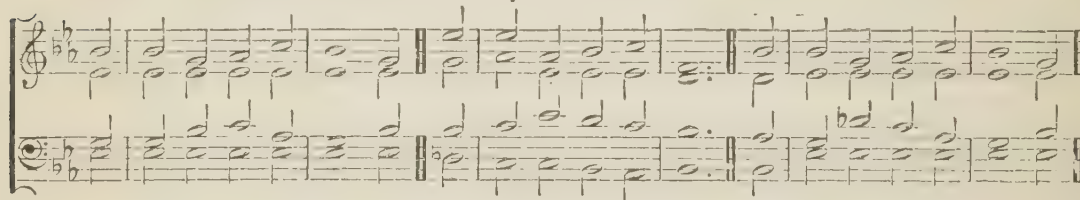
The cross he bore is life and health,  
Though shame and death to him :

*f* His people's hope, his people's wealth,  
Their everlasting theme.

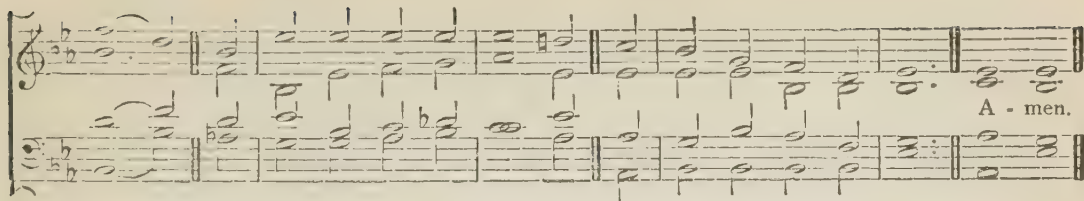
## 220. LANCASHIRE.

7s. 6s.

H. SMART.



# The Ascension : Heaven.



“Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.”—  
ACTS vii. 56.

O CHRIST, thou hast ascended  
Triumphantly on high,  
By cherub guards attended  
And armies of the sky :  
*mf* Let earth tell forth the story,—  
*cr* Our very flesh and bone,  
Emmanuel, in glory,  
Ascends his Father's throne.

*mf* Heaven's gates unfold above thee :  
*di* But canst thou, Lord, forget  
The little band who love thee  
And gaze from Olivet ?  
† Nay, on thy breast engraven  
Thou bearest every name,  
*c* Our Priest in earth and heaven  
Eternally the same.

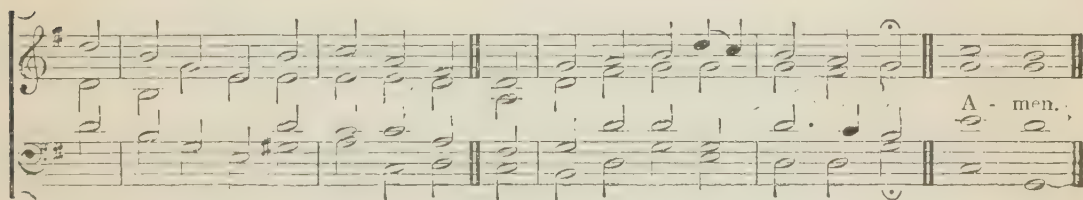
♫ There, there thou standest pleading  
The virtue of thy blood,  
For sinners interceding,  
Our Advocate with God ;  
And every changeful fashion  
Of our brief joys and cares  
Finds thought in thy compassion  
And echo in thy prayers.

*c* Oh, for the priceless merit  
Of thy redeeming cross  
Vouchsafe thy sevenfold Spirit  
And turn to gain our loss ;  
† Till we by strong endeavour  
In heart and mind ascend  
And dwell with thee for ever  
In raptures without end.♯

221. BROCKHAM.

L.M.

J. CLARKE.



“The King of Glory shall come in. —Ps. xxiv. 9.

♫ Our Lord is risen from the dead ;  
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky

*mf* There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay ;  
♯ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

† Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;  
He claims these mansions as his right ;  
♯ Receive the King of Glory in.

*mf* Who is the King of Glory, who ?  
♯ The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

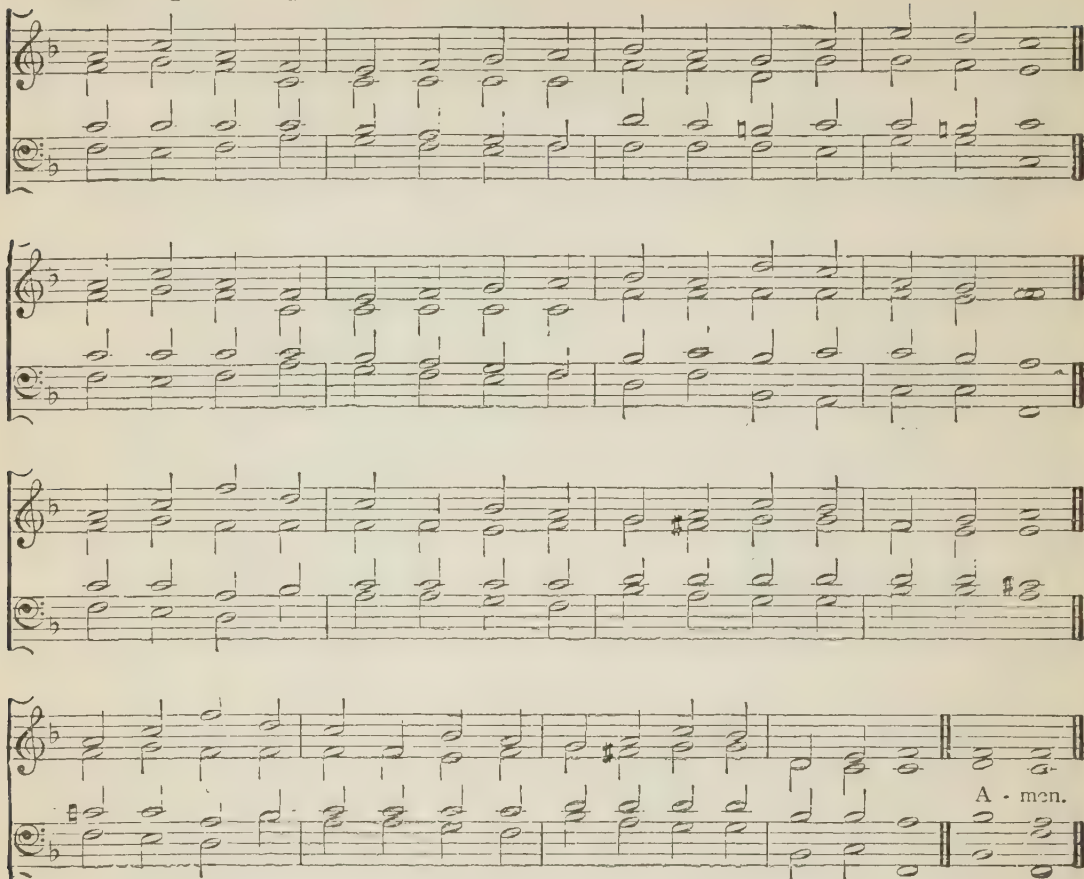
*mf* Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay ;  
♯ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

*mf* Who is the King of Glory, who ?  
♯ The Lord, of glorious power possess'd,  
The King of saints and angels too,  
God over all, for ever blest.♯

# The Ascension : Heaven.

222. [PART I.] DEERHURST. 15S

LANGRAN.



*"His right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory."—Ps. xcvi. 1*

## PART I.

*r* SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph, see the King in royal state,  
Riding on the clouds his chariot, to his heavenly palace gate;  
Hark the choirs of angel voices joyful Hallelujahs sing,  
And the portals high are lifted, to receive their heavenly King.

*mf* Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump of jubilee.  
*f* Lord of battles, God of armies, he has gain'd the victory;  
*f, cr* He who on the cross did suffer, he who from the grave arose,  
*f* He has vanquish'd sin and Satan, he by death has spoil'd his foes.

*mf* While he raised his hands in blessing, he was parted from his friends;  
While their eager eyes behold him, he upon the clouds ascends;  
He who walk'd with God and pleased him, preaching truth and doom to come;  
He, our Enoch, is translated to his everlasting home.

*mf* Now our heavenly Aaron enters, with his blood, within the veil;  
*mf* Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings before him quail:  
Now he plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place;  
Now our great Elijah offers double portion of his grace.

*f* Thou hast raised our human nature in the clouds to God's right hand,  
There we sit in heavenly places, there with thee in glory stand;  
*f* Jesus reigns adored by angels; man with God is on the throne;  
Mighty Lord, in thine ascension, we by faith behold our own.



# The Ascension: Heber.

222. [PART II.] SANCTUARY. 15s.

DYKES.

## PART II.

- mf* Holy Ghost, Illuminator, shed thy beams upon our eyes;  
 Help us to look up with Stephen, and to see beyond the skies,  
*cr* Where the Son of man in glory standing is at God's right hand,  
 Beckoning on his martyr army, succouring his faithful band.
- \* See him, who is gone before us, heavenly mansions to prepare,  
*mp* See him, who is ever pleading for us, with prevailing prayer;  
*f* See him, who with sound of trumpet and with his angelic train,  
 Summoning the world to judgment, on the clouds will come again.
- cr* Raise us up from earth to heaven, give us wings of faith and love,  
 Gales of holy aspirations wafting us to realms above;  
 That, with hearts and minds uplifted, we with Christ our Lord may dwell,  
 Where he sits enthroned in glory in his heavenly citadel.
- So at last, when he appeareth, we from out our graves may spring,  
 With our youth renew'd like eagles, flocking round our heavenly King,  
 Caught up on the clouds of heaven, and may meet him in the air,  
 Rise to realms where he is reigning, and may reign for ever there.

*The following Doxology may be sung at the end of either part.*

- f* Glory be to God the Father; glory be to God the Son,  
 Dying, risen, ascending for us, who the heavenly realm has won;  
 Glory to the Holy Spirit; to One God in Persons Three,  
 Glory both in earth and heaven, glory, endless glory be. Amen.

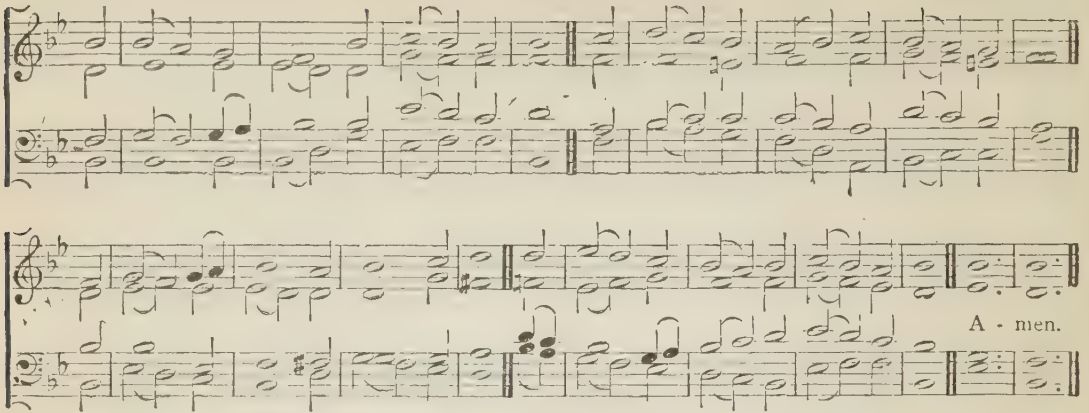
These tunes, "Deerhurst" and "Sanctuary," may be interchanged.

# The Ascension : Heaven.

223. WAREHAM.

L.M.

KINAPP.



"We have a great High Priest that is passed into the heavens."—HEB. iv. 14.

*7* WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The guardian of mankind appears.

*p* He, who for men their Surety stood,  
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,  
*cr* Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

*mf* Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a brother's eye;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.

*mp* Our fellow-sufferer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains;  
*di* And still remembers in the skies  
*pp* His tears, his agonies, and cries.

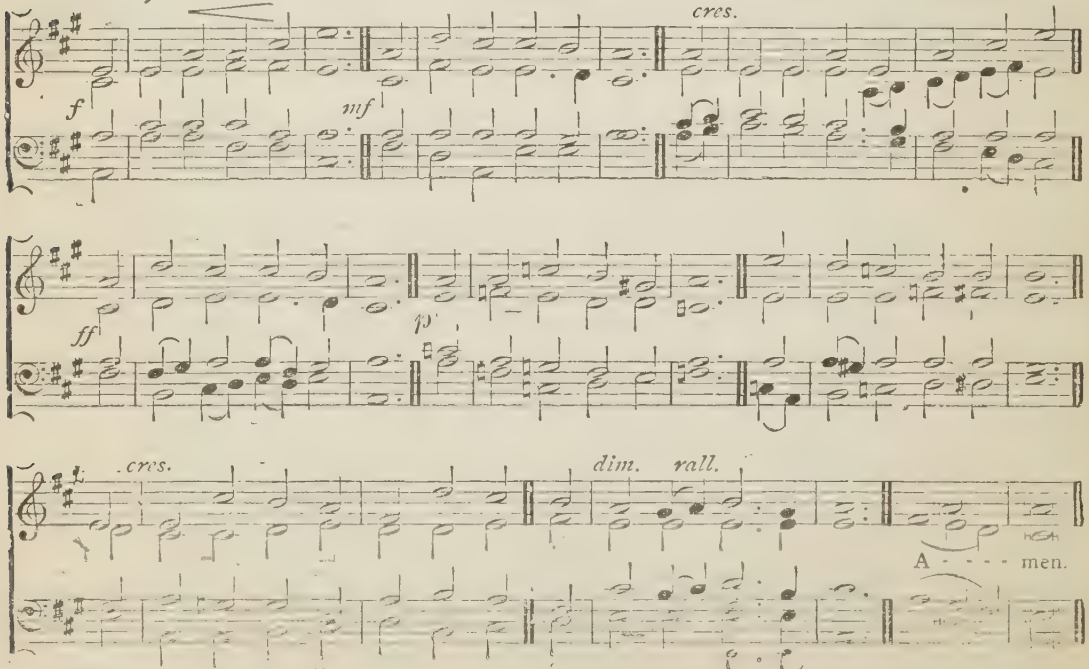
*mp* In every pang, that rends the heart,  
The Man of Sorrows had a part;  
*cr* He sympathizes with our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.

*f* With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known;  
And ask the aids of heavenly power  
To help us in the evil hour.<sup>a</sup>

224, 225. OLIVET.

D.S.M.

DYKES.



# The Ascension : Heaven.

"He that descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things."—EPH. iv. 10.

224. *f* THOU art gone up on high  
To mansions in the skies,  
And round thy throne unceasingly  
The songs of praise arise.  
*p* But we are lingering here,  
With sin and care oppress'd ;  
*c* Lord, send thy promised Comforter,  
And lead us to thy rest.
- f* Thou art gone up on high :  
*p* But thou didst first come down,  
Through earth's most bitter agony  
*cr* To pass unto thy crown :  
*m* And girt with griefs and fears  
Our onward course must be ;  
*c* But only let that path of tears  
Lead us at last to thee.
- Thou art gone up on high :  
But thou shalt come again  
With all the bright ones of the sky  
Attendant in thy train.  
*mf* O by thy saving power  
So make us live and die,  
*c* That we may stand, in that dread hour,  
*f* At thy right hand on high.*f*

And on his head were many crowns."—  
REV. xix. 12.

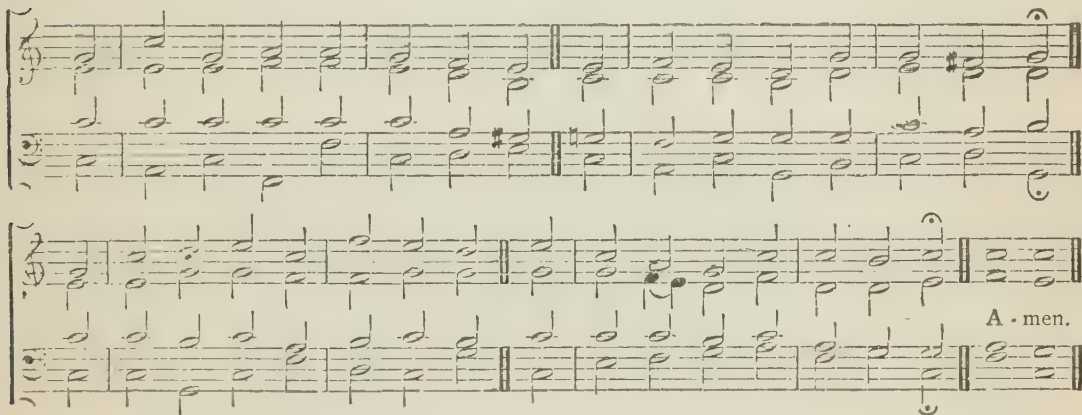
225. *f* CROWN him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon his throne ;  
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own :

- Awake, my soul, and sing  
*p* Of him who died for thee,  
*cr* And hail him as thy matchless King  
Through all eternity.
- Crown him the Virgin's Son  
The God Incarnate born,  
Whose arm those crimson trophies won  
Which now his brow adorn :  
*mf* Fruit of the mystic Rose,  
True branch of Jesse's stem ;  
The Root whence mercy ever flows,  
*p* The Babe of Bethlehem.
- m* Crown him the Lord of love  
*p* Behold his hands and side,  
Those wounds yet visible above  
In beauty glorified :  
*p* No angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bends his wondering eye  
At mysteries so bright.
- mf* Crown him the Lord of peace,  
*cr* Whose power a sceptre sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
And all be prayer and praise :  
*i* His reign shall know no end,  
*p* And round his pierc'd feet  
*c* Fair flowers of Paradise extend  
Their fragrance ever sweet.
- ff* Crown him the Lord of heaven,  
One with the Father known,  
And the blest Spirit through him given  
From yonder Triune throne :  
All hail, Redeemer, hail !  
*p* For thou hast died for me :  
*ff* Thy praise and glory shall not fail  
Throughout eternity.*f*

## 226. CRASSELLIUS.

L.M.

CRASSELLIUS.



A - men.

"His glory is great in thy salvation."—Ps. xxi. 5.

- p* O CHRIST, the Lord of heaven, to thee,  
Clothed with all majesty divine,  
Eternal power and glory be :  
Eternal praise of right is thine.
- p* Reign, Prince of life, who once thy brow  
Didst yield to wear the wounding thorn ;
- p* Reign, throned beside the Father now,  
Adored the Son of God firstborn.
- mf* From angel hosts, that round thee stand  
With forms more pure than spotless snow,

- cr* From the bright burning seraph band,  
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow.
- f* To thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,  
Born of deep fervent love, shall rise ;  
All honour to thy name belongs :  
Our lips would sound it to the skies
- f* Jesus,—all earth shall speak the word ;  
Jesus,—all heaven resound it still :  
Emmanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord,  
Thy praise the universe shall fill.*b*

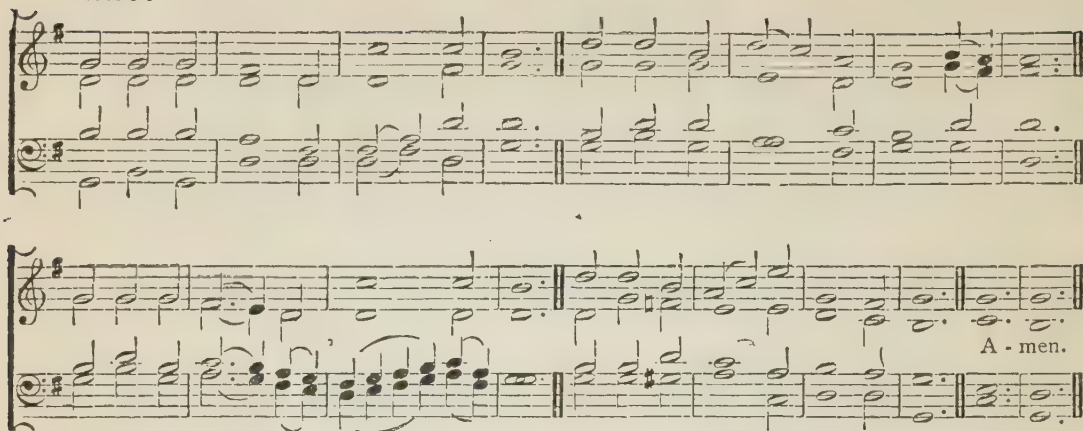


# The Ascension: Heaven.

227. MOZART.

L.M.

MOZART.



A - men.

"Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am."—JOHN xvii. 24.

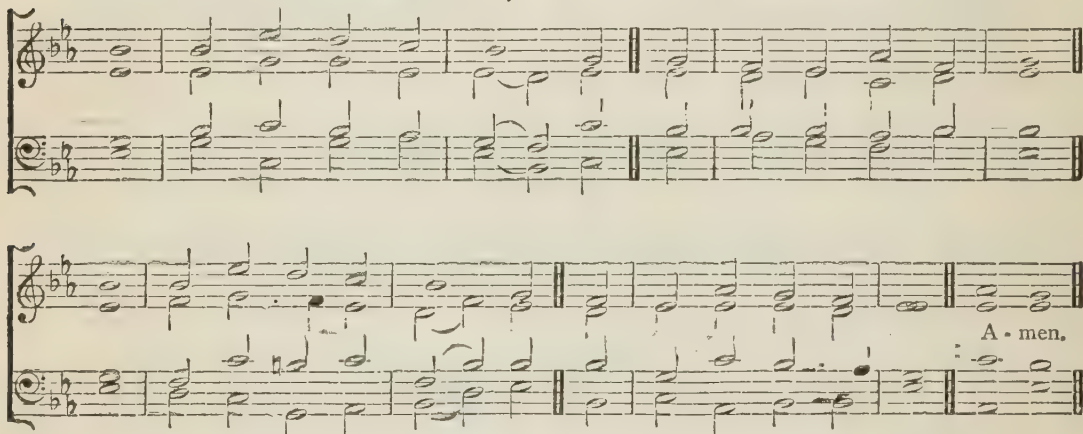
*mf* LET me be with thee where thou art,  
*p* My Saviour, my eternal rest;  
*cr* Then only will this longing heart  
*f* Be fully and for ever blest.  
*mf* Let me be with thee where thou art,  
*cr* Thy unveil'd glory to behold;  
*p* Then only will this wandering heart  
 Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

*mf* Let me be with thee where thou art,  
*di* Where spotless saints thy name adore:  
*p* Then only will this sinful heart  
 Be evil and defiled no more.

*mf* Let me be with thee where thou art,  
*p* Where none can die, where none remove;  
*cr* There neither death nor life will part  
*f* Me from thy presence and thy love.<sup>b</sup>

228. GOLDBACH (Part II). 7s. 6s.

Harmonized by HAVERGAL.



A - men.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty."—ISA. xxxiii. 17.

*mf* O, FOR the robes of whiteness;  
 O, for the tearless eyes;  
 O, for the glorious brightness  
 Of the unclouded skies!

*mp* O, for the no more weeping  
 Within that land of love,  
*cr* The endless joy of keeping  
 The bridal feast above!

*mf* O, for the bliss of flying,  
 My risen Lord to meet;  
*f* O, for the rest of lying  
 For ever at his feet!

*mf* O, for the hour of seeing  
 My Saviour face to face,  
 The hope of ever being  
 In that sweet meeting-place!

Jesu, thou King of glory,  
 I soon shall dwell with thee;  
 I soon shall sing the story  
 Of thy great love to me.

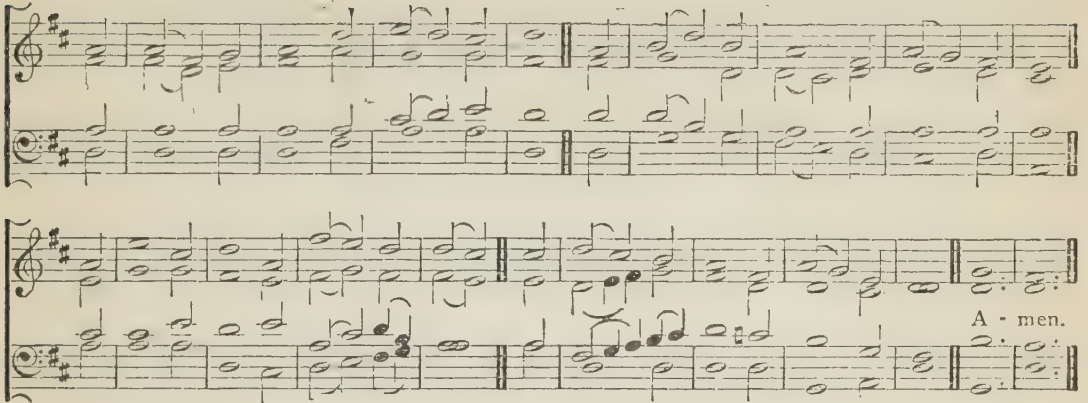
*mf* Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter  
 E'en now before thy throne,  
 That all my love may centre  
*p* In thee, and thee alone.

# The Ascension : Heaven.

229. RUSSIA.

L.M.

Russian Melody.



*"They confessed they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."*—HEB. xi. 13.

*mf* As when the weary traveller gains  
The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains  
He eyes his home, though distant still ;  
*cr* Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views  
By faith his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.  
The thought of home his spirit cheers ;  
No more he grieves for troubles past ;

Nor any future trial fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.

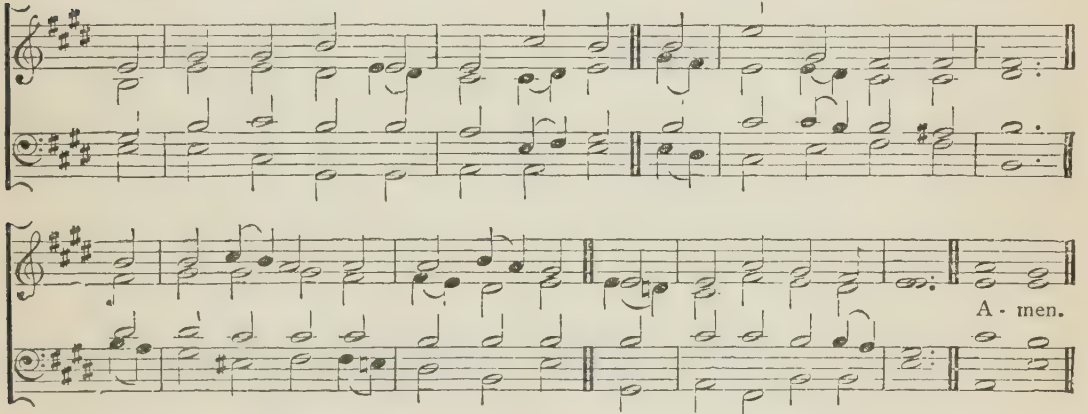
*mf* 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell  
With Jesus in the realms of day :  
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,  
*p* And he shall wipe my tears away.

*mf* Jesus, on thee our hope depends,  
To lead us on to thine abode ;  
*f* Assured our home will make amends  
For all our toil while on the road.<sup>b</sup>

230. SOUTHWELL.

C.M.

IRONS.



*"That great city, the holy Jerusalem."*—REV. xxi. 10.

*mf* JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
*cr* When shall my labours have an end  
In joy, and peace, and thee?  
*mf* When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,  
And pearly gates behold,  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?  
There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know :  
*cr* Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.

*mf* Why should I shrink from pain and woe,  
Or feel at death dismay ?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand,  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

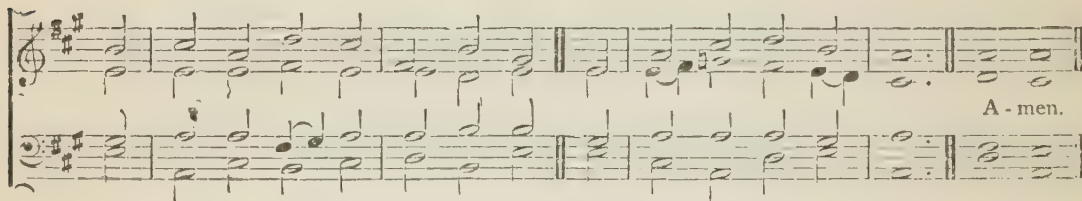
*mf* Jerusalem, my happy home,  
*p* My soul still pants for thee ;  
*cr* Then shall my labours have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see<sup>c</sup>

# The Ascension: Heaven.

## 231. ST. JAMES.

C.M.

COURTEVILLE.



"There shall be no night there."—REV. xxii. 5.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,  
Unbounded glories rise;  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.

*mf* Fair distant land! could mortal eyes  
But half its joys explore,

*cr* How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more.

*f* There pain and sickness never come,  
And grief no more complains;  
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
And endless pleasure reigns.

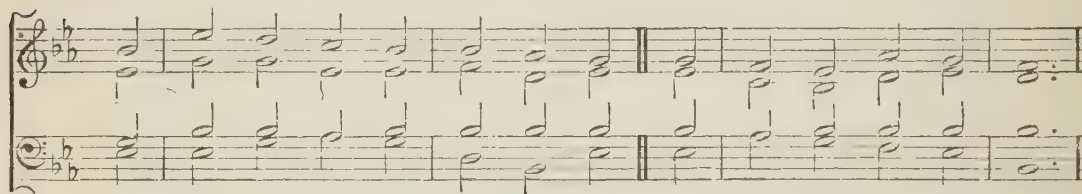
*mf* No clouds those blissful regions know  
For ever bright and fair;  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.

*cr* O may the heavenly prospect fire  
Our heart with ardent love,  
Till wings of faith and strong desire  
Bear every thought above.

*mf* Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
For thy bright courts on high;  
Then bid our spirits rise, and join  
The chorus of the sky.<sup>c</sup>

## 232. ST. PETER (REINAGLE). C.M.

REINAGLE.



"They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—HEB. xi. 16.

*f* THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

*mf* There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death like a narrow sea divides  
That heavenly land and ours.

*cr* O could we make our doubts remove  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unclouded eyes;—

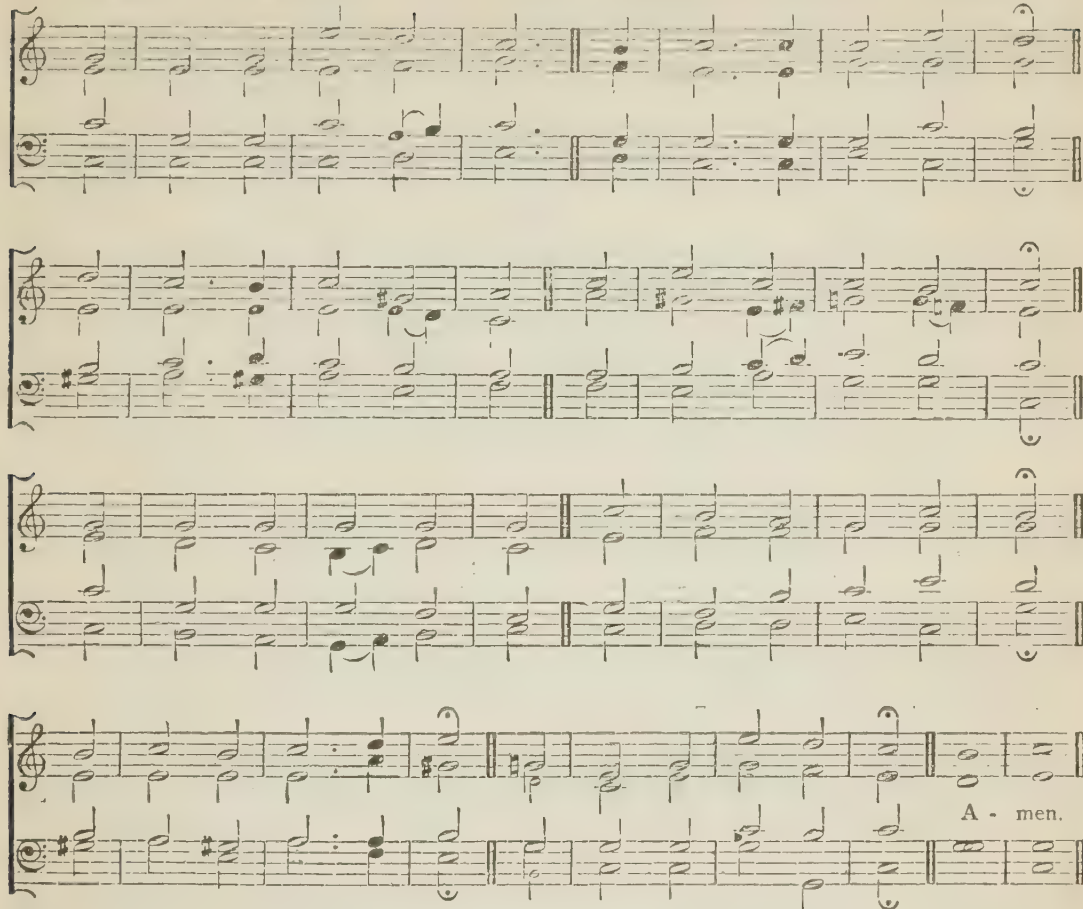
*>* Could we but climb where Moses stood  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.<sup>c</sup>



# The Ascension: Heaven.

233. ST. BLAISE.

6s. Adapted from a Tune by J. H. HAWES.



*"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN xiv. 2.*

*m<sup>f</sup>* THERE is a blessed home  
 Beyond this land of woe,  
 Where trials never come,  
 Nor tears of sorrow flow  
*c<sup>r</sup>* Where faith is lost in sight,  
 And patient hope is crown'd,  
*'* And everlasting light  
 Its glory throws around.

*mp* There is a land of peace,  
 Good angels know it well;  
*c<sup>r</sup>* Glad songs that never cease  
 Within its portals swell;  
*f* Around its glorious throne  
 Ten thousand saints adore  
 Christ, with the Father One,  
 And Spirit, evermore.

*mf* O joy all joys beyond,  
 To see the Lamb who died,  
*p* And count each sacred wound  
 In hands, and feet, and side:  
*c<sup>r</sup>* To give to him the praise  
 Of every triumph won,  
*'* And sing through endless days  
 The great things he hath done.

*mf* Look up, ye saints of God,  
 Nor fear to tread below  
*p* The path your Saviour trod  
 Of daily toil and woe;  
*c<sup>r</sup>* Wait but a little while  
 In uncomplaining love,  
*f* His own most gracious smile  
 Shall welcome you above.\*

# The Ascension: Heaven.

234. ST. JOHN DAMASCENE. I IS. From "Hymns of the Eastern Church."

*"He that overcometh shall inherit all things."—REV. xxi. 7*

THOSE eternal bowers man hath never trod,  
Those unfading flowers round the throne of God:  
Who may hope to gain them after weary fight?  
Who at length attain them, clad in robes of white?

- ♫ He who wakes from slumber at the Spirit's voice,  
Daring here to number things unseen his choice:  
He who casts his burden down at Jesus' cross,—  
Christ's reproach his guerdon, all beside but loss.
- ♫ He who gladly barter all on earthly ground;  
He who, like the martyrs, says "I will be crown'd:"  
He whose one oblation is a life of love,  
Knit in God's salvation to the blest above.

Shame upon you, legions of the heavenly King,  
Citizens of regions past imagining!  
What, with pipe and tabor dream away the light,  
When he bids you labour, when he tells you, "Fight"?

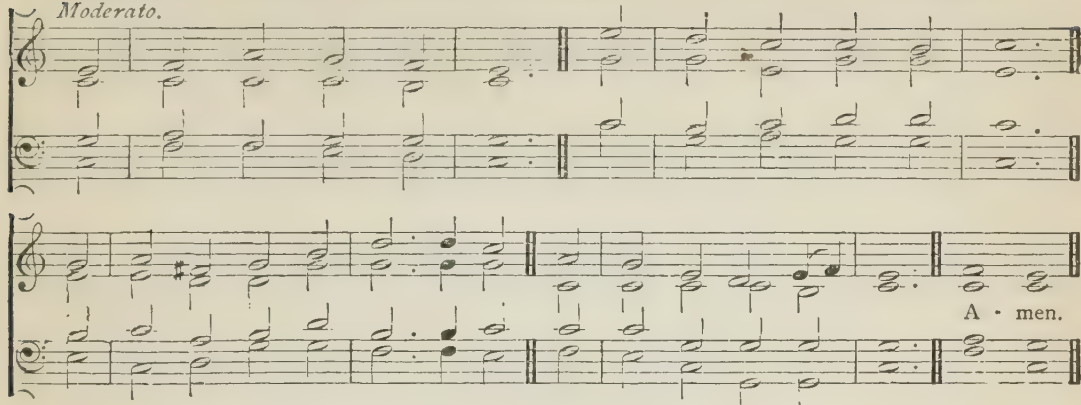
- cr Jesu, Lord of glory, as we breast the tide,  
Whisper thou the story of the other side;  
Where the saints are casting crowns before thy feet,
- ♫ Safe for everlasting, in thyself complete Amen.

# The Ascension: Heaven.

235. ST. GEORGE (GAUNTLETT). S.M.

GAUNTLETT.

*Moderato.*



"I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN xiv. 2.

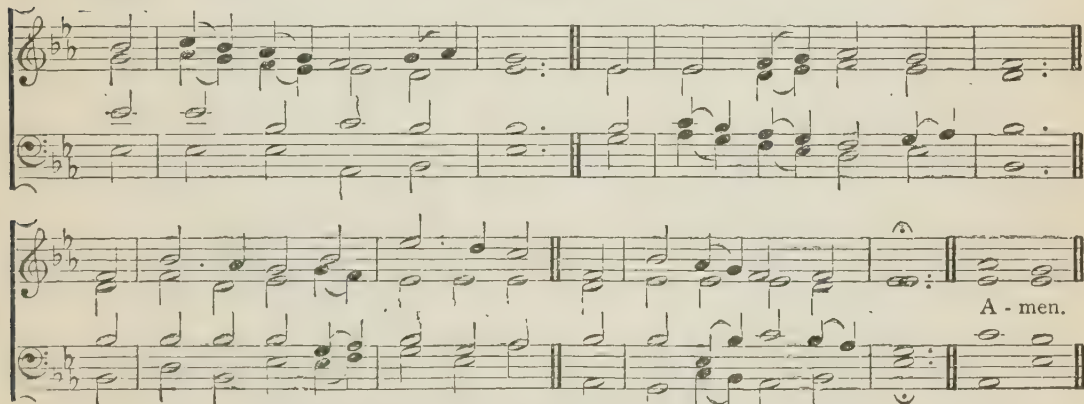
*I* I HAVE a home above,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
A mansion which eternal love  
Design'd and form'd for me.  
My Father's gracious hand  
Has built this sweet abode;  
From everlasting it was plann'd;  
My dwelling-place with God.  
*p* My Saviour's precious blood  
Has made my title sure:  
He pass'd through death's dark raging flood  
To make my rest secure.  
*c* The Comforter is come,  
The earnest has been given;  
He leads me onward to the home  
Reserved for me in heaven.

*mf* Bright angels guard my way,  
His ministers of power,  
And watching round me night and day,  
Preserve in danger's hour.  
*p* Loved ones have gone before,  
Whose pilgrim days are done;  
I soon shall greet them on that shore  
Where partings are unknown.  
*cr* Thy love, most gracious Lord,  
My joy and strength shall be,  
Till thou shalt speak the gladdening word  
That bids me rise to thee.  
*ff* And then through endless days  
Where all thy glories shine;  
In happier holier strains I'll praise  
The grace that made me thine.<sup>e</sup>

236. VENICE.

S.M.

W. AMPS.



"We rejoice in the hope of the glory of God."—ROM. v. 1, 2.

*mf* THERE is no night in heaven;  
In that blest world above  
Work never can bring weariness,  
For work itself is love.  
There is no grief in heaven;  
For life is one glad day;  
*p* And tears are of those former things  
Which all have pass'd away.  
*mf* There is no sin in heaven;  
*cr* Behold that blessed throng—

*f* All holy is their spotless robe,  
All holy is their song.  
*p* There is no death in heaven;  
For they who gain that shore  
*cr* Have won their immortality,  
And they can die no more.  
*mf* Lord Jesu, be our Guide;  
*cr* O lead us safely on,  
Till night and grief and sin and death  
Are past, and heaven is won.<sup>d</sup>



# The Ascension: Heaven.

237. NEARER HOME.

D.S.M.

Arranged by SULLIVAN.

Musical score for 'Nearer Home' in G major (one sharp). The score consists of four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with the text 'A - men.' written above the final notes.

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 THESS. iv. 17.

*p* For ever with the Lord :  
*cr* Amen, so let it be.  
*cr* Life from the dead is in that word,  
*mp* 'Tis immortality.  
*mp* Here in the body pent,  
 Absent from him I roam,  
*c* Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
 A day's march nearer home.  
*mf* My Father's house on high,  
 Home of my soul, how near  
 At times to faith's foreseeing eye  
 Thy golden gates appear !  
*p* Ah, then my spirit faints  
 To reach the land I love,  
*c* The bright inheritance of saints,  
 Jerusalem above.

*di* Yet clouds will intervene,  
 And all my prospect flies ;  
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
 Rough seas and stormy skies.  
*cr* Anon the clouds depart,  
 The winds and waters cease,  
 While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart  
*p* Expands the bow of peace.  
 I hear at morn and even,  
 At noon and midnight hour,  
 The choral harmonies of heaven  
 Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower  
*f* That resurrection word,  
 That shout of victory,  
 Once more, For ever with the Lord ;  
 Amen, so let it be.

For verses 2, 3, 4, lines 5 and 6.

Musical score for the verses. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Ah, then my spi - rit faints To reach the land I love,

# The Ascension: Heaven.

238. GLORY.

P.M.

C. T. VINCENT

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a treble staff containing a melody and a bass staff with accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system includes a dynamic marking of *mp* (mezzo-piano) at the beginning. The fourth system includes a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) at the beginning and ends with the text "A - men." written above the final notes.

"Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him; that glory may dwell in our land."—Ps. lxxxv. 9

*mp* The sands of time are sinking,  
*cr* The dawn of heaven breaks,  
 The summer morn I've sighed for,  
 The fair sweet morn awakes.  
*p* Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
*cr* But dayspring is at hand,  
*f* And glory, glory dwelleth  
 In Emmanuel's land.  
*f* There the red Rose of Sharon,  
 Unfolds its heartsome bloom,  
 And fills the air of heaven  
 With ravishing perfume.  
 O to behold it blossom,  
 While by its fragrance fann'd,  
 Where glory, glory dwelleth  
 In Emmanuel's land.  
*mp* O, Christ He is the Fountain,  
 The deep sweet well of love!  
 The streams on earth I've tasted,  
 More deep I'll drink above:  
*cr* There, to an ocean fulness,  
 His mercy doth expand,  
*f* And glory, glory dwelleth  
 In Emmanuel's land.

*mp* With mercy and with judgment  
 My web of time he wove;  
 And aye the dews of sorrow  
*cr* Were lusted with his love:  
 I'll bless the Hand that guided,  
 I'll bless the Heart that plumb'd,  
 When throned where glory dwelleth  
 In Emmanuel's land.  
*p* I shall sleep sound in Jesus,  
*cr* Fill'd with his likeness rise  
*f* To live and to adore him,  
 To see him with these eyes.  
*f* My kingly King in Zion  
 My presence doth command,  
 Where glory, glory dwelleth  
 In Emmanuel's land.  
*mf* The bride eyes not her garment,  
 But her dear bridegroom's face;  
 I will not gaze at glory,  
 But on my King of grace:  
*di* Not at the crown he giveth,  
*p* But on his pierced hand;—  
*f* The Lamb is all the glory  
 Of Emmanuel's land.

# The Ascension : Heaven.

239. [PART I.] GOLDBACH.\* 7s. 6s.

Harmonized by HAVEFGAL.

"Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—HEB. xiii. 14.

## PART I

- p* BRIEF life is here our portion ; brief sorrow, short-lived care ;  
*cr* The life that knows no ending, the tearless life, is there  
*mf* O happy retribution : short toil, eternal rest :  
 For mortals and for sinners a mansion with the bless'd
- cr* And now we fight the battle, but then shall wear the crown  
 Of full and everlasting and passionless renown ;  
*mf* But he, whom now we trust in, shall then be seen and known ;  
 And they, that know and see him, shall have him for their own.
- cr* The morning shall awaken, the shadows shall decay,  
*f* And each true-hearted servant shall shine as doth the day :  
*ff* Thete God, our King and Portion, in fulness of his grace,  
 Shall we behold for ever, and worship face to face.

*This Part may also be sung to "St. Alphege," No. 160.*

\* If the three parts of this Hymn be sung consecutively, this tune to Part I. should be transposed into the Key of D ; same Tonic as Part III.



# The Ascension : Heaven.

239. [PART II.] JENNER. 7s. 6s.

JENNER.

## PART II.

*mp* FOR thee, O dear, dear Country, mine eyes their vigils keep ;

*di* For very love, beholding thy happy name, they weep.

*c* The mention of thy glory is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness, and love, and life, and rest.

*mf* O one, O only mansion, O Paradise of joy,  
Where tears are ever banish'd, and smiles have no alloy ;  
The Lamb is all thy splendour, the Crucified thy praise ;  
His laud and benediction thy ransom'd people raise.

*c* With jasper glow thy bulwarks, thy streets with emeralds blaze ;  
The sardius and the topaz unite in thee their rays ;  
Thine ageless walls are bonded with amethyst unpriced ;

*f* The saints build up its fabric, and the Corner-stone is Christ.

*mf* Thou hast no shore, fair ocean ; thou hast no time, bright day :

*p* Dear fountain of refreshment to pilgrims far away.

*cr* Upon the Rock of Ages they raise thy holy tower ;

*f* Thine is the victor's laurel, and thine the golden dower

# The Ascension : Heaven.

239. [PART III.] EWING. 7s. 6s.

EWING.

## PART III.

*mf* JERUSALEM the golden, with milk and honey bless'd,  
*di* Beneath thy contemplation sink heart and voice oppress'd;  
*cr* I know not, O I know not, what joys await us there;  
 What radiancy of glory, what bliss beyond compare.

*f* They stand, those halls of Zion, all jubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel, and all the martyr throng;  
 The Prince is ever in them, the daylight is serene;  
 The pastures of the blessèd are deck'd in glorious sheen.

*mf* There is the throne of David; and there from care released,  
 The shout of them that triumph, the song of them that feast;  
*ff* And they, who with their Leader have conquer'd in the fight,  
 For ever and for ever are clad in robes of white.

## GENERAL ENDING.

*mf* O sweet and blessèd country, the home of God's elect!  
 O sweet and blessèd country, that eager hearts expect!  
*p* Jesus, in mercy bring us to that dear land of rest:  
*mf* Who art, with God the Father, and Spirit, ever bless'd. Amen

# The Ascension: Heaven.

240. SEMPER CUM DOMINO. P.M.

DYKES.

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 THESS. iv. 17.

*p* "For ever"—beatific word:  
To be for ever with the Lord:  
*c* A bond no death can sever!  
*f* O tidings straight from glory brought,  
With endless Alleluias fraught;  
O heaven of heavens, beyond all thought,  
*di* With Jesus and for ever!

*f* For ever to behold him shine,  
For evermore to call him mine,  
And see him still before me;  
For ever on his face to gaze,  
And meet his full assembled rays,  
While all the Father he displays  
To all the saints in glory.

*p* Not all things else are half so dear  
As his delightful presence here—  
What must it be in heaven!

*c* 'Tis heaven on earth to hear him say,  
As now I journey day by day,  
"Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,  
Thy sins are all forgiven."  
*mf* But how must his celestial voice  
Make my enraptured heart rejoice,  
When I in glory hear him!

*c* While I before the heavenly gate  
For everlasting entrance wait,  
And Jesus on his throne of state  
Invites me to come near him;

"Come in, thou blessèd, sit by me;  
With my own life I ransom'd thee;  
Come, taste my perfect favour:  
Come in, thou happy spirit, come;  
Thou now shalt dwell with me at home  
Ye blissful mansions, make him room,  
For he must stay for ever."



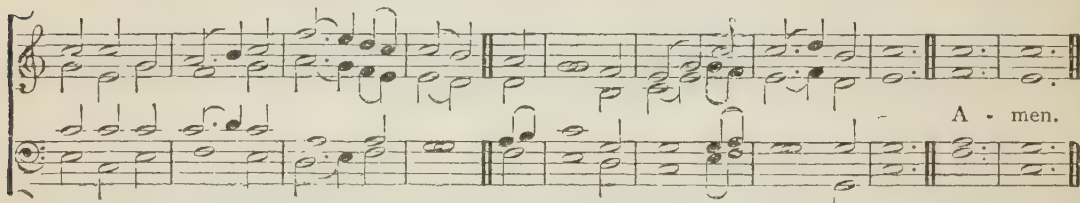
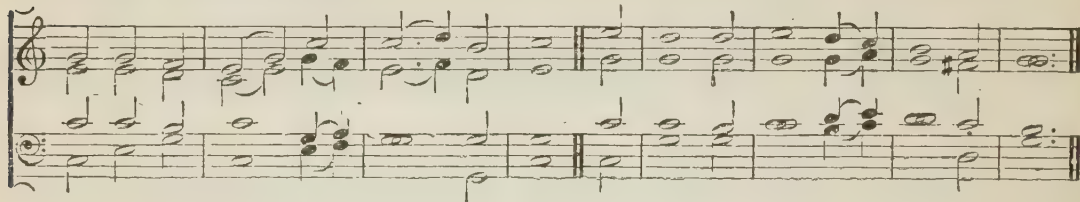
# Whitsuntide.

"O GOD THE HOLY GHOST, PROCEEDING FROM THE FATHER AND THE SON,  
HAVE MERCY UPON US."

## 241. WARRINGTON.

L.M.

HARRISON



"I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh."—JOEL ii. 28.

*mf* SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,  
O shed thine influence from above,  
*c* And still from age to age convey  
The wonders of this sacred day.

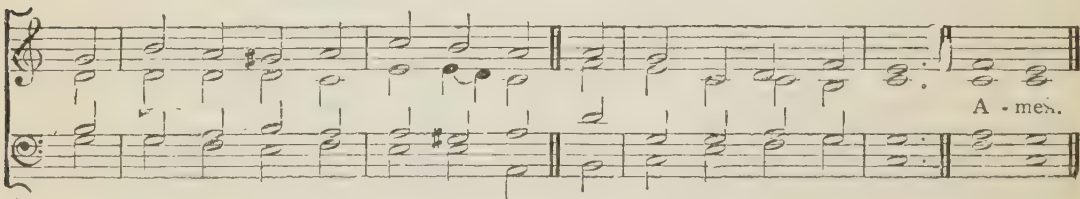
*f* In every clime, by every tongue,  
Be God's surpassing glory sung :  
Let all the listening earth be taught  
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

*mp* Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,  
*c* Still o'er thy holy Church preside ;  
*mf* Still let mankind thy blessings prove ;  
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.<sup>a</sup>

## 242. WESTMINSTER.

C.M.

TURLE.



"He shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—JOHN xiv 16.

*mf* SPIRIT of truth, on this thy day  
To thee for help we cry,  
*di* To guide us through the dreary way  
Of dark mortality.

*mp* We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,  
Or tongues of various tone ;  
*c* But long thy praises to proclaim  
With fervour in our own.

# Whitsuntide.

*mf* We mourn not that prophetic skill  
Is found on earth no more :

*c* Enough for us to trace thy will  
In Scripture's sacred lore.

*mf* We neither have nor seek the power  
Ill demons to control ;

*c* But thou in dark temptation's hour  
Shalt chase them from the soul.

*b* No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,  
No mystic dreams we share ;

*c* Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,  
And bless thee in our prayer.

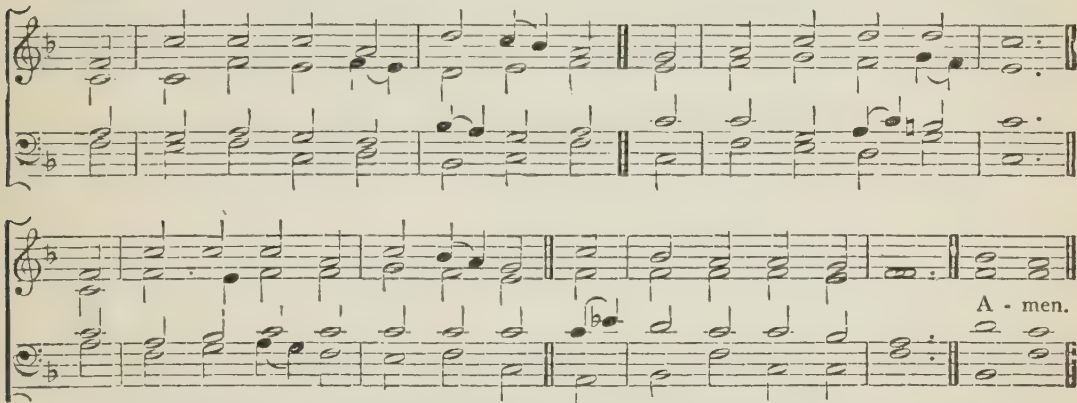
*di* When tongues shall cease, and power decay,  
And knowledge empty prove,

*c* Do thou thy trembling servants stay  
With faith, with hope, with love.<sup>c</sup>

## 243. ST. GEORGE (OLD).

C.M.

HERMAN.



"And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind."—ACTS ii. 2.

*r* WHEN God of old came down from heaven,  
In power and wrath he came ;  
Before his feet the clouds were riven,  
Half darkness and half flame :

*b* But when he came the second time,  
He came in power and love ;  
*bb* Softer than gale at morning prime  
Hover'd his holy Dove.

The fires that rush'd on Sinai down  
In sudden torrents dread,

*mf* Now gently light, a glorious crown  
On every sainted head.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear  
The voice exceeding loud,  
The trump, that angels quake to hear,  
Thrill'd from the deep dark cloud ;

*mf* So, when the Spirit of our God  
Came down his flock to find,  
*c* A voice from heaven was heard abroad,  
A rushing mighty wind.

*p* It fills the Church of God : it fills  
The sinful world around ;

*mp* Only in stubborn hearts and wills  
No place for it is found.

*mf* Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,  
Open our ears to hear ;  
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;  
Save, Lord, by love or fear.<sup>c</sup>

# Whitsuntide.

244. SUNDERLAND.

TEN 8s.

C. J. VINCENT.

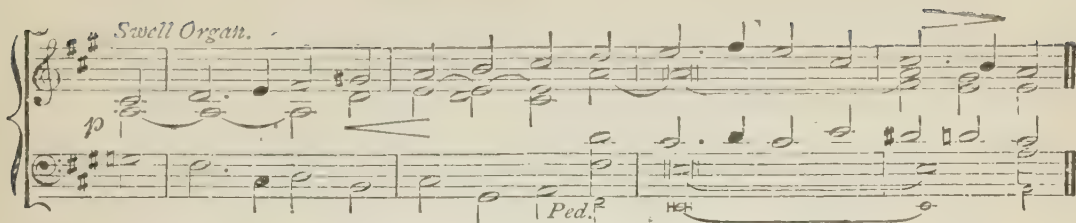
*"It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you: but if I depart, I will send him unto you."*—JOHN XVI. 7

*mf* My Saviour, can it ever be  
That I should gain by losing thee?  
*mp* The watchful mother tarries nigh,  
Though sleep have closed her infant's eye;  
For should he wake and find her gone,  
She knows she could not bear his moan.  
*p* But I am weaker than a child,  
And thou art more than mother dear;  
*cr* Without thee heaven were but a wild:  
How shall I live without thee here?



# Whitsunside.

Interlude, between 1st and 2nd verses.

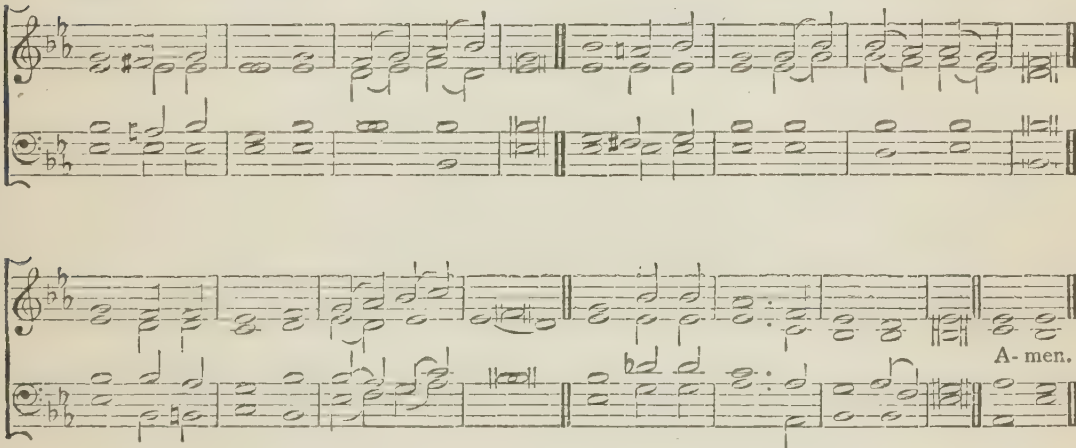


Swiftly and straight each tongue of flame  
Through cloud and breeze unwavering came,  
p And darted to its place of rest  
On some meek brow of Jesus bless'd.  
cr Nor fades it yet, that living gleam,  
And still those lambent lightnings stream ;  
Where'er the Lord is, there are they ;  
In every heart that gives them room  
They light his altar every day,  
Zeal to inflame and vice consume  
p Soft as the plumes of Jesus' Dove  
They nurse the soul to heavenly love ;  
The struggling spark of good within,  
Just smother'd in the strife of sin,  
They quicken to a timely glow,

The pure flame spreading high and low  
cr Say not that prayer and hope are o'er :  
Nay, blessed Spirit ! but by thee  
/ The church's prayer finds wings to soar,  
The church's hope finds eyes to see.  
mf Then, fainting soul, arise and sing,  
cr Mount, but be sober on the wing ;  
Mount up, for heaven is won by prayer,  
p Be sober, for thou art not there.  
mp Till death the weary spirit free,  
Thy God has said, 'Tis good for thee  
To walk by faith and not by sight :  
Take it on trust a little while ;  
f Soon shalt thou read the mystery right  
In the full sunshine of his smile

## 245. HOLLY.

L.M.



"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."—ROM. viii. 14.

mf COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above :  
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide ;  
O'er every thought and step preside.

mf The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and love thy way ;  
p Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.

cr Lead us to holiness, the road  
Which we must take to dwell with God :  
Lead us to Christ, the living way :  
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

/ Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with him for ever bless'd :  
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—  
Fulness of joy for ever there.¶

# Whitsuntide.

## 246. WILTSHIRE.

C.M.

G. SMART.

'The glory of the Lord filled the house of God.'—2 CHRON. v. 14.

*mf* SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,  
And make this house thy home;  
Descend with all thy gracious powers,  
*f* O come, Great Spirit, come.

*mf* Come as the light; to us reveal  
Our emptiness and woe:  
And lead us in those paths of life,  
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the fire, and purge our hearts  
Like sacrificial flame;  
Let our whole soul an offering be  
To our Redeemer's name.

*p* Come as the dew, and sweetly bless  
This consecrated hour;

*cr* May barrenness rejoice to own  
Thy fertilizing power.

*p* Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,  
The wings of peaceful love;

*cr* And let thy church on earth become  
Bless'd as the church above.

*r* Spirit Divine, attend our prayers;  
Make a lost world thy home;

*ff* Descend with all thy gracious powers,  
O come, Great Spirit, come.

## 247. FARRANT.

C.M.

FARRANT

# Whitsuntide.

"My soul cleaveth to the dust: quicken thou me."—Ps. cxix. 25.

*mf* COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers :  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

*di* See how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys ;  
Our souls—how heavily they go  
To reach eternal joys !

*p* In vain we tune our formal songs ;  
In vain we strive to rise ;

Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

*mp* Dear Lord, and shall we ever be  
In this poor dying state ;  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
*cr* And thine to us so great ?

*f* Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours. *c*

## 248. BARRINGTON.

SIX 8s.

DYKES.



"The Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters."—GEN. i. 2.

*mf* CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
*p* Come, visit every humble mind ;  
*c* Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete,  
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;  
*p* Come, and thy sacred unction bring  
To sanctify us while we sink

*mf* Plenteous of grace, descend from high  
Rich in thy sevenfold energy ;  
*cr* Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe ;  
Give us thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by thee.

*f* Immortal honour, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty Father's name ;  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died ;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to thee. Amen.



# Whitsuntide.

249. MASSAH.

D.S.M.

HAVERGAL.

*"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—ACTS ii. 4.*

*f* LORD GOD, the Holy Ghost,  
In this accepted hour,  
As on the day of Pentecost,  
Descend in all thy power :  
*p* We meet with one accord  
In our appointed place,  
And wait the promise of our Lord,  
The Spirit of all grace.

*cr* Like mighty rushing wind  
Upon the waves beneath,  
Move with one impulse every mind,  
One soul, one feeling, breathe :  
*f* The young, the old inspire  
With wisdom from above ;  
And give us hearts and tongues of fire  
To pray, and praise, and love.

*mf* Spirit of light, explore  
And chase our gloom away  
*cr* With lustre shining more and more  
Unto the perfect day ;  
*f* Spirit of truth, be thou  
In life and death our guide ;  
O Spirit of adoption, now  
May we be sanctified. *f*

250. ST. MICHAEL.

S.M.

From DAV's Psalter.

# Whitsuntide.



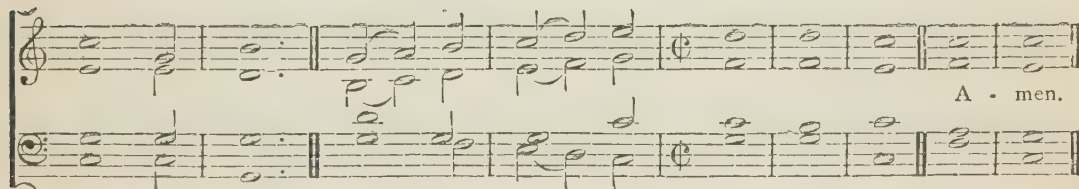
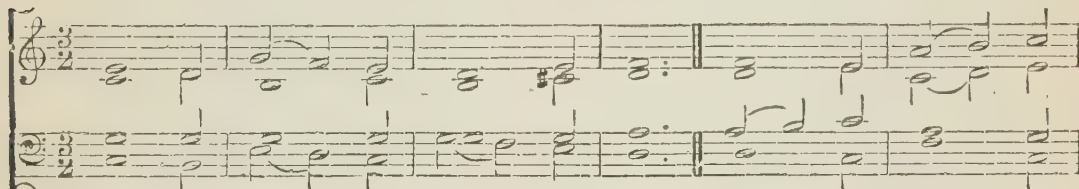
"He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."—JOHN xiv. 17.

*mf* COME, Holy Spirit, come;  
Let thy bright beams arise;  
*cr* Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.  
*mf* Cheer our desponding hearts,  
Thou heavenly Paraclete;  
† Give us to lie with humble hope  
At our Redeemer's feet.  
*mf* Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove;  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.

*p* Convince us all of sin,  
Then lead to Jesus' blood;  
*cr* And to our wondering view reveal  
The secret love of God.  
*mf* 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new create the whole.  
Dwell therefore in our hearts,  
Our minds from bondage free;  
Then we shall know, and praise, and love  
The Father, Son, and thee.<sup>e</sup>

## 251. ST. CHRYSOSTOM. THREE 7S.

TURPIN.



"Thou sendest forth thy Spirit; they are created."—Ps. civ. 30.

*mp* COME, thou holy Paraclete,  
And from thy celestial seat  
*cr* Send thy light and brilliancy.

*mf* Father of the poor, draw near;  
Giver of all gifts, be here;  
Come, the soul's true radiancy

‡ Come, of comforters the best,  
Of the soul the sweetest Guest,  
Come in toil refreshingly.

*mf* Thou in labour rest most sweet,  
Thou art shadow from the heat,  
Comfort in adversity.

O thou Light, most pure and blest,  
Shine within the inmost breast  
Of thy faithful company.

*p* Where thou art not, man hath nought;  
*cr* Every holy deed and thought  
Comes from thy Divinity.

‡ What is soiled, make thou pure;  
What is wounded, work its cure;  
What is parched, fructify.

Cold and hard hearts quicken thou,  
Stubborn necks to Jesus bow,  
Draw the wanderer tenderly.

*cr* Fill thy faithful, who confide  
In thy power to guard and guide,  
With thy sevenfold mystery.

‡ Here thy grace and virtue send;  
Grant salvation to the end,  
And in heaven felicity.

# Whitsuntide.

## 252. ST. AGATHA.

7s. 5.

SOUTHCATH.

The musical score for St. Agatha consists of two systems. Each system has a treble staff and a bass staff. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system begins with a 'rall.' marking and ends with 'A - men.'.

"I am he that comforteth you."—ISA. li. 12.

*mf* COME to our dark nature's night  
With thy blessed inward light,  
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,  
Comforter Divine.

*p* We are sinful; cleanse us, Lord:  
Sick and faint; thy strength afford:  
Lost, until by thee restored,  
Comforter Divine.

*mp* Orphan are our souls and poor;  
*cr* Give us, from thy heavenly store,  
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,  
Comforter Divine.

*p* Like the dew, thy peace distil;  
*cr* Guide, subdue our wayward will,  
Things of Christ unfolding still,  
Comforter Divine.

*pp* Gentle, awful, holy Guest,  
Make thy temple in each breast,  
*cr* There supreme to reign and rest,  
Comforter Divine.

*p* In us, for us, intercede,  
And with voiceless groanings plead  
Our unutterable need,  
Comforter Divine.

*mp* In us "Abba, Father" cry  
*cr* Earnest of our bliss on high,  
*f* Seal of immortality,  
Comforter Divine.

*f* Search for us the depths of God,  
Bear us up the starry road  
To the height of thine abode,  
Comforter Divine.

## 253. ST. CUTHBERT.

P.M.

DYKES.

The musical score for St. Cuthbert consists of two systems. Each system has a treble staff and a bass staff. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with 'A - men.'.

"If I depart, I will send him unto you."—JOHN xvi. 7.

*mp* OUR bless'd Redeemer, ere he breathed  
His tender last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd  
With us to dwell.

*p* He came in semblance of a dove,  
With sheltering wings outspread,  
The holy balm of peace and love  
On earth to shed.

*mf* He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious willing Guest,  
While he can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

*p* And his that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each thought, that calms each fear  
And speaks of heaven.

*cr* And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
Are his alone.

*mf* Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see;  
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,  
And meet for thee.<sup>u</sup>



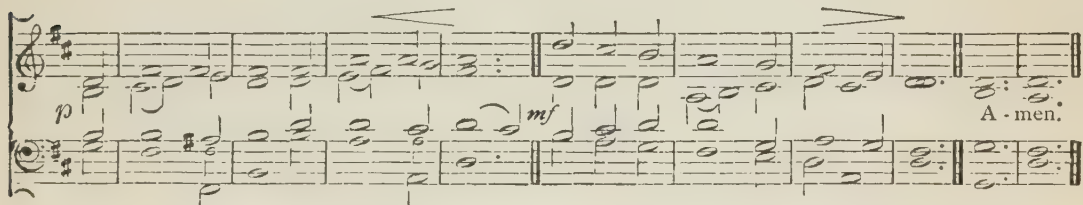
# Trinity Sunday.

"THE UNITY IN TRINITY, AND THE TRINITY IN UNITY, IS TO BE WORSHIPPED."

## 254. RIVAULX.

L.M.

DYKES.



"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, with you all."—2 COR. xiii. 14.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found,  
*p* Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
*mf* To us thy pardoning love extend.

*f* Almighty Son, incarnate Word,  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
*p* Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
*mf* To us thy saving grace extend.

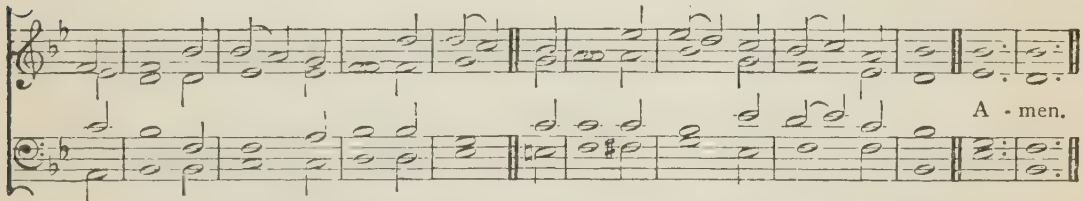
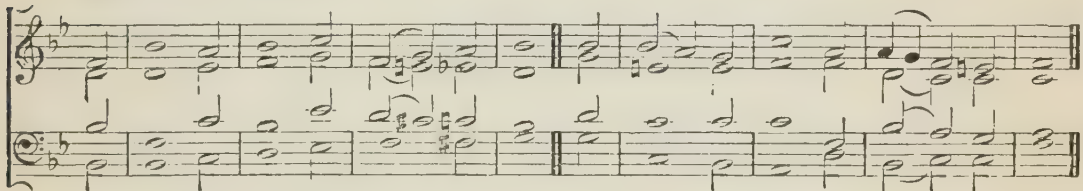
*f* Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,  
*p* Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
*mf* To us thy quickening power extend.

*f* Jehovah,—Father, Spirit, Son,—  
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,  
*p* Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
*mf* Grace, pardon, life to us extend.<sup>a</sup>

## 255. WALTON.

L.M.

BEETHOVEN.



"There the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."—Ps. cxxxiii. 3.

*f* COMMAND thy blessing from above,  
O God, on all assembled here;  
*mf* Behold us with a Father's love,  
*p* While we look up with filial fear.  
*mf* Command thy blessing, Jesu, Lord,  
May we thy true disciples be;  
Speak to each heart the mighty word;  
Say to the weakest, Follow me.

*mf* Command thy blessing, in this hour,  
Spirit of truth, and fill this place  
*p* With humbling and with healing power,  
*cr* With quickening and confirming grace.

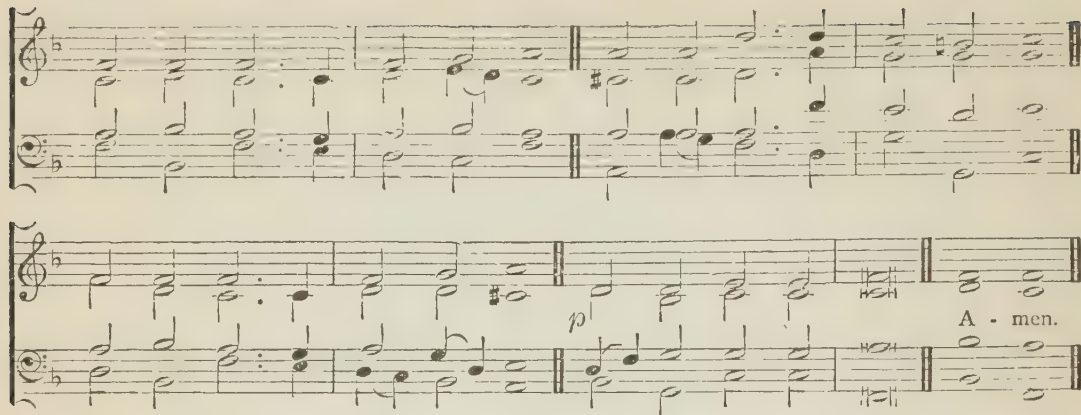
O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,  
Ore true Eternal God confess'd,  
*mf* May nought in life or death divide  
The saints in thy communion bless'd.<sup>b</sup>

# Trinity Sunday.

256. TRINITY.

7s. 5.

GREY.



"The redeemed of the Lord shall come with singing unto Zion."—ISA. li. 11.

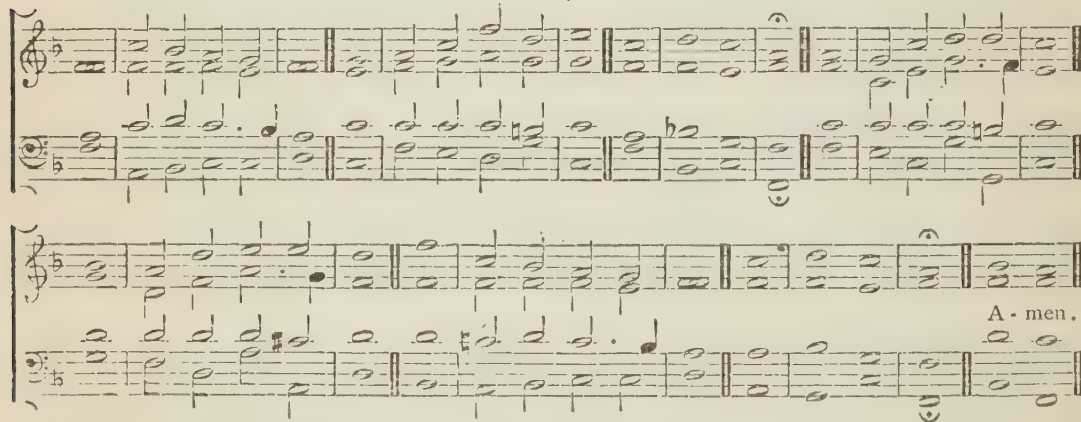
1 THREE in One, and One in Three,  
Ruler of the earth and sea,  
di Hear us, while we lift to thee  
Holy chant and psalm.  
1 Light of lights, with morning, shine :  
Lift on us thy light divine ;  
And let charity benign  
b Breathe on us her balm.

mp Light of lights, when falls the even,  
Let it close on sin forgiven ;  
sp Fold us in the peace of heaven,  
Shed a holy calm.  
1 Three in One, and One in Three,  
mf Dimly here we worship thee ;  
c With the saints hereafter we  
Hope to bear the palm. v

257. ST. AUSTIN.

6s. 4s.

OUSELEY.



"Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name?"—REV. xv. 4.

FATHER of heaven above,  
Dwelling in light and love,  
Ancient of days,  
Light unapproachable,  
Love inexpressible,  
Thee, the Invisible,  
Laud we and praise.

Christ the eternal Word,  
Christ the incarnate Lord,  
Saviour of all,  
High throned above all height,  
God of God, Light of Light,  
Increate, infinite,  
On thee we call.

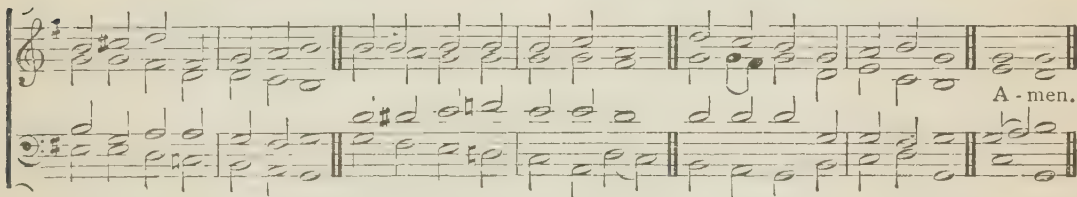
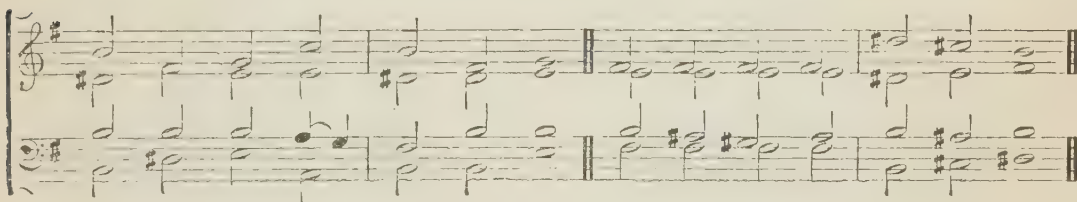
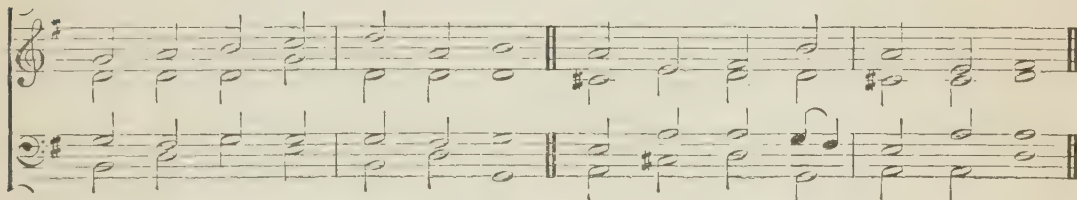
1 O God, the Holy Ghost,  
Whose fires of Pentecost  
Burn evermore,  
p In this far wilderness  
Leave us not comfortless :  
cr Thee we love, thee we bless,  
Thee we adore.  
1 Strike your harps, heavenly powers ;  
With your glad chants shall ours  
p Trembling ascend :  
ff All praise, O God, to thee,  
Three in One, One in Three,  
Praise everlastingly,  
World without end. †

# Trinity Sunday.

258. MYSTERIUM.

NINE 7S.

C. J. VINCENT.



*"The name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."*—MATT. xxviii. 19.

, MIGHTY Father, blessèd Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Evermore thy will be done.  
Threefold is thy glorious might,  
Threefold is thy name of light  
Veil'd before our mortal sight.  
*cr* Threefold let our praises be,  
Great Mysterious One, to thee,  
Undivided Trinity.

*p* Into mystery deeper higher  
Thou dost awfully retire  
Lowliest reverence to inspire ;  
That within the golden door,  
Sense and sight must wait before,  
Faith may enter and adore :  
*pp* Mystery—'tis all around ;  
Mystery—but holy ground ;  
Where thy mercy may be found.

*cr* O my God, mine all thou art :  
Take my whole in every part,  
Body, spirit, mind, and heart.  
Threefold is thy love to me ;  
Threefold let my graces be,  
Faith and hope and charity.  
Thus shall best thy will be done,  
Mighty Father, blessèd Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One.



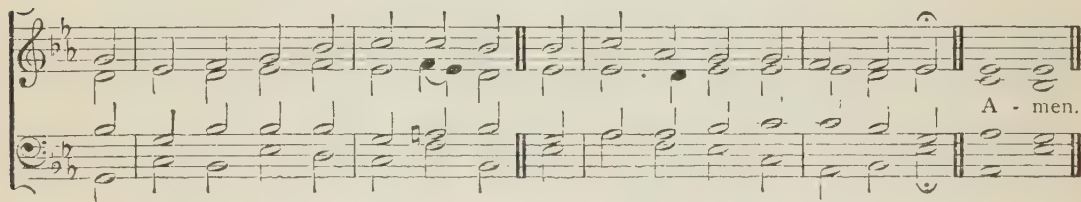
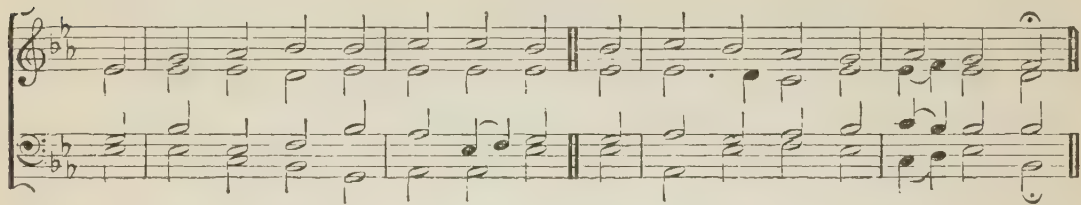
# Sundays after Trinity: the Works and Word of God.

"HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE FULL OF THE MAJESTY OF THY GLORY."

259. ST. GALL.

L.M.

MONK.



"How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God."—Ps. xxxvi. 7

*f* O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,  
Above the heavenly orb ascends ;  
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope  
Beyond the spreading sky extends.  
  
Thy justice like the hills remains ;  
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;  
Thy providence the world sustains ;  
The whole creation is thy care.

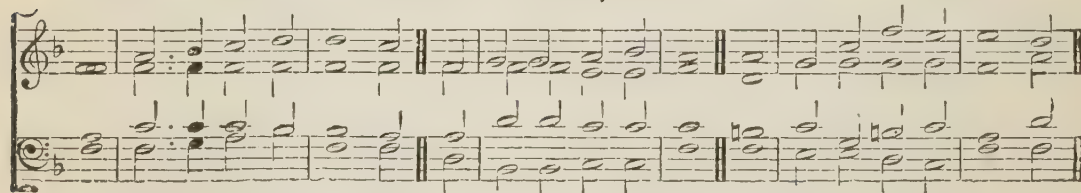
*mp* Since of thy goodness all partake,  
With what assurance should the just  
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,  
And saints to thy protection trust.

*m* Such guests shall to thy courts be led  
To banquet on thy love's repast :  
*or* And drink, as from a fountain's head,  
Of joys that shall for ever last.

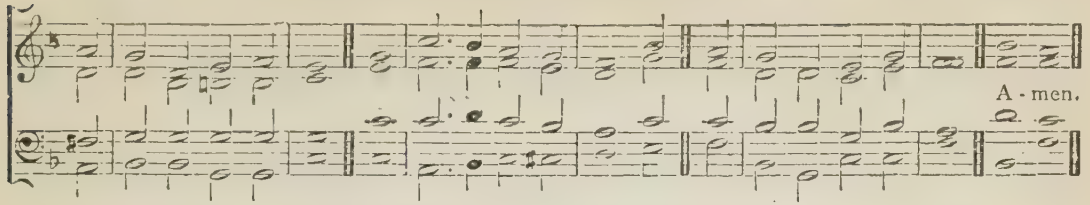
*f* With thee the springs of life remain :  
Thy presence is eternal day :  
O let thy saints thy favour gain,  
To upright hearts thy truth display.<sup>b</sup>

260. CÆLI ENARRANT GLORIAM. 7s. 6s.

STEWART.



# Sundays after Trinity: the Works and Word of God.



"The heavens declare the glory of God."—Ps. xix. 1.

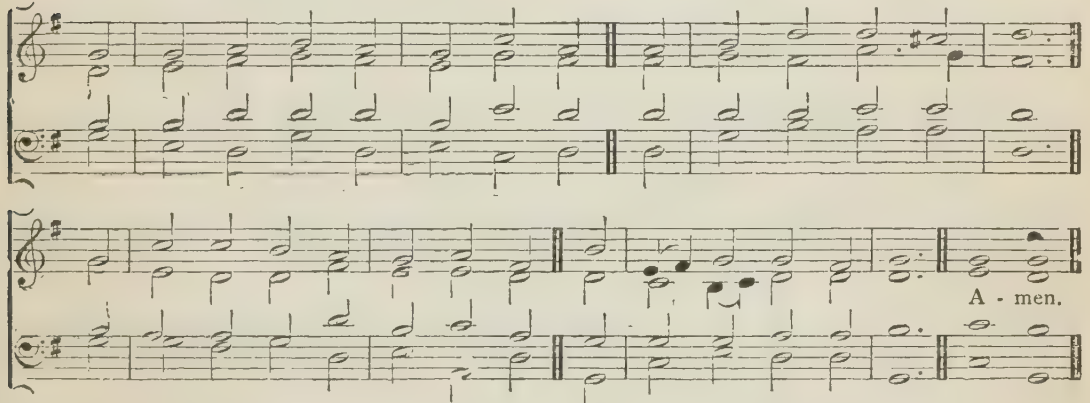
*mf* THE heavens declare thy glory,  
The firmament thy power ;  
*c* Day unto day the story  
Repeats from hour to hour :  
Night unto night, replying,  
Proclaims in every land,  
O Lord, with voice undying  
The wonders of thy hand.  
*f* The sun with royal splendour  
Goes forth to chant thy praise ;  
*di* And moonbeams soft and tender  
Their gentler anthem raise :  
*f* O'er every tribe and nation  
That music strange is pour'd ;  
The song of all creation  
To thee, creation's Lord.  
*mf* How perfect, just, and holy  
The precepts thou hast given ;  
Still making wise the lowly,  
They lift the thoughts to heaven :  
How pure, how soul-restoring  
Thy gospel's heavenly ray,  
A brighter radiance pouring  
Than noon of brightest day !

Thy statutes, Lord, with gladness  
Rejoice the humble heart ;  
*p* And guilty fear and sadness  
From contrite souls depart :  
*mf* Thy word hath richer treasure  
Than dwells within the mine,  
And sweetness beyond measure  
Attends thy voice divine.  
*p* O who can make confession  
Of every secret sin ;  
Or keep from all transgression  
His spirit pure within ?  
But let me never boldly  
From thy commands depart,  
Or render to thee coldly  
The service of my heart.  
*f* All heaven on high rejoices  
To do its Maker's will ;  
The stars with solemn voices  
Resound thy praises still :  
So let my whole behaviour,  
Thoughts, words, and actions be,  
O Lord, my strength, my Saviour,  
One ceaseless song to thee. s

## 261. FARRANT.

C.M.

FARRANT.



"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."—Ps. cxix. 54.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
For ever be thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.  
*mf* Here springs of consolation rise  
To cheer the fainting mind :  
And thirsty souls receive supplies,  
And sweet refreshment find.  
*f* Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around ;

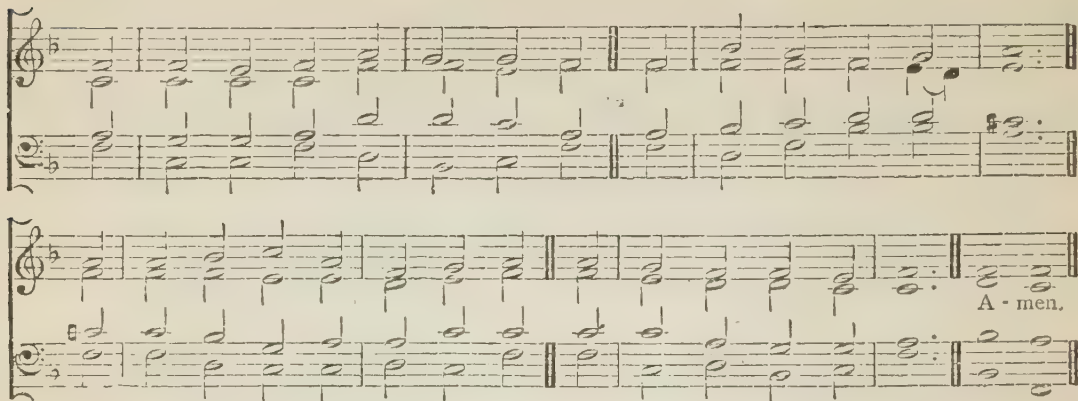
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.  
*mf* O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight ;  
*cr* And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.  
*mf* Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou for ever near ;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there. c

# Sundays after Trinity: the Works and Word of God.

262. ST. FLAVIAN.

C.M.

RAVENSCHROFT



"O Lord, how manifold are thy works."—Ps. civ. 24.

*mf* THERE is a book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts;  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,  
Within us and around,  
Are pages in that book to show  
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all  
Is like the Maker's love;  
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small  
In peace and order move.

*mf* The moon above, the Church below,  
A wondrous race they run;  
But all their radiance, all their glow,  
Each borrows of its sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat  
That crown his holy hill;  
The saints, like stars, around his seat  
Perform their courses still.

*p* The dew of heaven is like thy grace,  
It steals in silence down;  
*c* But where it lights, the favour'd place,  
By richest fruits is known

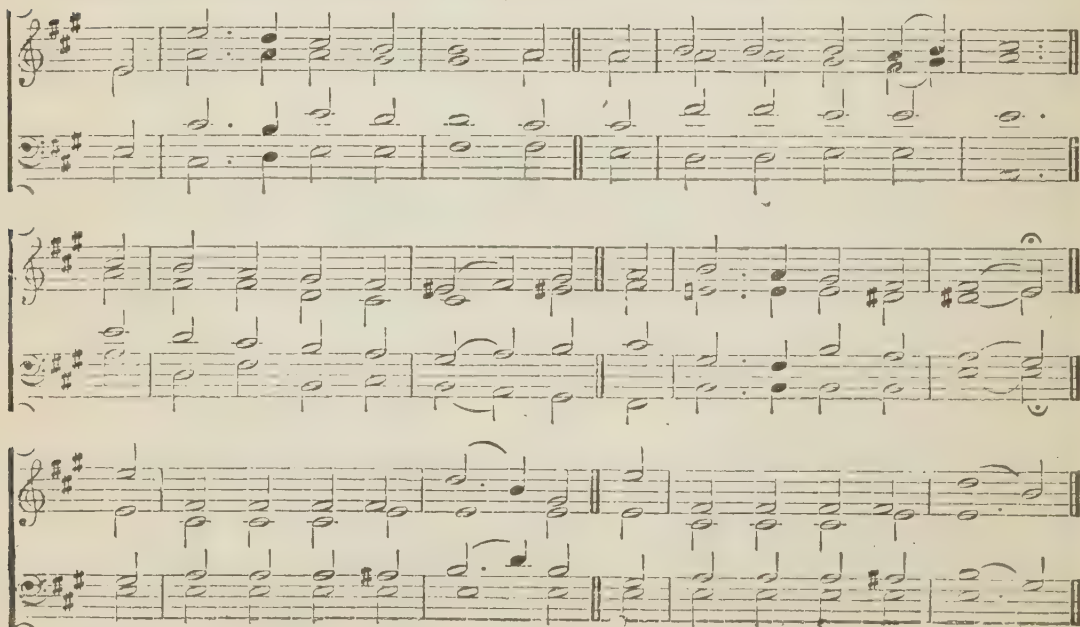
*p* One name above all glorious names,  
With its ten thousand tongues,  
The everlasting sea proclaims,  
Echoing angelic songs.

*mf* Thou, who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out thee,  
And read thee everywhere.<sup>c</sup>

263. HINTON MARTELL.

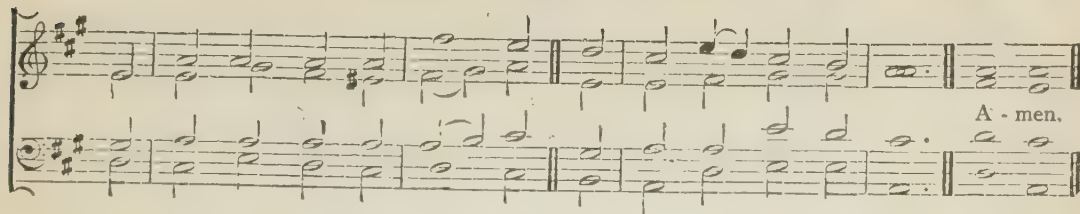
7s. 6s.

Adapted from MENDELSSOHN.





# Sundays after Trinity: the Works and Word of God.



"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. cxix. 105.

*f* O WORD of God incarnate,  
O Wisdom from on high,  
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,  
O Light of our dark sky;  
*cr* We praise thee for the radiance  
That from the hallow'd page,  
A lantern to our footsteps,  
Shines on from age to age.

*mf* The church from her dear Master  
Received the gift divine,  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine.  
It is the golden casket  
Where gems of truth are stored;  
It is the heaven-drawn picture  
Of Christ, the living Word.

*f* It floateth like a banner  
Before God's host unfurl'd;  
It shineth like a beacon  
Above the darkling world;  
It is the chart and compass,  
*p* That o'er life's surging sea,  
Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,  
*cr* Still guide, O Christ, to thee.

*f* O make thy church, dear Saviour,  
A lamp of burnish'd gold  
To bear before the nations  
Thy true light as of old:  
O teach thy wondering pilgrims  
By this their path to trace,  
Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
They see thee face to face.<sup>s</sup>

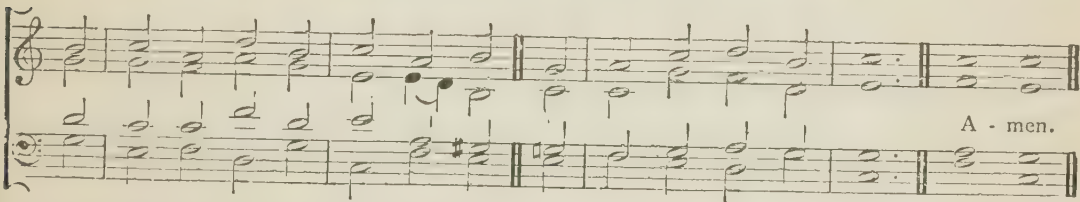
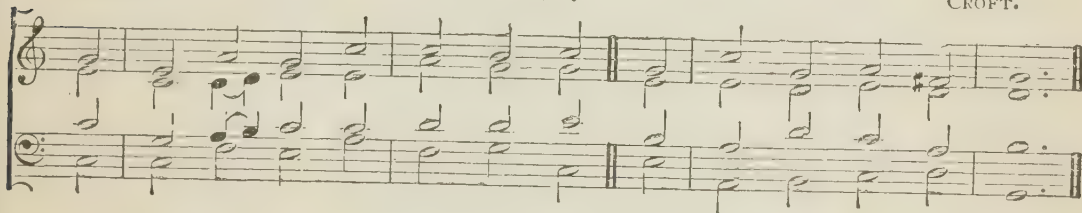
## Sundays after Trinity: Faith.

"WE KNOW THEE NOW BY FAITH."

264. ST. ANNE.

C.M.

CROFT.



"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."—Ps. xc. 1

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home:

*mp* Under the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure:  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

*mf* Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame.

*f* From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

*p* A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

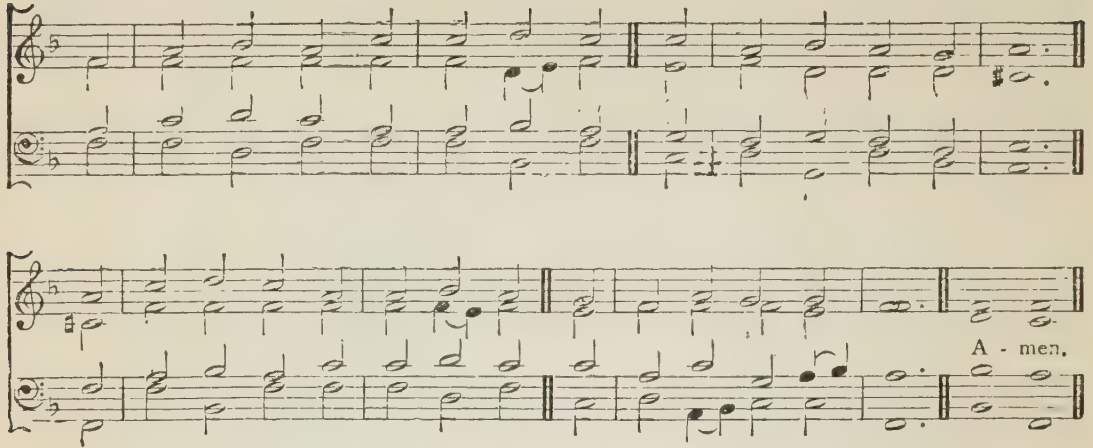
*f* O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Be thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal home.<sup>c</sup>

# Sundays after Trinity: Faith.

265. MILAN.

C.M.

TALLIS.



"And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith."—LUKE xvii. 5.

*mf* O FOR a faith that will not shrink  
Though press'd by many a foe ;  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of poverty or woe ;—

*p* That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chastening rod ;  
*cr* But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
Can lean upon its God ;—

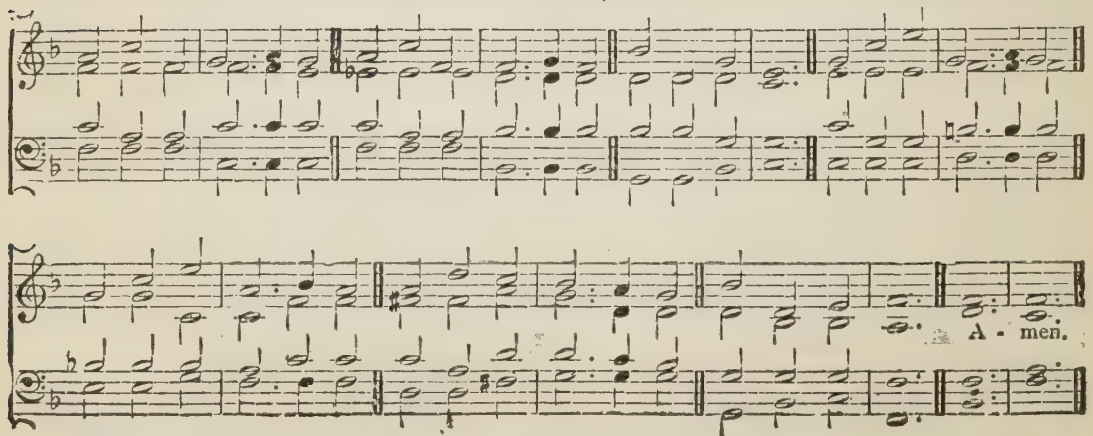
*mf* A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without ;  
That when in danger knows no fear.  
In darkness feels no doubt ;—

A faith that keeps the narrow way  
*p* Till life's last spark is fled,  
*cr* And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Lights up a dying bed.

*mf* Lord, give me such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
*cr* I'll taste e'en here the hallow'd bliss  
Of an eternal home.

266. CALVARY (BAMBRIDGE). 6s. 4s.

BAMBRIDGE.



# Sundays after Trinity: Faith.

"Our eyes wait upon the Lord our God."—Ps. cxxiii. 2.

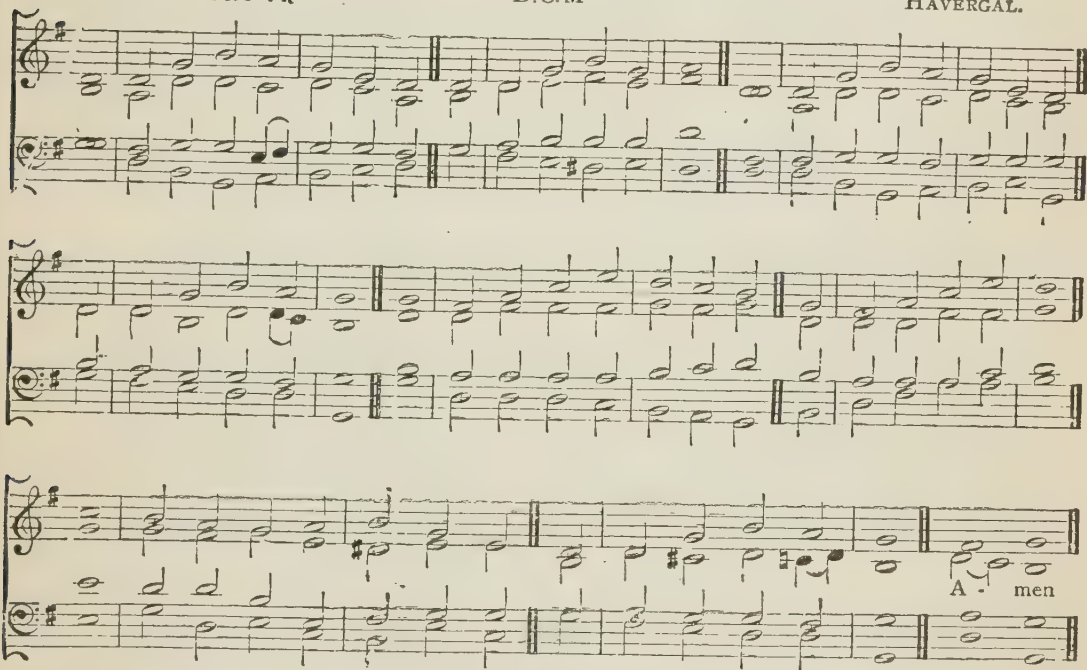
*p* My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine:  
*p* Now hear me while I pray.  
Take all my guilt away,  
*cr* O let me from this day  
Be wholly thine.  
*mf* May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire:  
*p* As thou hast died for me,  
*cr* O may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

*p* While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
*cr* Be thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.  
*p* When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
*cr* Blest Saviour, then in love  
Fear and distrust remove;  
*p* O bear me safe above,  
A ransom'd soul.†

267. EVAN II.

D.C.M.

HAVERGAL.



"Incline your ear, and come unto me."—ISA. lv. 3.

*mp* I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
*cr* Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast.  
*p* I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary and worn and sad,  
*cr* I found in him a resting-place,  
*f* And he has made me glad.  
*mp* I heard the voice of Jesus say  
*cr* Behold I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one  
Stoop down and drink, and live.

*p* I came to Jesus, and I drank  
*cr* Of that life-giving stream,  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in him.  
*p* I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
*cr* I am this dark world's light,  
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright.  
*p* I look'd to Jesus, and I found  
*cr* In him my Star, my Sun;  
*f* And in that light of life I'll walk,  
*di* Till travelling days are done.†



# Sundays after Trinity: Faithy.

268. EATON.

SIX 8s.

WVILL.

*"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."*—JOHN xx. 29.

*mf* We saw thee not when thou didst come  
To this poor world of sin and death,  
Nor e'er beheld thy cottage home  
In that despised Nazareth;  
† But we believe thy footsteps trod  
Its streets and plains, thou Son of God.  
♯ We did not see thee lifted high  
Amid that wild and savage crew,  
Nor heard thy meek imploring cry,  
"Forgive, they know not what they do;"  
† Yet we believe the deed was done,  
Which shook the earth and veil'd the sun.  
*mf* We stood not by the empty tomb  
Where late thy sacred body lay,  
Nor sat within that upper room,

Nor met thee in the open way;  
*f* But we believe that angels said,  
"Why seek the living with the dead?"  
*mf* We did not mark the chosen few,  
When thou didst through the clouds ascend,  
*cr* First lift to heaven their wondering view,  
♯ Then to the earth all prostrate bend;  
*f* Yet we believe that mortal eyes  
Beheld that journey to the skies.  
*mf* And now that thou dost reign on high,  
And thence thy waiting people bless,  
*di* No ray of glory from the sky  
Doth shine upon our wilderness;  
† But we believe thy faithful word,  
And trust in our redeeming Lcnd.9

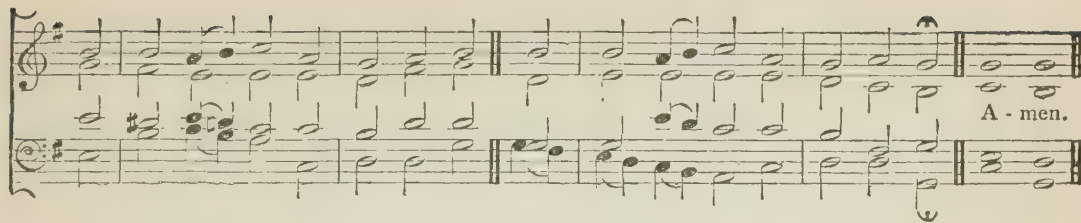
This Hymn may also be sung to "Melita," No 533.

269. HALLE.

SIX 8s.

KÜGELMAN.

# Sundays after Trinity: Faith.



*"We have hope, as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast."*—HEB. vi. 19.

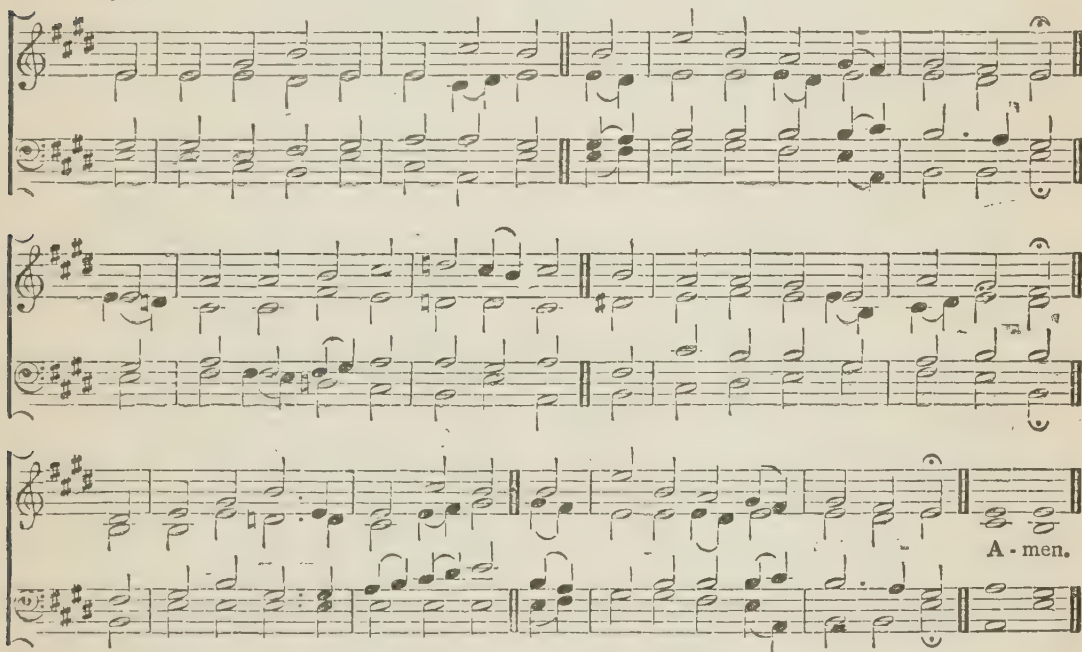
Now I have found the ground wherein  
Sure my soul's anchor may remain :  
p The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,  
Before the world's foundation slain ;  
cr Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
f When heaven and earth are fled away.  
f O Love, thou bottomless abyss !  
mp My sins are swallow'd up in thee ;  
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,  
Nor spot of guilt remains on me :  
cr While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,  
f Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.

p Though waves and storms go o'er my head,  
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,  
Though joys be wither'd all and dead,  
Though every comfort be withdrawn ;  
cr On this my steadfast soul relies,  
f Father, thy mercy never dies.  
f Fix'd on this ground will I remain,  
p Though my heart fail and flesh decay ;  
cr This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
When earth's foundations melt away ;  
ff Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
Loved with an everlasting love.g

## 270. ST. WERBERGH.

SIX 8s.

DYKES.



*"It was founded upon a rock."*—MATT. vii. 25.

f My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;  
di I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
cr But wholly lean on Jesus' name.  
ff On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

mf When long appears my toilsome race,  
f I rest on his unchanging grace ;  
mf In every high and stormy gale,  
f My anchor holds within the veil.  
ff On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

f His oath, his covenant, and blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood ;  
di When every earthly prop gives way,  
f He then is all my hope and stay.  
ff On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;  
All other ground is sinking sand.  
p When the last trumpet's voice shall sound,  
mp O may I then in him be found,  
cr Robed in his righteousness alone,  
Faultless to stand before the throne.  
ff On Christ, the solid rock, I stand  
All other ground is sinking sand.g

# Sundays after Trinity: Faith.

271, 272. SEAHAM.

P.M.

C. J. VINCENT.



"I am the Lord: I change not."—  
MALACHI iii 6.

"Ye shall find rest unto your souls. —  
MATT. xi. 29.

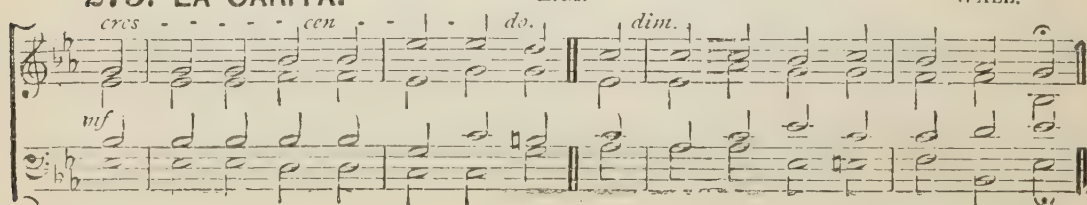
271. *mp* CHANGE is our portion here ;  
Soon fades the summer sky,  
*di* The landscape droops in autumn sear,  
And spring flowers bloom to die :  
*f* But faithful is Jehovah's word,  
"I will be with thee," saith the Lord.
- mp* Change is our portion here,  
Along the heavenly road :  
In faith and hope and holy fear,  
In love towards our God :  
*di* How often we distrust the word,  
"I will be with thee," saith the Lord.
- mp* Change is our portion here :  
*cr* Yet midst our changing lot,  
'Midst withering flowers and tempests drear,  
*f* There is that changes not.  
*ff* Unchangeable Jehovah's word,  
"I will be with thee," saith the Lord.
- mp* Changeless, the way of peace :  
Changeless, Emmanuel's name ;  
*f* Changeless, the covenant of grace ;  
Eternally the same.  
*cr* "I change not," is a Father's word.  
"And I am with thee," saith the Lord.

272. *mf* JESUS, I rest on thee,  
In thee myself I hide :  
*p* Laden with guilt and misery,  
Where can I rest beside ?  
'Tis on thy meek and lowly breast  
My weary soul alone can rest.
- mf* Thou Holy One of God,  
The Father rests in thee ;  
The voice of thy atoning blood  
Pleads evermore for me :  
*cr* The curse is gone ; through thee I'm blest :  
God rests in thee ; in thee I rest.
- mf* The slave of sin and fear  
Thy truth my bondage broke,  
*cr* And now my spirit loves to wear  
Thy light and easy yoke :  
*f* The love, which fills my grateful breast,  
Makes duty joy and labour rest.
- ff* Soon the bright glorious day,  
The rest of God, shall come ;  
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,  
And I shall reach my home :  
Then of the promised land possess'd  
My soul shall know eternal rest.

273. LA CARITÀ.

L.M.

WALL.





# Sundays after Trinity: Faith.



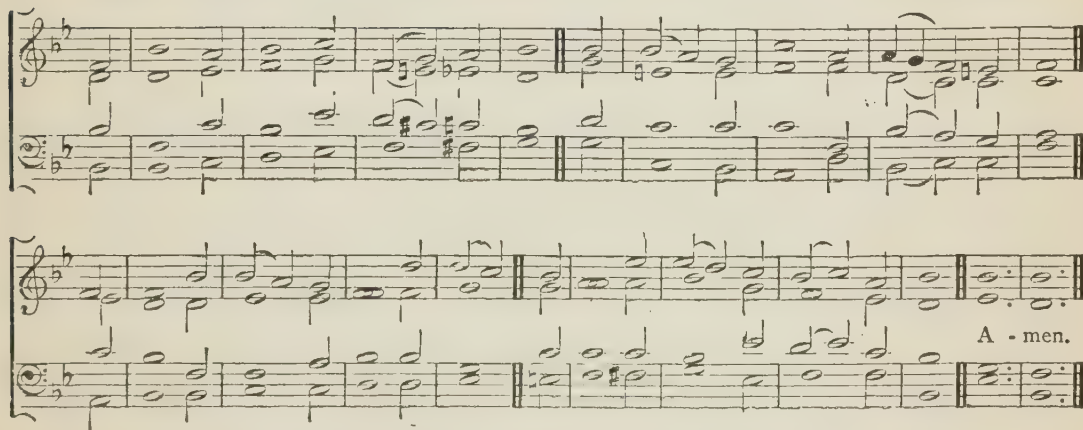
"I know that my Redeemer liveth."—JOB xix. 25.

- p* I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;  
O the sweet joy this sentence gives !
- p* He lives, he lives, who once was dead ;
- p* He lives, my everlasting Head.
- f* He lives to bless me with his love,
- p* And still he pleads for me above :
- f* He lives to raise me from the gra<sup>v</sup>  
And me eternally to save.
- cr* He lives, my kind, wise, constant Friend ;  
Who still will keep me to the end ;
- f* He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,  
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- He lives my mansion to prepare,  
And he will bring me safely there ;
- f* He lives, all glory to his name,  
Jesus, unchangeably the same.<sup>a</sup>

274. WALTON.

L M

BEETHOVEN



"He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."—ISA. lxi. 1c.

JESU, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress,  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in thy great day,  
For who ought to my charge shall lay ?  
Fully absolved through these I am,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

*cr* When from the dust of death I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
*p* Even then, this shall be all my plea,  
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

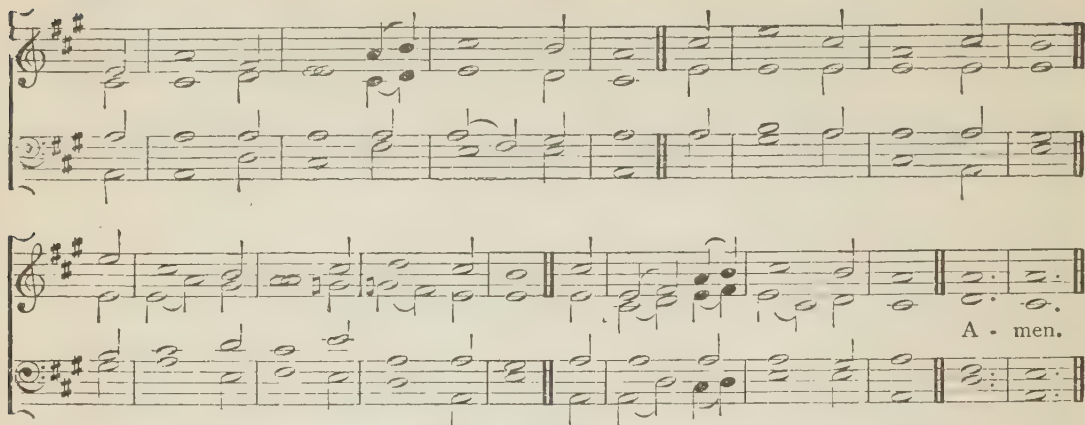
*cr* Thou God of power, thou God of love,  
Let the whole world thy mercy prove.<sup>a</sup>  
*f* Now let thy word o'er all prevail ;  
Now take the spoils of death and hell.<sup>a</sup>

# Sundays after Trinity: Faith.

## 275. ALL SAINTS.

C.M.

WILSON.



"There shall be a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."—ZECH. xiii. 1.

*mf* THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.  
The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Wash'd all my sins away.

*c* Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.

*mp* E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,

*c* Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

*f* Then in a nobler sweeter song  
I'll sing thy power to save;

*b* When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

*mf* Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,  
Unworthy though I be,  
For me a blood-bought free reward,  
A golden harp for me:

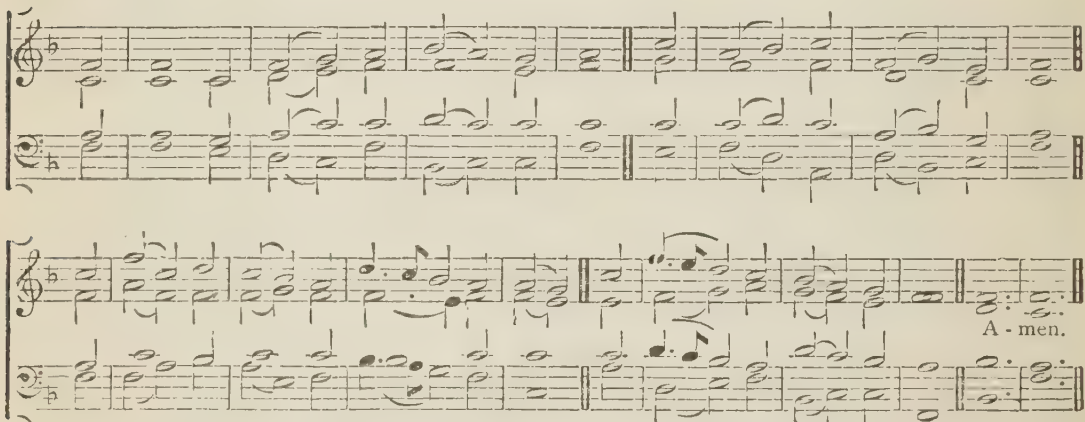
*cr* 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,  
And form'd by power divine,

*f* To sound in God the Father's ears.  
No other name but thine.<sup>c</sup>

## 276. IRISH.

C.M.

SMITH.



"In my Father's house are many mansions"—JOHN xiv. 2.

*mf* WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,

*cr* I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

*f* Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world,

Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,

*mf* May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all,

*di* There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,

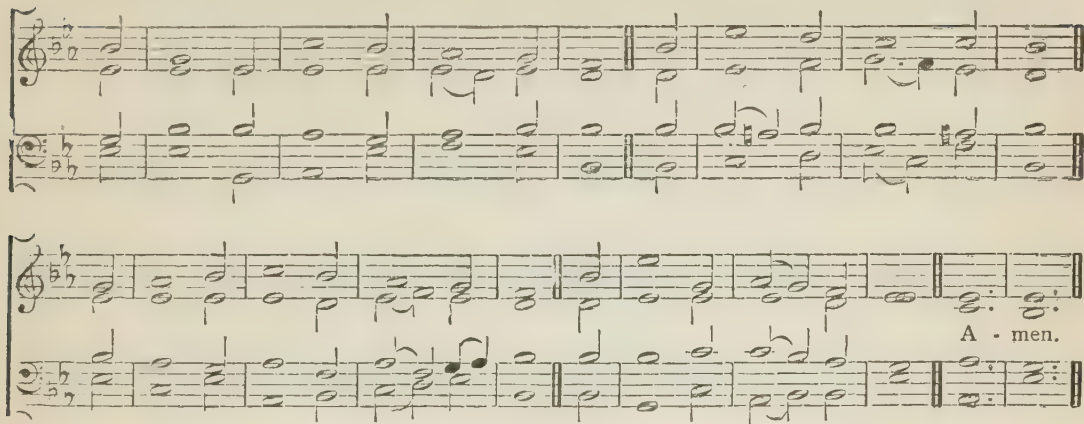
*b* And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.<sup>c</sup>

# Sundays after Trinity: Faithly.

## 277. BEDFORD.

C.M.

WHEALL



*"God will be with me, so that I come again to my father's house in peace."*—GEN. xxviii. 20, 21.

*mf* FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise:—

*mp* Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;

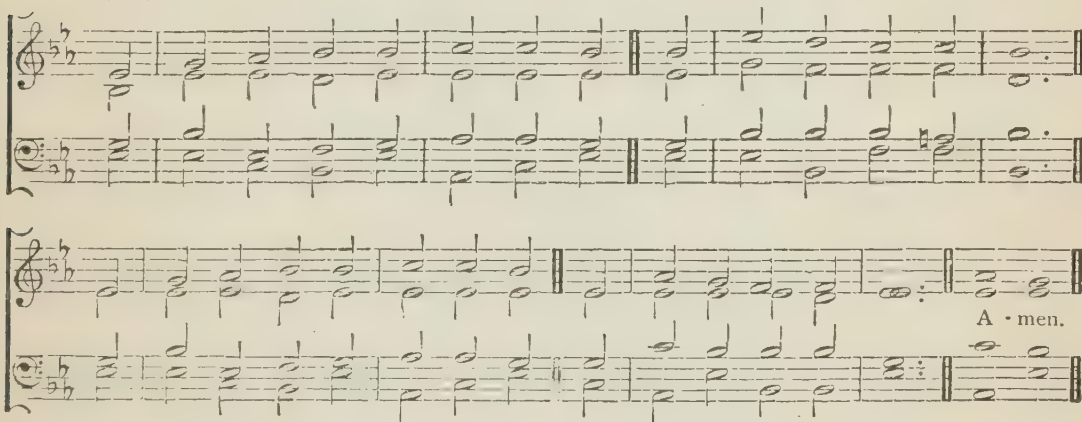
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And let me live to thee.

*c* Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My path of life attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.<sup>c</sup>

## 278. TALLIS' ORDINAL.

C.M.

TALLIS.



*"Thy footsteps are not known."*—Ps. lxxvii. 19.

*mp* God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;

*f* He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

*mp* Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,

*c* He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.

*mp* Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread

*c* Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

*mp* Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace:

Behind a frowning providence

*c* He hides a smiling face.

*mf* His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;

The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;

God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.<sup>2</sup>



# Sundays after Trinity : Faith.

279. HOUGHTON.

104TH M.

GAUNTLET F.

*Moderato.*

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has 8 measures, the second has 8 measures, and the third has 8 measures. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

"Believing, we rejoice."—1 PET. i. 8.

- r* BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief will surely appear :  
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform :  
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- mp* Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,  
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide :
- cr* Though cisterns be broken and creatures all fail,  
*f* The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
- mp* His love in time past forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;
- cr* Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review  
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.
- mp* Why should I complain of want or distress,  
Temptation or pain ?—He told me no less :  
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,  
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.
- p* How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,  
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live :  
His way was much rougher and darker than mine ;  
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine ?
- cr* Since all that I meet shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food ;  
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
- f* And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's song !

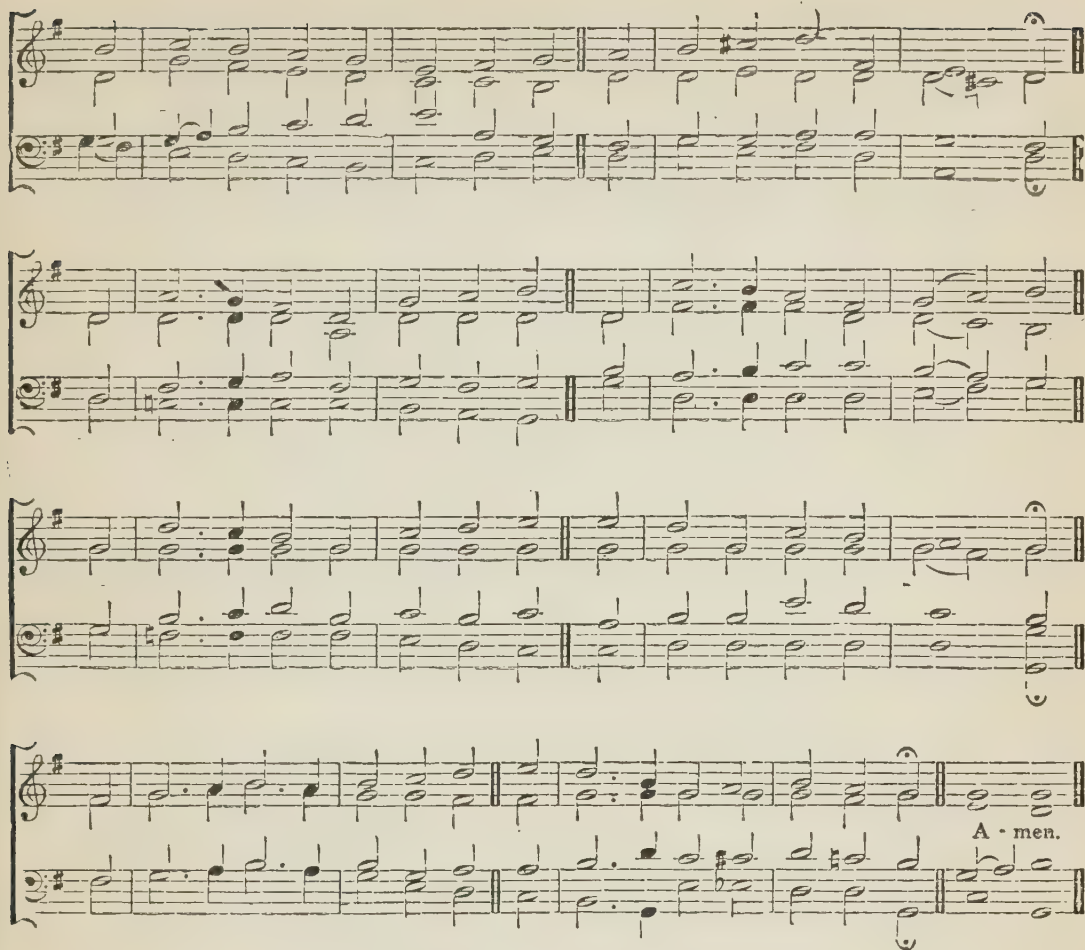
280. ST. ATHANASIUS.

P.M.

C. J. VINCENT.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 4/4 time. It consists of one system of music with 8 measures. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

# Sundays after Trinity: Faith.



"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."—Ps. lxi. 2.

♩ O Rock of Ages ! since on thee  
By grace my feet are planted,  
'Tis mine in tranquil faith to see  
The rising storm undaunted.  
When angry billows round me rave,  
And tempests fierce assail me ;  
To thee I cling, the terrors brave,  
For thou canst never fail me ;  
Though rends the globe with earthquake shock,  
Unmoved thou stand'st, Eternal Rock.

♩ Within thy clefts I love to hide,  
When darkness o'er me closes ;  
There peace and light serene abide,  
And my still heart reposes ;  
♩ My soul exults to dwell secure,  
Thy strong munitions round her ;  
She dares to count her triumph sure,  
Nor fears lest hell confound her :  
• Though tumults startle earth and sea,  
Thou changeless Rock, they shake not thee.

♩ From thee, O Rock once smitten, flow  
Life-giving streams for ever ;  
And whoso doth their sweetness know,  
He henceforth thirsteth never ;  
cr My lips have touch'd the crystal tide,  
And feel no more returning,  
The fever that so long I tried  
'To cool, yet felt still burning ;  
J Ah, wondrous Well-spring, brimming o'er  
With living waters evermore.

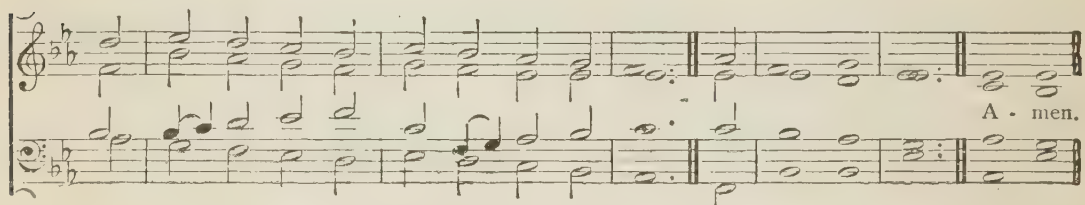
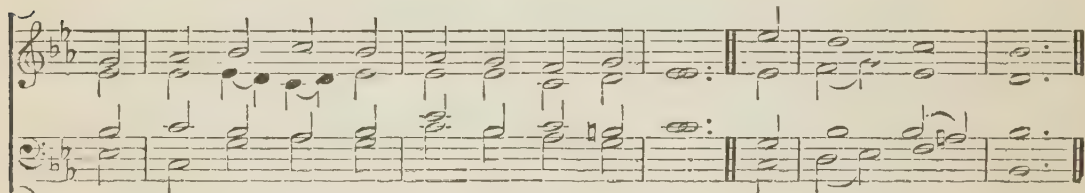
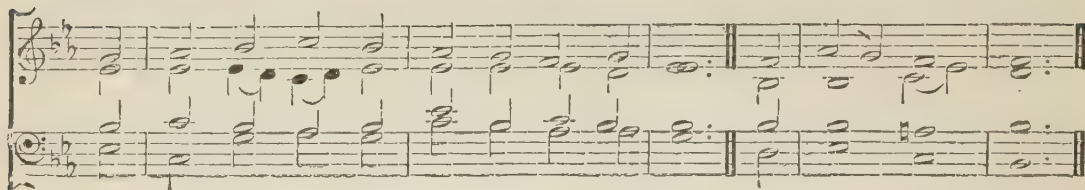
mf On that dread day when they that sleep  
Shall hear the trumpet sounding,  
And wake to praise, or wake to weep,  
The judgment throne surrounding ;  
When, wrapp'd in all-devouring flame,  
The solid globe is wasting,  
And what at first from nothing came  
Is back to nothing hasting ;  
di Even then, my soul shall calmly rest  
p O Rock of Ages, on thy breast.

# Sundays after Trinity : Faith.

281. TEESDALE.

10s. 4s.

C. J. VINCENT.



"Father, not my will, but thine, be done."—LUKE xxii. 42.

*mp* O LORD, my God, do thou thy holy will :  
I will lie still.

*p* I will not stir, lest I forsake thine arm,  
And break the charm,  
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,  
In perfect rest.

*mf* To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart  
Doth Christ impart

*p* The virtue of his midnight agony,

When none was nigh,  
Save God and one good angel, to assuage  
The tempest's rage.

*mp* "O Father, not my will, but thine be done,"  
So spake the Son.

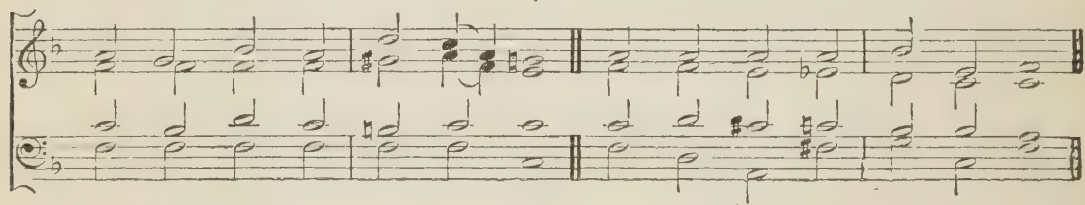
*cr* Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise  
Of griefs and joys ;

*p* That we may cling for ever to thy breast  
In perfect rest.

282. WEBER.

7s.

WEBER.





# Sundays after Trinity: Faith.

2

"My sheep shall never perish."—JOHN x. 28.

*my* **THINE** for ever :—God of love,  
Hear us from thy throne above ;  
*cr* Thine for ever may we be,  
Here and in eternity.

*p* Thine for ever :—O how bless'd  
They who find in thee their rest !  
*cr* Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,  
O defend us to the end.

*f* Thine for ever :—Lord of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife :  
Thou the life, the truth, the way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

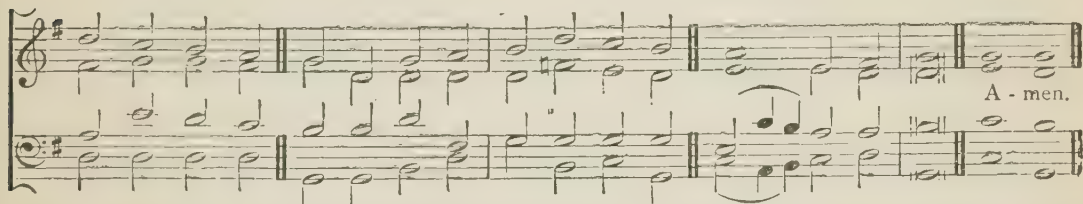
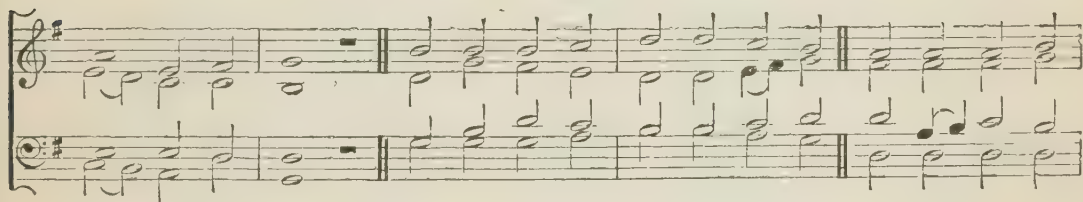
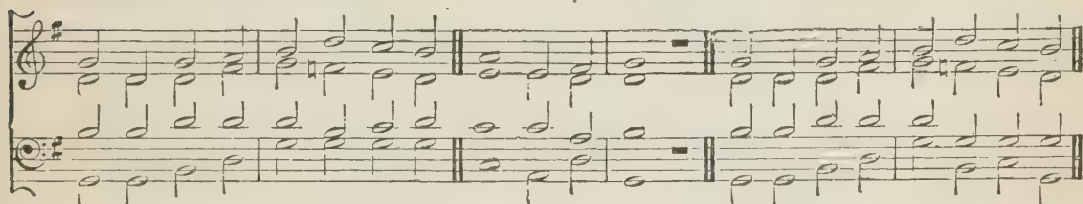
*p* Thine for ever :—Saviour, keep  
These thy frail and trembling sheep ;  
*cr* Safe alone beneath thy care,  
Let us all thy goodness share.

*f* Thine for ever :—thou our guide,  
All our wants by thee supplied,  
All our sins by thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

## 283. SOUTHGATE.

8s. 4s.

SOUTHGATE.



"Is it well with thee? It is well."—2 KINGS iv. 26.

*mf* **THROUGH** the love of God our Saviour,  
All will be well ;  
Free and changeless is his favour,  
All, all is well.  
*p* Precious is the blood that heal'd us ;  
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us ;  
*f* Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us ;  
All must be well.

*p* Though we pass through tribulation,  
*f* All will be well ;  
Ours is such a full salvation,  
All, all is well.

*cr* Happy, still in God confiding ;  
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding ;  
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding ;  
All must be well.

*p* We expect a bright to-morrow ;  
All will be well ;

*cr* Faith can sing through days of sorrow,  
All, all is well.

*mf* On our Father's love relying  
Jesus every need supplying,

*di* Or in living or in dying,  
*f* All must be well.

# Sundays after Trinity: Faith.

## 284. MANSFIELD.

D. 8s. 7s.

Adapted from MENDELSSOHN.

A - men.

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."—Ps. lxxxvii. 3.

' GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He whose word cannot be broken,  
Form'd thee for his own abode.  
On the rock of ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

*mf* See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove;

Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?  
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

*cr* Saviour, if of Zion's city  
I through grace a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in thy name;  
*p* Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure,  
None but Zion's children know."

## 285. AURELIA.

7s. 6s.

S. S. WESLEY.

Sun of my Soul.

C. C. W.

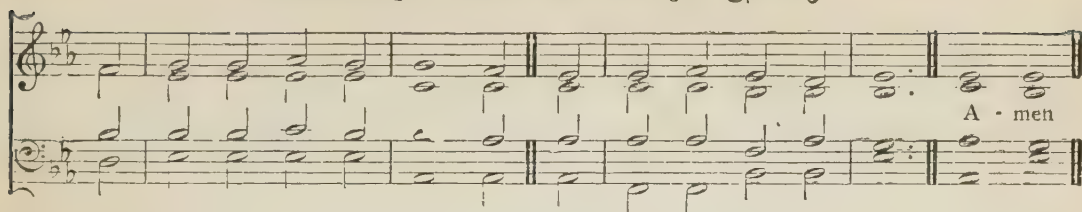
Handwritten musical notation for the first system of 'Sun of my Soul'. It consists of two staves. The left staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The right staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The notation includes various notes, rests, and accidentals, with some notes beamed together. The system is divided into two measures by a double bar line.

Handwritten musical notation for the second system of 'Sun of my Soul'. It consists of two staves. The left staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The right staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The notation includes various notes, rests, and accidentals, with some notes beamed together. The system is divided into two measures by a double bar line. Above the right staff, the words 'd-ven' are written vertically.





## Sundays after Trinity: Faith.



"Christ is the head of the church."—EPH. v. 23.

THE church's one foundation  
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;  
She is his new creation  
By water and the Word:  
*du* From heaven he came and sought her  
To be his holy bride,  
*p* With his own blood he bought her,  
And for her life he died.  
*mf* Elect from every nation,  
Yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of salvation  
One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
One holy Name she blesses,  
Partakes one holy food,  
And to one hope she presses  
With every grace endued.  
*mp* Though with a scornful wonder  
Men see her sore oppress,  
By schisms rent asunder,  
By heresies distressed:

*cr* Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
*p* And soon the night of weeping  
*f* Shall be the morn of song.  
*mf* Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumults of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore;  
*cr* Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
*f* And the great church victorious  
*p* Shall be the church at rest.  
*mf* Yet she on earth hath union  
With God the Three in One,  
*p* And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won:  
*cr* O happy ones and holy!  
Lord, give us grace that we,  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with thee.

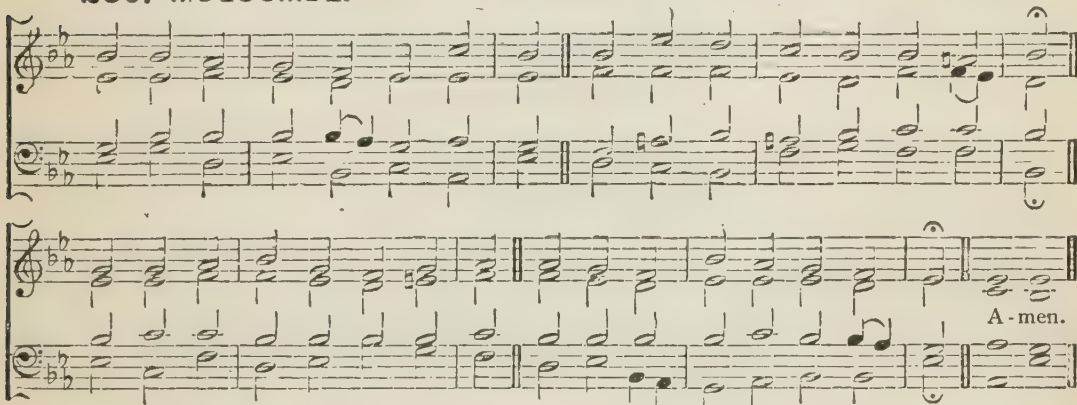
## Sundays after Trinity: Love.

"GRAFT IN OUR HEARTS THE LOVE OF THY NAME."

286. MELCOMBE.

L.M.

S. WEBER.



"Thou shalt call his name Jesus."—MATT. i. 21.

*p* JESUS,—the very thought is sweet:  
In that dear name all heart-joys meet;  
*cr* But O, than honey sweeter far  
The glimpses of his presence are.  
*mf* No word is sung more sweet than this;  
No name is heard more full of bliss:  
*p* No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,  
*r* Than Jesus, Son of God Most High.  
*mf* Jesu, the hope of souls forlorn,  
How good to them for sin that mourn:  
*r* To them that seek thee, O how kind:—  
But what art thou to them that find?

*mf* Jesu, thou sweetness, pure and blest,  
Truth's fountain, light of souls distressed,  
*cr* Surpassing all that heart requires,  
Exceeding all that soul desires.  
*mf* No tongue of mortal can express,  
No letters write its blessedness:  
*p* Alone who hath thee in his heart  
Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art  
*cr* We follow Jesus now, and raise  
The voice of prayer, and hymn of praise,  
*f* That he at last may make us meet  
With him to gain the heavenly seat.

# Sundays after Trinity : Hobe.

## 287. ST. AGNES.

C.M.

DYKES.

A - men.

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."—EPH. iii. 17

*mf* JESU, the very thought of thee  
With sweetness fills the breast ;  
But sweeter far thy face to see,  
And in thy presence rest.

Tongue never spake, ear never heard,  
Never from heart o'erflow'd,  
A dearer name, a sweeter word,  
Than Jesus, Son of God.

*p* O hope of every contrite heart,  
To penitents how kind,

*c* To those who seek how good thou art ;—  
But what to those who find ?

*mf* Ah, this no tongue can utter ; this  
No mortal page can show ;  
The love of Jesus, what it is,  
None but his loved ones know.

Jesu, our only joy be thou,  
As thou our prize wilt be ;  
Jesu, be thou our glory now,  
And through eternity.<sup>c</sup>

## 288. SAWLEY.

C.M.

WALCK.

Org.

A - men.

Org.



# Sundays after Trinity : Love.

"Whom having not seen, ye love."—1 PET. i. 8.

*mf* Jēsu, these eyes have never seen  
That radiant form of thine :  
*p* The veil of sense hangs dark between  
Thy blessed face and mine.

*mp* I see thee not, I hear thee not,  
Yet art thou oft with me ;  
*c* And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,  
As where I meet with thee.

*mp* Like some bright dream that comes unsought,  
When slumbers o'er me roll,  
Thy image ever fills my thought,  
And charms my ravish'd soul.

*c* Yet, though I have not seen, and still  
Must rest in faith alone ;

*f* I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,  
Unseen but not unknown.

*di* When death these mortal eyes shall seal,  
And still this throbbing heart,  
The rending veil shall thee reveal  
All glorious as thou art.

## 289. ST. MATTHIAS.

SIX 8s.

W. H. MONK.

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a piano staff (treble clef, key of D major) and an organ staff (bass clef, key of D major). The lyrics are written below the piano staff. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line and the text "A-men." written above the organ staff.

"Continue ye in my love."—JOHN xv. 9.

*mf* JESU, my Lord, my God, my All,  
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call ;  
Hear me, and from thy dwelling-place  
Pour down the riches of thy grace ;

*c* JESU, my Lord, I thee adore,  
O make me love thee more and more.

*p* JESU, too late I thee have sought,  
*c* How can I love thee as I ought ?  
And how extol thy matchless fame,  
The glorious beauty of thy name ?

*f* JESU, my Lord, I thee adore,  
O make me love thee more and more.

*mf* JESU, what didst thou find in me,  
That thou hast dealt so lovingly ?

*c* How great the joy that thou hast brought,  
So far exceeding hope or thought !

*p* JESU, my Lord, I thee adore,  
O make me love thee more and more.

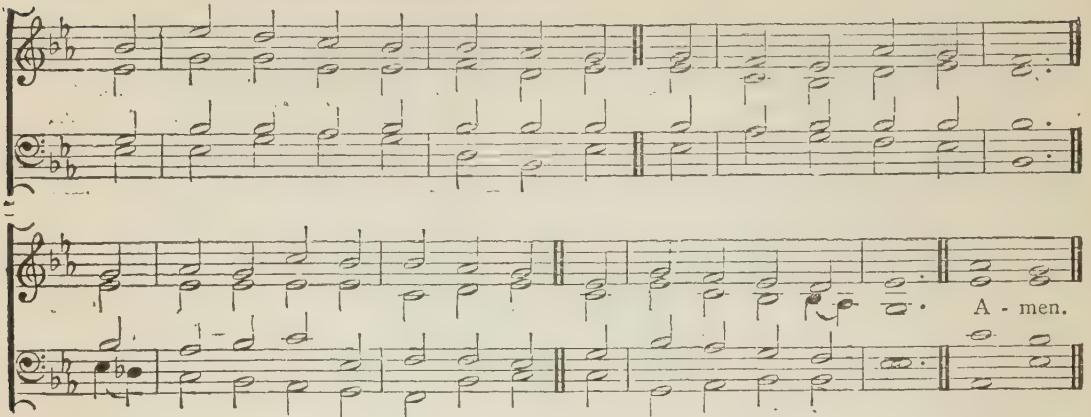
*p* JESU, of thee shall be my song,  
To thee my heart and soul belong ;  
All that I have or am is thine,  
And thou, blest Saviour, thou art mine.

*f* JESU, my Lord, I thee adore,  
O make me love thee more and more.

# Sundays after Trinity: Lobe.

## 290. ST. PETER (REINAGLE). C.M.

REINAGLE.



"Thy name is as ointment poured forth."—SONG . 3.

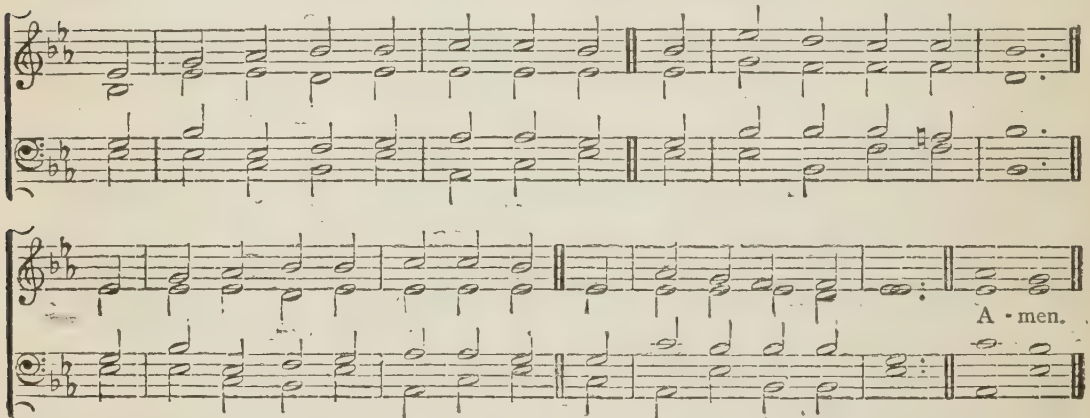
- f* How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear :  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- mf* It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- f* Dear name, the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding place ;  
My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.

- cr* Jesu, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—  
Accept the praise I bring.
- f* Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;
- cr* But, when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- f* Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;
- di* And may the music of thy name  
*f* Refresh my soul in death.<sup>c</sup>

## 291. TALLIS' ORDINAL. C.M.

C.M.

TALLIS.



"The name of thy holy Child Jesus."—ACTS iv. 30.

- mf* THERE is a name I love to hear ;  
I love to sing its worth ;  
It sounds like music in mine ear,  
The sweetest name on earth.
- f* It tells me of a Saviour's love  
Who died to set me free ;  
It tells me of his precious blood,  
The sinner's perfect plea.
- c* It tells me of a Father's smile  
Beaming upon his child ;  
It cheers me through this little while,  
Through desert, waste, and wild.

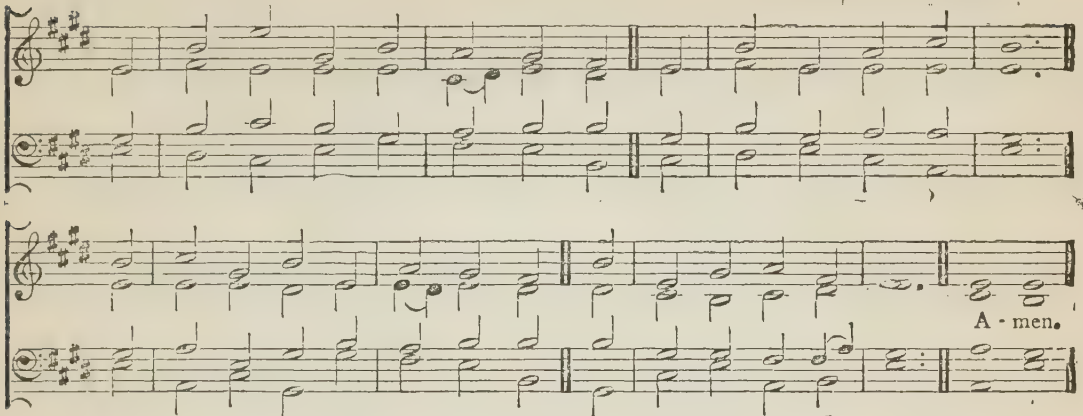
- mf* Jesus, the name I love so well,  
The name I love to hear ;  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.
- cr* This name shall shed its fragrance still  
Along this thorny road,  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill,  
That leads me up to God.
- f* And there with all the blood-bought throng,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
I'll sing the new eternal song  
Of Jesus' love to me.<sup>c</sup>

# Sundays after Trinity: Hobe.

## 292. ST. DAVID.

C.M.

RAVENSCROFT.



"The love of Christ constraineth us."—2 COR. v. 14.

*mf* My blessèd Saviour, is thy love  
So great, so full, so free?  
Behold, I give my love, my heart,  
My life, my all, to thee.

I love thee for the glorious worth  
Which in thyself I see;

*p* I love thee for that shameful cross  
Thou hast endured for me.

*f* Though in the very form of God,  
With heavenly glory crown'd,

*di* Thou wouldst partake of human flesh  
Beset with troubles round.

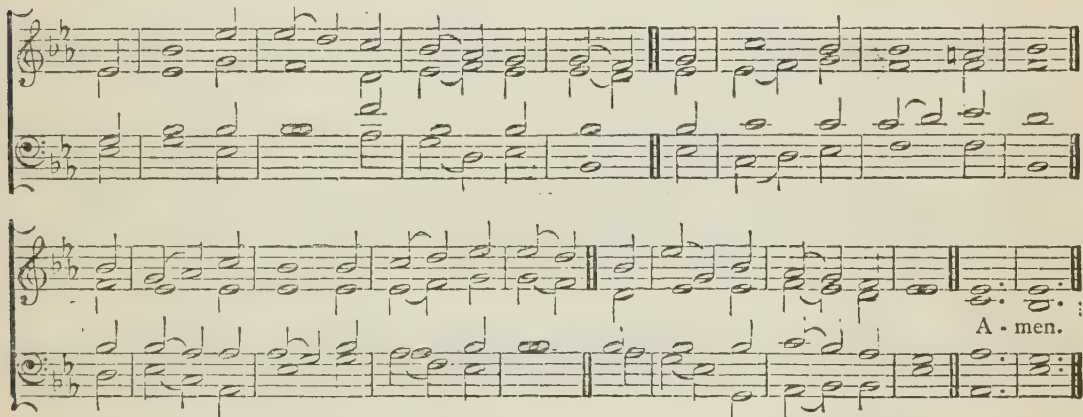
*p* Thou wouldst like wretched man be made  
In every thing but sin,  
*cr* That we as like thee might become  
As we unlike had been.

*f* Like thee in faith, in meekness, love,  
In every beauteous grace;  
*cr* From glory thus to glory changed,  
As we behold thy face.<sup>c</sup>

## 293. ABRIDGE.

C.M.

SMITH.



"We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."—  
HEB. iv. 15.

*mf* WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
And yearns with faithful love.

*p* Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame:  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.

He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Pour'd out his cries and fears,

*cr* And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.

*p* He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
*cr* But raise it to a flame;  
*mf* The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.

*cr* Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power;  
*f* We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour.<sup>c</sup>

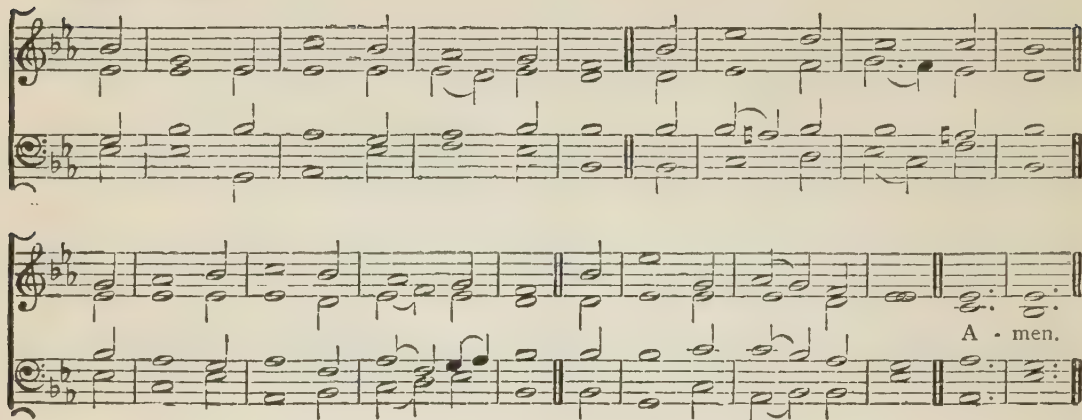


# Sundays after Trinity: Love.

294. BEDFORD.

C.M.

WHEALL.



"The Lord is my light and my salvation."—Ps. xxvii. 1.

*f* My God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights!

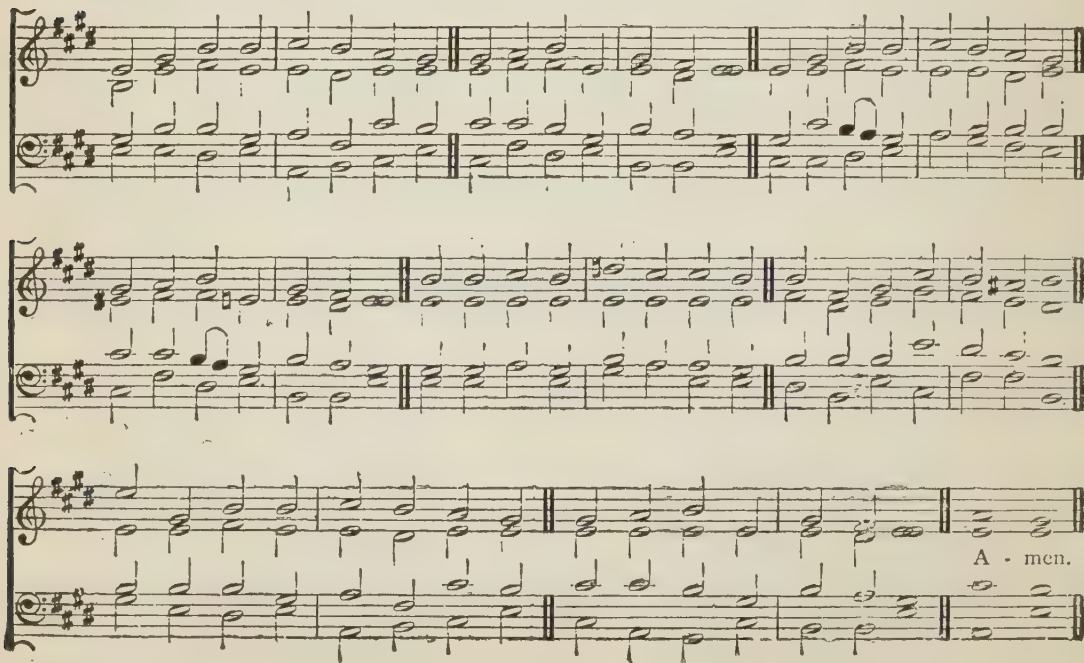
*mf* In darkest shades, if he appear,  
*c* My dawning has begun:  
He is my soul's sweet morning star,  
And he my rising sun.

*r* The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
*di* While Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
*p* And whispers, I am his.*c*

295. MANNHEIM.

D. 8s. 7s.

German.



# Sundays after Trinity: Cope.

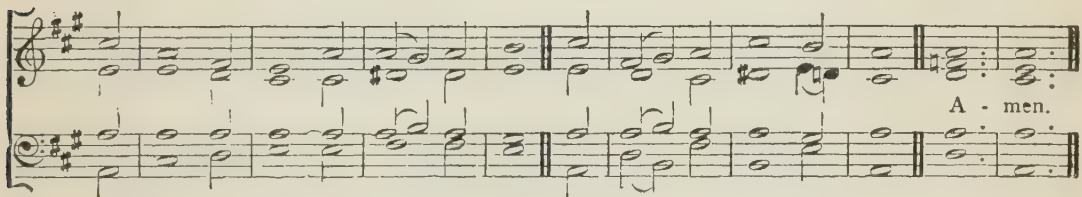
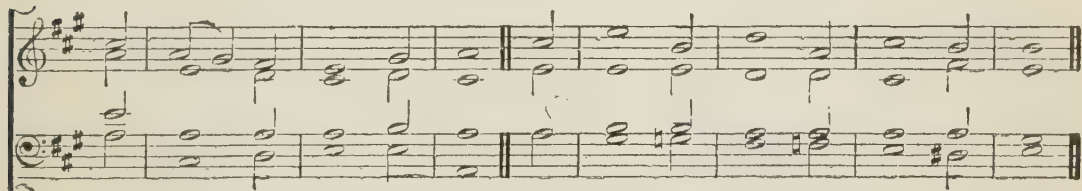
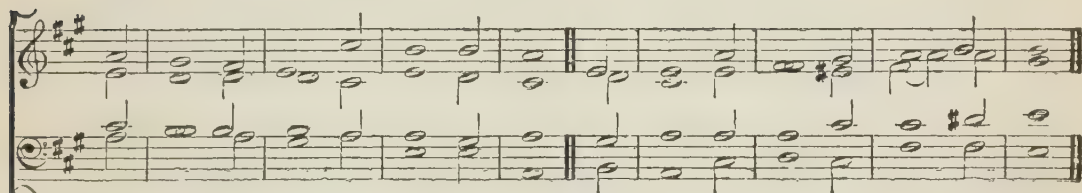
"Christ in you, the hope of glory."—COL. i. 27.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown :  
p Jesu, thou art all compassion,  
Pure unbounded love thou art ;  
cr Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.  
mf Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy grace receive ;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave.

f Thee we would be always blessing ;  
Serve thee as thy hosts above ;  
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing :  
Glory in thy perfect love.  
cr Finish then thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be :  
Let us see thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in thee.  
ff Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place :  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise."

296. KING'S COLLEGE. 8s. 8s. 6s.

WALKER.



"My soul followeth hard after thee."—Ps. lxxiii. 8.

mf O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art,  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by thee ?  
cr My thirsty spirit fains to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me.  
f Stronger his love than death and hell,  
Its riches are unsearchable :  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see ;  
di They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, and breadth, and height.

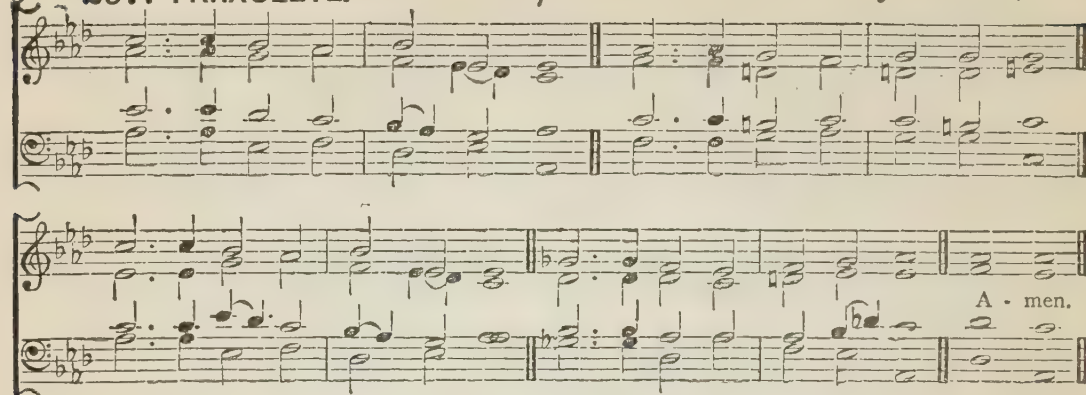
p God only knows the love of God ;  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart :  
cr For love I sigh, for love I pine,  
This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
Be mine this better part.  
mf O that I could for ever sit,  
With Mary, at the Master's feet ;  
Be this my happy choice :  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice

# Sundays after Trinity: Hobe.

## 297. PARACLETE.

7s.

J. T. COOPER.



"Lovest thou me?"—JOHN xxi. 15.

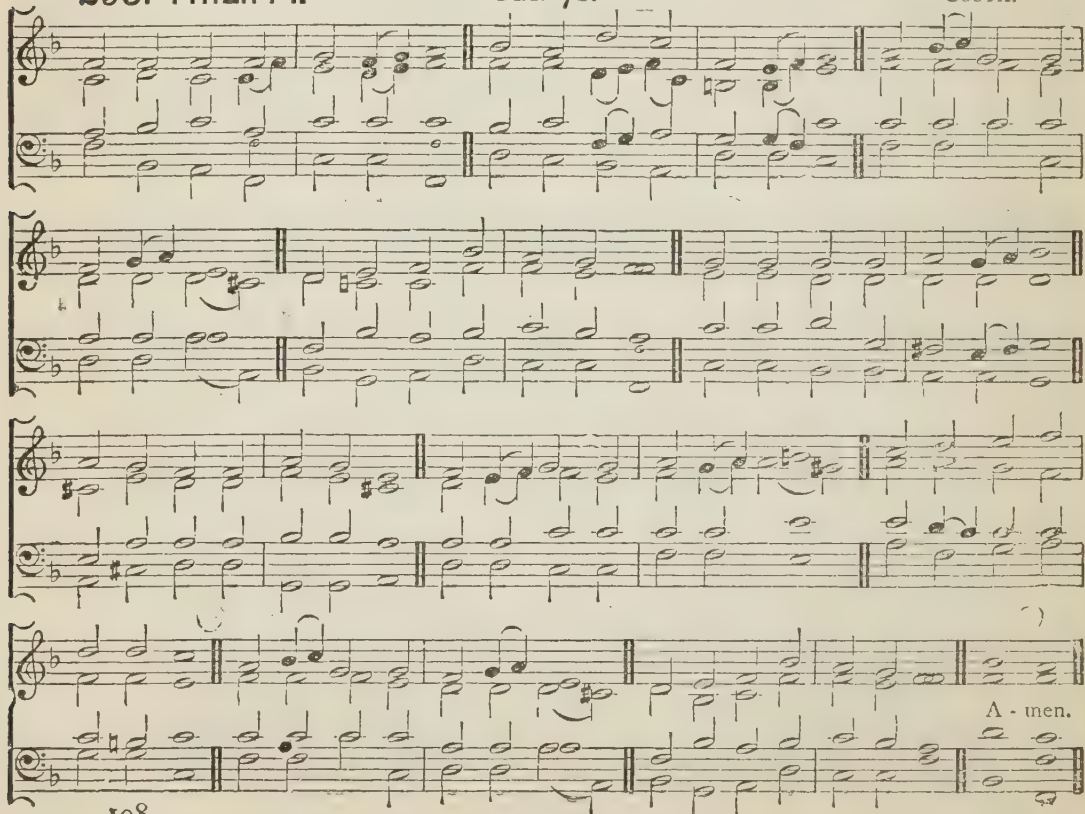
*mf* HARK! my soul, it is the Lord; Can a woman's tender care *cr* Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word; Cease towards the child she When the work of grace is done:  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee: bare? Partner of my throne shalt be;  
*p* "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?" *di* Yes, she may forgetful be, *p* Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou  
*mf* I deliver'd thee when bound, *cr* Yet will I remember thee. me?"  
And when bleeding, heal'd thy *mf* Mine is an unchanging love, *mp* Lord, it is my chief complaint  
wound; [right, Higher than the heights above, That my love is cold and faint:  
Sought thee wandering, set thee Deeper than the depths beneath, *cr* Yet I love thee, and adore;  
Turn'd thy darkness into light. *f* Free and faithful, strong as death, *f* O for grace to love thee more."

This Hymn may also be sung to "St. Bees," No. 148.

## 298. PHILIPPI.

TEN 7s.

COSTA.





# Sundays after Trinity: Hobe.

*Lord, thou knowest all things: thou knowest that I love thee.*—JOHN xxi. 17.

*mf* FROM the guiding star that led  
Sages to the manger bed ;  
From the God incarnate press'd  
To the mother-maiden's breast ;  
From the labours humbly plied  
Day by day at Joseph's side ;  
From the sacred lessons learn'd  
When the lamp of evening burn'd,—  
*di* Steals the voice persuasively,  
*p* " Lovest thou, yea, lovest me ?"  
*mf* From the Holy Dove who came  
Through the azure heavens like flame ;  
From the fast, the foughten strife ;  
*c* From the victory of life ;  
*f* From the happy homes that smiled,  
Parent heal'd and rescued child ;  
From the health that play'd again  
On the cheek long worn with pain,—  
*di* Still there sounds unweariedly,  
*p* " Lovest thou, yea, lovest me ?"  
*p* From the mingled glow and gloom  
Of the Paschal upper room ;  
From the deepening shades that fell  
Over Kedron's awful dell ;  
*pp* From the blood-stain'd pathway trod

By the fainting Son of God ;  
From the woes to us unknown,  
Bitter cross, and seal'd stone,—  
Ever comes persistently,  
" Lovest thou, yea, lovest me ?"  
*cr* From the dawn of Easter light  
Breaking on the world's long night ;  
From the glories lingering yet  
On the brow of Olivet ;  
*f* From the rapturous angel-songs ;  
From the Pentecostal tongues ;  
*mp* From the voice divinely sweet  
At the golden mercy-seat,—  
*c* Pleads, and pleads victoriously,  
" Lovest thou, yea, lovest me ?"  
*mp* " Lord, thou knowest through and through  
All I am and say and do,  
All the daily wants that press,  
All my hourly waywardness,  
All my conflicts, crosses, cares,  
Feeble praises, struggling prayers ;—  
*cr* Yet thou knowest, Lord, that I  
Fain for thee would live, would die ;  
Surely thou, who knowest me,  
Knowest, Master, I love thee."<sup>1</sup>

## 299. STELLA.

SIX 8s.

FROM "CROWN OF JESUS."

*"I will love thee, O Lord my strength."*—Ps. xviii. 1.

*r* THEE will I love, my strength, my tower ;  
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;  
Thee will I love with all my power,  
In all thy works, and thee alone ;  
*c* Thee will I love till sacred fire  
Fills my whole soul with pure desire.  
*mf* I thank thee, uncreated Sun,  
That thy bright beams on me have shined ;  
I thank thee, who hast overthrown  
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind ;  
*r* I thank thee, whose enlivening voice  
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

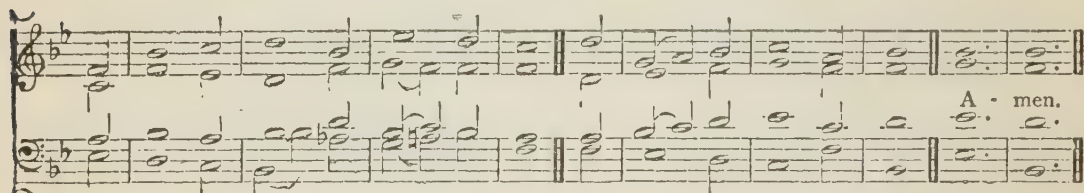
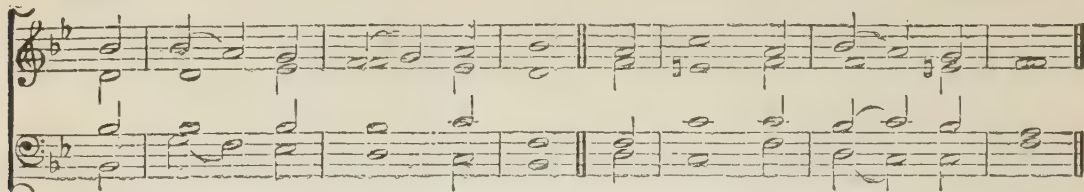
*mf* Uphold me in the doubtful race,  
Nor suffer me again to stray ;  
*cr* Strengthen my feet with steady pace  
Still to press forward in thy way ;  
*f* That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.  
*f* Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;  
*di* Thee will I love, beneath thy frown  
Or smile—thy sceptre or thy rod ;  
*p* What though my flesh and heart decay,  
*f* Thee shall I love in endless day.<sup>h</sup>

# Sundays after Trinity : Hobe.

300. AYNHOE.

S.M.

NARES.



*"When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them."*—LUKE vii. 42.

*mf* HE gave me back the bond ;  
It was a heavy debt ;  
And as he gave he smiled and said,  
*p* "Thou wilt not me forget."

*mf* He gave me back the bond ;  
The seal was torn away ;  
And as he gave he smiled and said,  
*p* "Think thou of me alway."

*mf* That bond I still will keep,  
Although it cancell'd be,

It tells me of the love of him  
Who paid the debt for me.

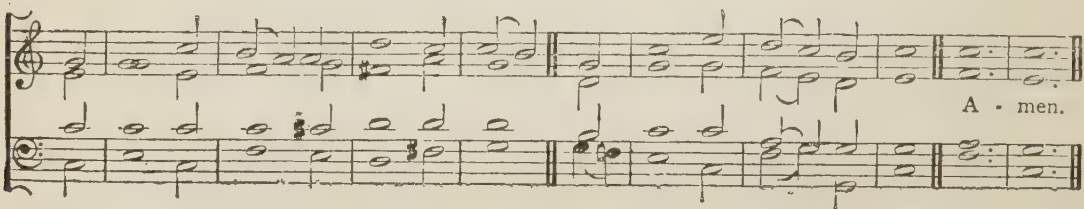
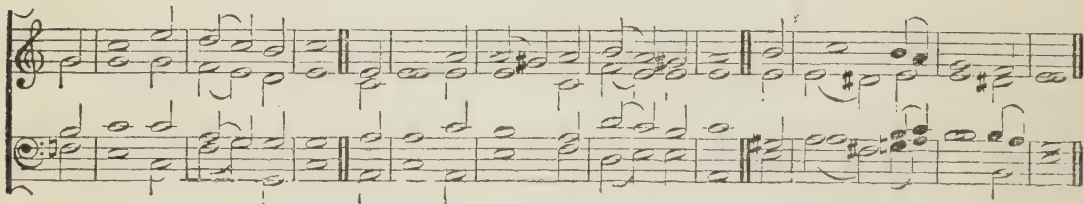
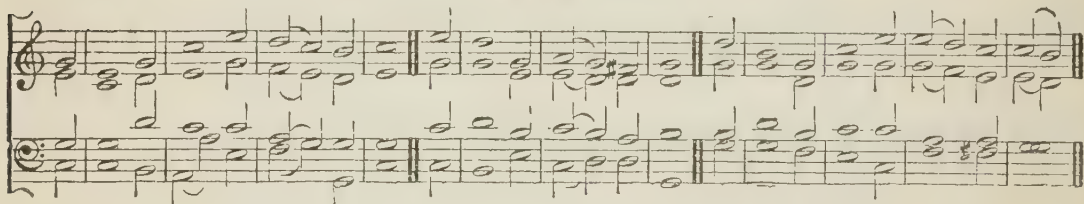
*f* I look on it and smile ;  
*p* I look again and weep ;  
*mf* That record of his love for me  
I will for ever keep.

It is a bond no more ;  
But it shall ever tell  
All that I owed was fully paid  
By my Emmanuel.<sup>e</sup>

301. ST. MATTHEW.

D.C.M.

CROFT



# Sundays after Trinity : Love.

"Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much."—LUKE vii 47.

- mf* WE love thee, Lord ; yet not alone, because thy bounteous hand  
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts on ocean and on land ;  
We praise thee, gracious Lord, for these, yet not for these alone  
The incense of thy children's love arises to thy throne.
- p* We love thee, Lord, because, when we had err'd and gone astray,  
Thou didst recall our wandering souls into the heavenward way,  
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost in sin and sorrow's night,  
*cr* A guiding ray was granted us from thy pure fount of light.
- f* Because, O Lord, thou lovedst us with everlasting love,  
And sentest forth thy Son to die that we might live above ;  
*mp* Because, when we were heirs of wrath, thou gavest hopes of heaven ;  
*cr* We love because we much have sinn'd, and much have been forgiven.

302. ST. JOHN.

SIX 7s.

CECIL.



"We are debtors."—ROM. viii. 12.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p><i>mf</i> WHEN this passing world is done,<br/>When has sunk yon glaring sun,<br/>When we stand with Christ in glory,<br/>Looking o'er life's finished story,<br/><i>f</i> Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—<br/><i>di</i> Not till then,—how much I owe.</p> <p><i>p</i> When I stand before the throne,<br/>Dress'd in beauty not my own ;<br/>When I see thee as thou art,<br/>Love thee with unsinning heart ;<br/>Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—<br/><i>di</i> Not till then,—how much I owe.</p> | <p><i>f</i> When the praise of heaven I hear,<br/>Loud as thunders to the ear,<br/>Loud as many waters' noise,<br/><i>p</i> Sweet as harp's melodious voice ;<br/><i>mf</i> Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—<br/><i>di</i> Not till then,—how much I owe.</p> <p><i>mp</i> Even on earth, as through a glass,<br/>Darkly, let thy glory pass ;<br/><i>p</i> Make forgiveness feel so sweet,<br/>Make thy Spirit's help so meet ;<br/><i>cr</i> Even on earth, Lord, make me know<br/>Something of how much I owe.</p> |
|--|---|

- mf* Chosen not for good in me,  
Waken'd up from wrath to flee,  
*p* Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified,  
*cr* Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
By my love, how much I owe.



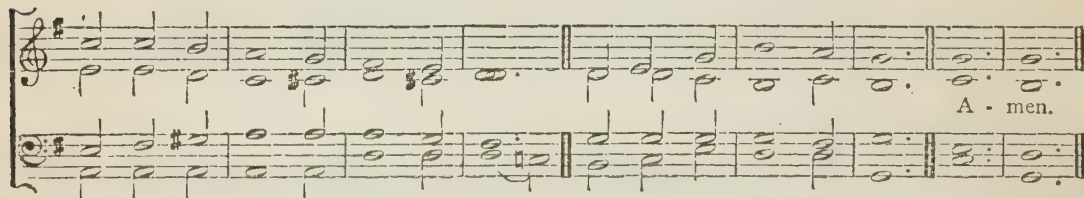
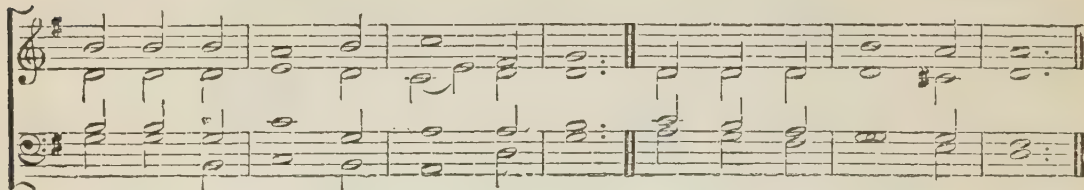
# Sundays after Trinity: Holiness.

DAILY ENDEAVOURING OURSELVES TO FOLLOW THE BLESSED STEPS  
OF HIS MOST HOLY LIFE."

## 303. ST. AGNES.

C.M

DYKES.



"Leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps."—I PET. ii. 21.

*mp* LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,  
And plead to be forgiven,  
*cr* So let thy life our pattern be,  
And form our souls for heaven.

*mf* Help us, through good report and ill,  
Our daily cross to bear;  
Like thee to do our Father's will,  
Our brethren's grief to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine,  
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,  
As free and true as thine

*f* If joy shall at thy bidding fly,  
And grief's dark day come on,  
*di* We, in our turn, would meekly cry,  
*pp* Father, thy will be done.

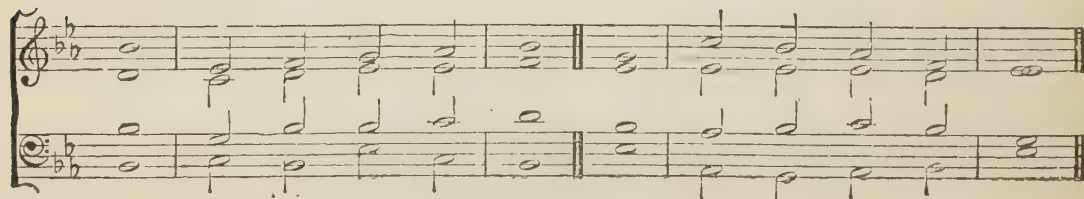
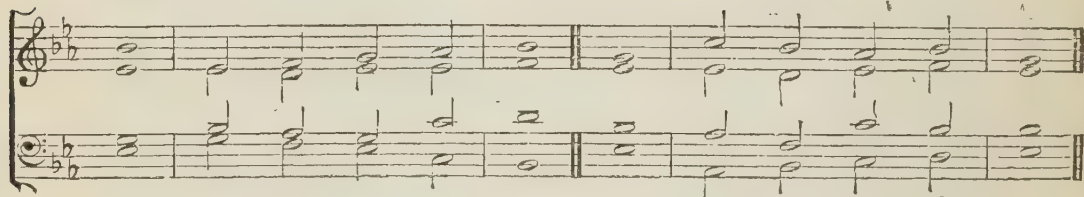
*mf* Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,  
Or brethren faithless prove,  
Then, like thine own, be all our aim  
To conquer them by love.

*cr* Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
And follow thee to heaven.<sup>c</sup>

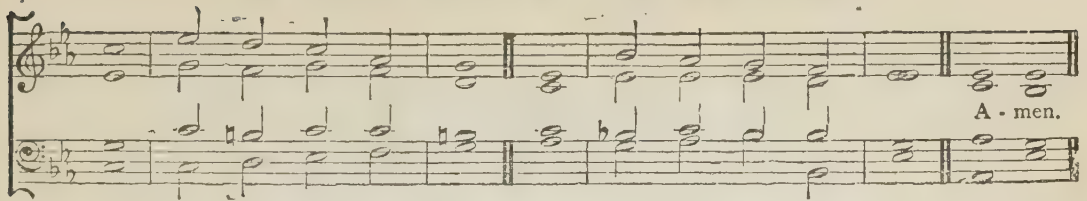
## 304. BACA.

SIX 6s.

HAVERGAL.



## Sundays after Trinity: Holiness.



‘They gave their own selves to the Lord.’—2 COR. viii. 5.

*mf* I GAVE my life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed,  
*cr* That thou might'st ransom'd be,  
And quicken'd from the dead.  
*p* I gave my life for thee;  
What hast thou given for me?

*mp* I spent long years for thee,  
In weariness and woe,  
*cr* That an eternity  
Of joy thou mightest know.  
*p* I spent long years for thee;  
Hast thou spent one for me?

• My Father's home of light,  
My rainbow-circled throne,  
*di* I left for earthly night,  
For wanderings sad and lone.  
*p* I left it all for thee;  
Hast thou left aught for me?

I suffer'd much for thee,  
More than thy tongue can tell,  
*pp* Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue thee from hell.  
*mp* I suffer'd much for thee;  
What canst thou bear for me?

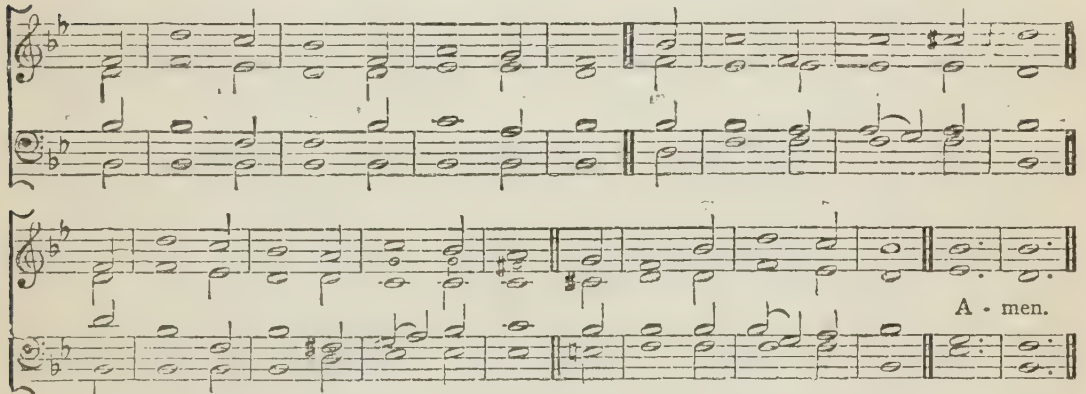
*mf* And I have brought to thee,  
Down from my home above,  
*cr* Salvation full and free,  
My pardon and my love.  
Great gifts I brought to thee;  
*p* What hast thou brought to me?

• Oh, let thy life be given,  
Thy years for me be spent,  
World-fetters all be riven,  
And joy with suffering blent.  
I gave myself for thee;  
Give thou thyself to me.

### 305. HOLY CROSS.

C.M.

Adapted from MENDELSSOHN.



‘A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.’—EZEK. xxxvi. 26.

*f* O FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free:  
*di* A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me:

*mf* A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone

*mp* A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing true, and clean;

*cr* Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within:

• A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And full of love divine,  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine.

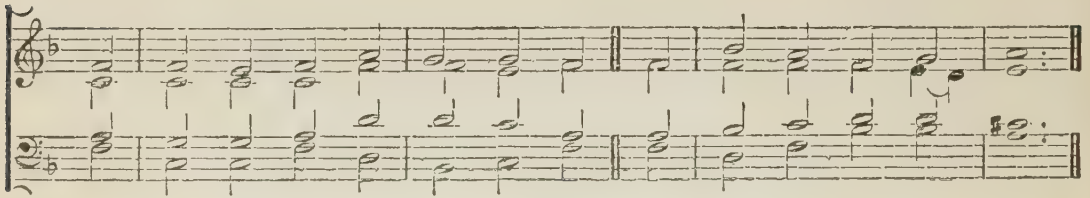
*mf* Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart:  
Come quickly from above;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
*p* Thy new best name of love

# Sundays after Trinity : Holiness.

## 306. ST. FLAVIAN.

C.M.

RAVENSCHROFT



"I am the way, the truth, and the life."—JOHN xiv. 6.

*mf* THOU art the way,—to thee alone  
From sin and death we flee ;  
And he, who would the Father seek,  
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the truth,—thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart ;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.

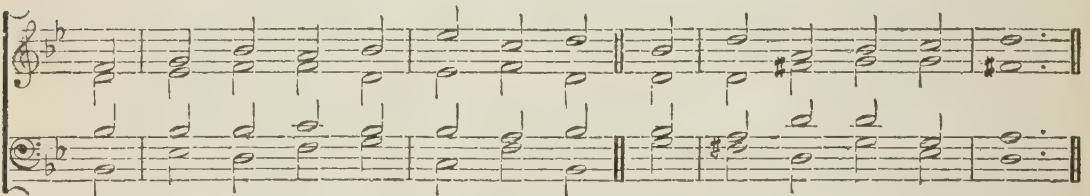
*f* THOU art the life,—the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conquering arm ;  
And those, who put their trust in thee,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm

Thou art the way, the truth, the life ;  
*mf* Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win  
Whose joys eternal flow.<sup>e</sup>

## 307. CLOISTERS.

C.M.

TURLE.



"Changed into the same image from glory to glory."—2 COR. iii. 18.

*mf* O SAVIOUR, may we never rest  
Till thou art form'd within ;  
Till thou hast calm'd our troubled breast,  
And crush'd the power of sin.

*p* O may we gaze upon thy cross,  
Until the wondrous sight  
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,  
And earthly sorrows light.

20.

*c* Until, released from carnal ties,  
Our spirit upward springs,  
And sees true peace above the skies,  
True joy in heavenly things.

*f* There, as we gaze, may we become  
United, Lord, to thee ;  
And in a fairer happier home  
Thy perfect beauty see.<sup>e</sup>

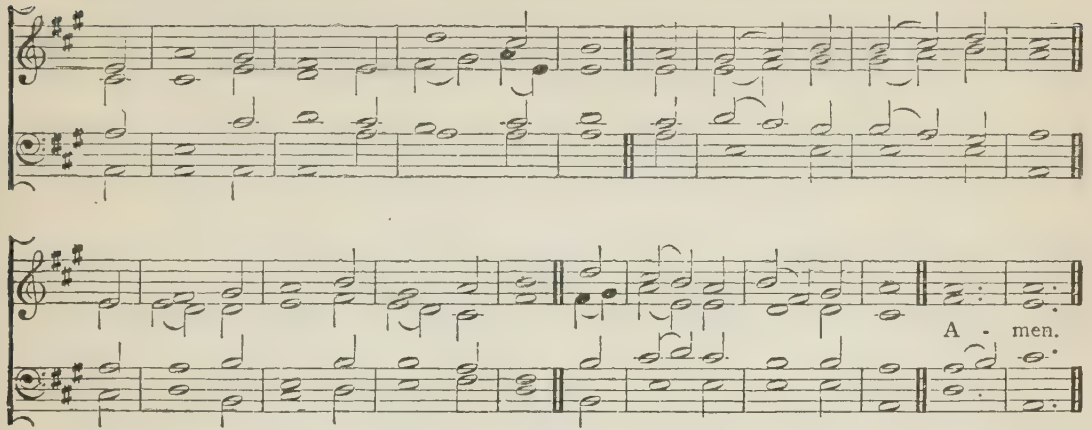


# Sundays after Trinity: Holiness.

## 308. EVANGELIST.

C.M.

Adapted from MENDELSSOHN.



"My soul thirsteth for thee."—Ps. lxiii. 1.

*mf* THE dove let loose in eastern skies,  
Returning fondly home,  
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies  
Where idler warblers roam :

*c* But high she shoots through air and light  
Above each low delay,  
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
Nor shadow dims her way.

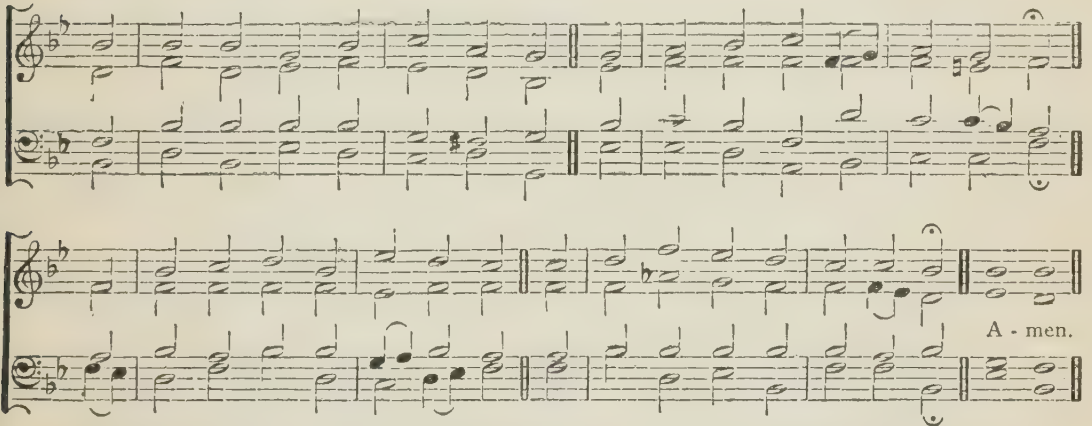
*mf* So grant me, God, from earthly care,  
From pride and passion free,  
Aloft through faith and love's pure air  
To hold my course to thee.

*cr* No lure to tempt, no art to stay  
My soul as home she springs ;  
*f* Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
Thy freedom on her wings.<sup>c</sup>

## 309. BRESLAU.

L.M.

Clauderi Psalter.



"If any man will come after me, let him take up his cross daily, and follow me."—LUKE ix. 23.

*mf* TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,  
If thou wouldst my disciple be ;  
Deny thyself, the world forsake,  
And humbly follow after me.

Take up thy cross ; let not its weight  
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm :

*c* My strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
And brace thine heart and nerve thine arm.

*mf* Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,  
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel ;  
*f* Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,  
To save thy soul from death and hell.

*mf* Take up thy cross then in his strength,  
And calmly every danger brave ;  
*cr* 'Twill guide thee to a better home,  
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

*mf* Take up thy cross and follow him,  
Nor think till death to lay it down ;  
For only he who bears the cross  
*cr* May hope to wear the glorious crown

*f* To thee, O God, the One in Three,  
All praise for evermore ascend ;  
O grant us in our home to see  
The heavenly life that knows no end.<sup>d</sup>

# Sundays after Trinity: Holiness.

310. FAIRFIELD.

D.S.M.

LA TROBÉ.

"Put on the whole armour of God."—EPH. vi. 11.

*mf* JESU, my strength, my hope,  
On thee I cast my care ;  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hear'st my prayer.  
*cr* Give me on thee to wait  
Till I can all things do ;  
On thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

*mf* I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill ;  
A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss,  
Bold to take up, firm to maintain  
The consecrated cross.

*mf* I want a godly fear,  
A quick discerning eye,  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly ;  
A spirit still prepared,  
And arm'd with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

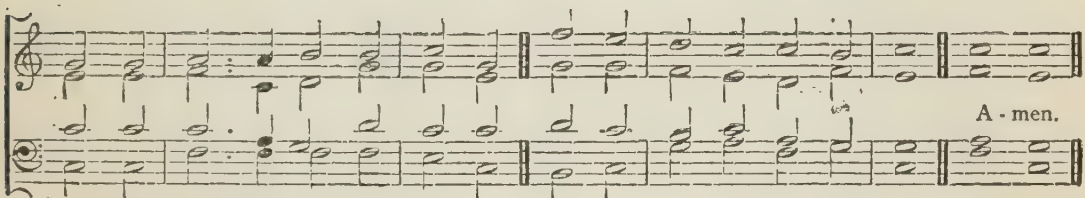
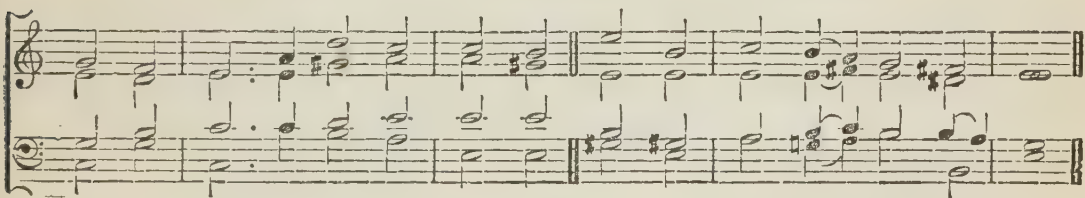
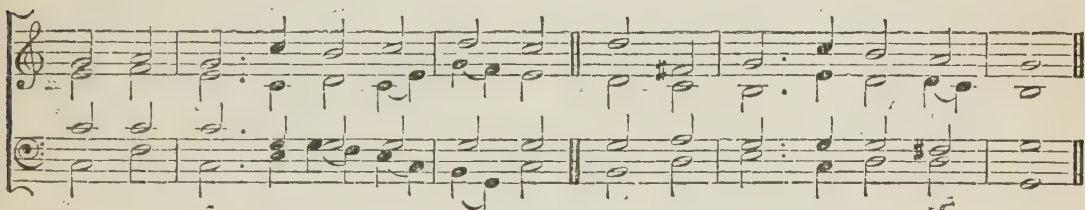
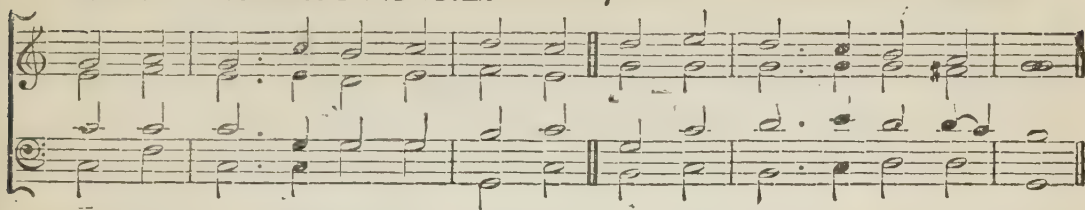
*r* I rest upon thy word,  
The promise is for me ;  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from thee.

*di* But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
*cr* Till thou my patient spirit guide  
Into thy perfect love.

# Sundays after Trinity: Holiness.

311. ST. AMBROSE (CECIL). D. 8s. 7s.

CECIL.



"What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ."—PHIL. iii. 7.

*mf* Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee;  
*p* Destitute, despised, forsaken,  
*mf* Thou from hence my all shalt be:  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
*cr* Yet how rich is my condition!  
God and heaven are still my own.  
*p* Man may trouble and distress me,  
*cr* 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;  
*p* Life with trials hard may press me,  
*cr* Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
*mf* O 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me;  
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

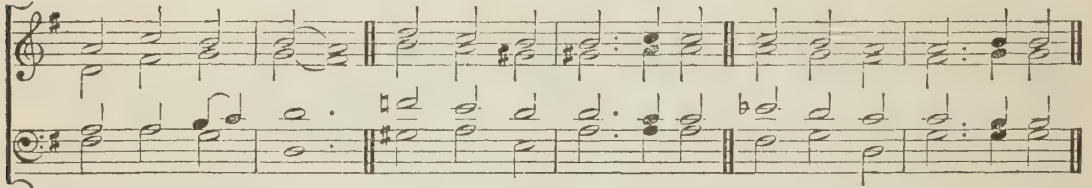
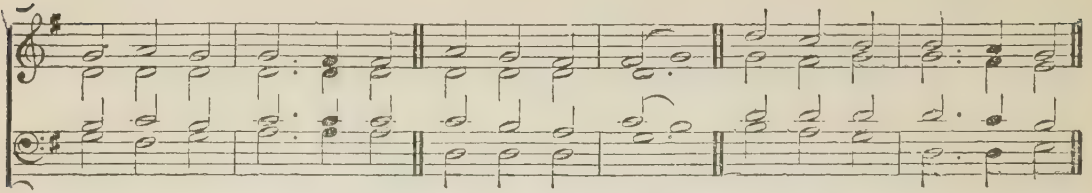
*cr* Take, my soul, thy full salvation;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
*mf* Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear:  
*mp* Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
What a Father's smile is thine;  
What a Saviour died to win thee;  
*cr* Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?  
*f* Haste then on from grace to glory,  
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
*di* Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
*cr* Hope soon change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



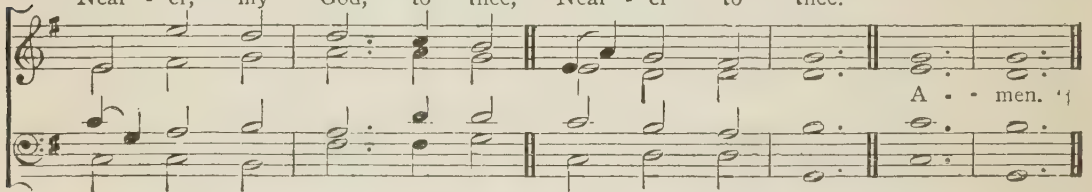
# Sundays after Trinity: Holiness.

## 312. BETHEL. [FIRST TUNE.] 6s. 4s.

GRAUN.



Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.



"A people near unto him."—Ps. cxlviii. 14.

*mf* NEARER, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee;

*p* Even though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;

*cr* Still all my song shall be,  
*di* Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

*mp* Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;

*cr* Yet in my dreams I'd be  
*di* Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given;

*cr* Angels to beckon me  
*di* Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

*f* Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;

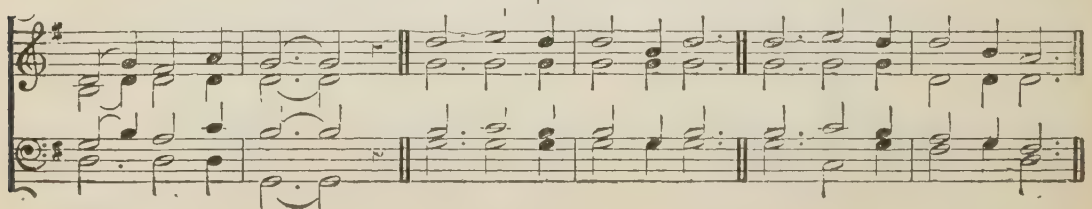
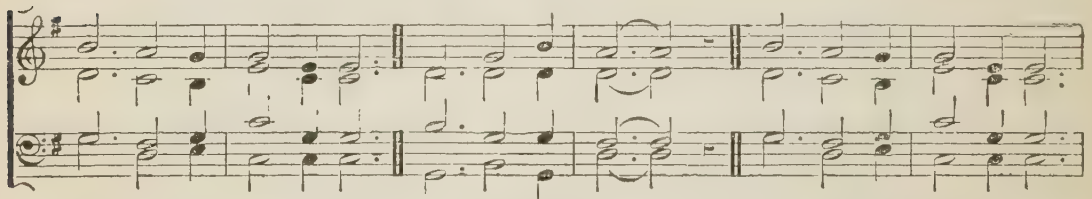
*cr* So by my woes to be  
*di* Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

*f* And when on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly;

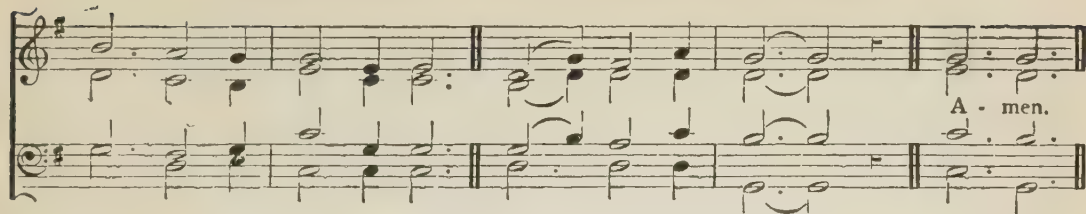
Still all my song shall be,  
*di* Nearer, my God, to thee,  
*pp* Nearer to thee.

## 312. EXCELSIOR. [SECOND TUNE.] 6s. 4s.

MASON.



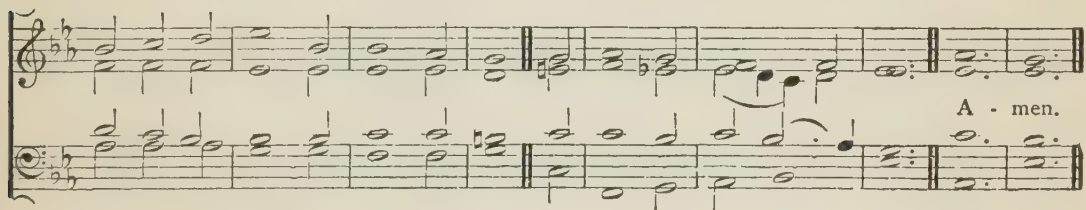
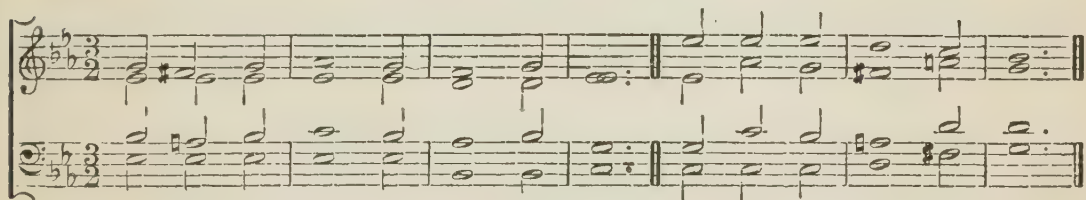
# Sundays after Trinity: Holiness.



## 313. CASTLE RISING.

D.C.M.

HERVEY.



"The things which are not seen are eternal."—2 COR. iv. 18.

*mf* THE roseate hues of early dawn,

The brightness of the day,

The crimson of the sunset sky,

*di* How fast they fade away :

*cr* O for the pearly gates of heaven ;

O for the golden floor ;

O for the Sun of Righteousness,

That setteth never more !

*mp* The highest hopes we cherish here,

How fast they tire and faint ;

How many a spot defiles the robe

That wraps an earthly saint :

*cr* O for a heart that never sins ;

O for a soul wash'd white ;

O for a voice to praise our King,

Nor weary day or night.

*mf* Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,

And grace to lead us higher ;

*cr* But there are perfectness and peace

Beyond our best desire.

*p* O by thy love and anguish, Lord,

O by thy life laid down,

*mf* O that we fall not from thy grace,

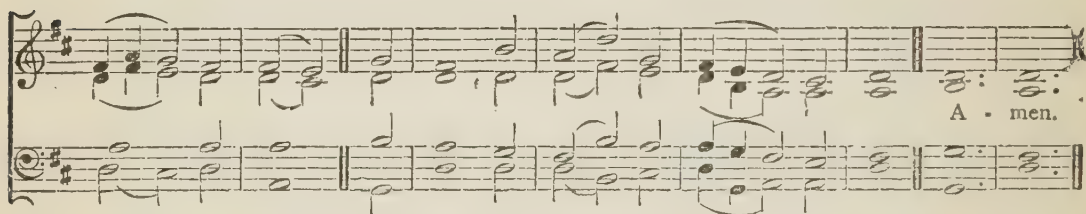
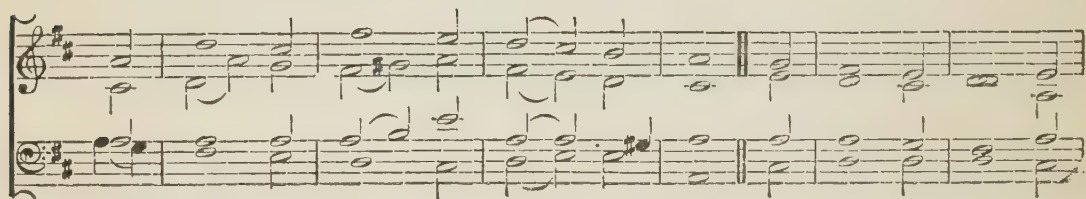
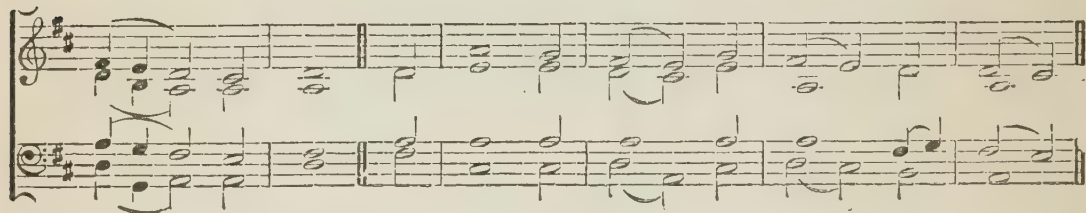
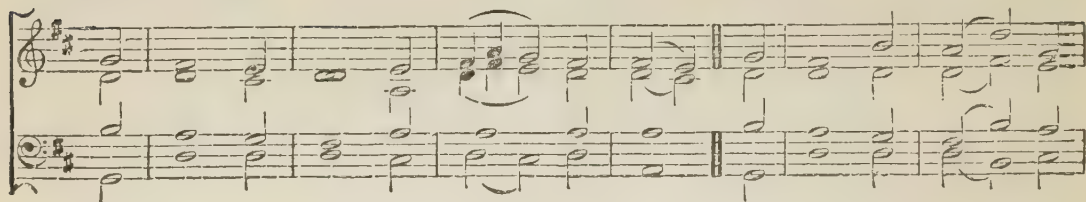
Nor cast away our crown.<sup>d</sup>

# Sundays after Trinity: Holiness.

314. ARNE.

SIX 8s.

Adapted from DR. ARNE.



"Whom have I in heaven but thee?"—Ps. lxxiii. 25.

*mf* THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows :  
*dl* I see from far thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for thy repose :  
*p* My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
At rest till it find rest in thee.

*mp* Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with thee my heart to share ?

*cr* Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there.

*f* Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in thee,  
210

*mf* O hide this self from me, that I  
No more, but Christ in me, may live ;  
My vile affections crucify,  
Nor let one darling lust survive ;  
In all things nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

*cr* Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
I am thy love, thy God, thy all :

*r* To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,  
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

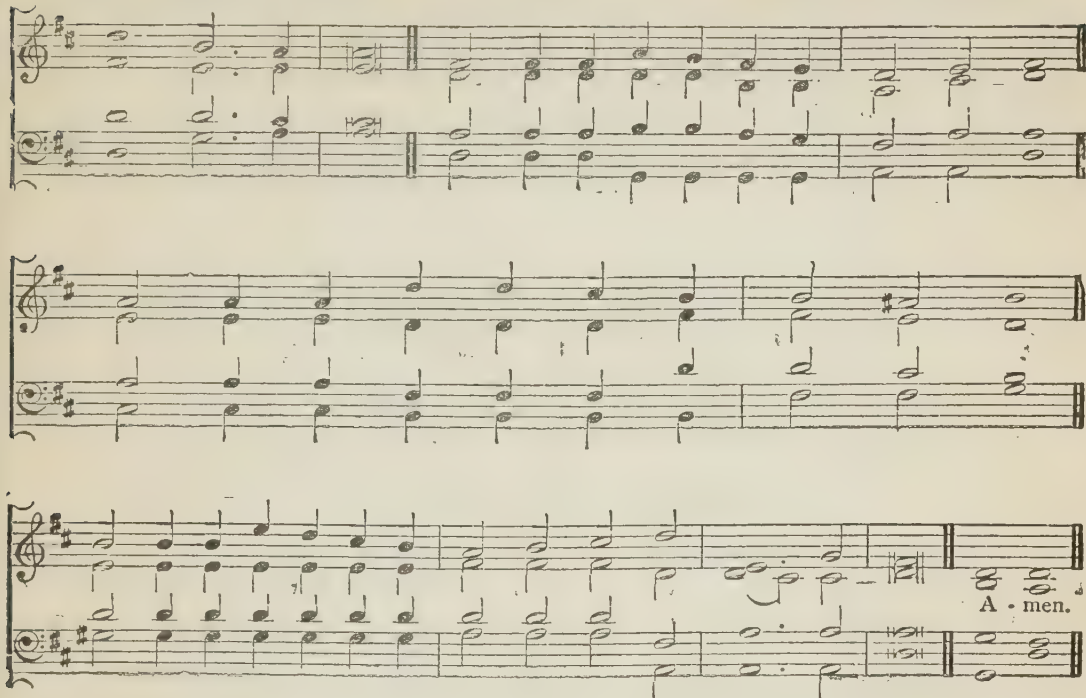


# Sundays after Trinity: Holiness.

315. ORA LABORA.

4S. 10S.

STEWART.



"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. xxi. 28.

*f* COME, labour on.

Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,  
While all around him waves the golden grain?  
And to each servant does the Master say,  
"Go work to-day."

Come, labour on.

Claim the high calling angels cannot share—  
To young and old the Gospel-gladness bear:  
*di* Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly  
*p* The night draws nigh]

*mf* COME, labour on.

The labourers are few, the field is wide,  
*c* New stations must be fill'd and blanks supplied  
From voices distant far, or near at home,  
The call is, "Come."

*f* COME, labour on.

Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!  
No arm so weak but may do service here:  
*di* By feeblest agents can our God fulfil  
His righteous will.

*c* COME, labour on.

No time for rest, till glows the western sky,  
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,  
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun—  
"Servants, well done."

Come, labour on.

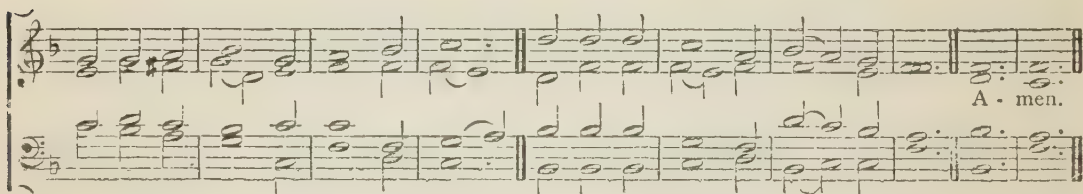
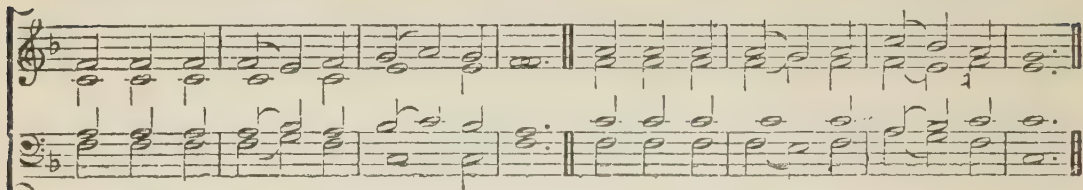
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,  
*c* Blessed are those who to the end endure;  
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,  
*p* O Lord, with thee!

# Sundays after Trinity: Holiness.

## 316. HURSLEY.

L.M.

Italian Melody.



*"My helpers in Christ Jesus."—ROM. xvi. 3.*

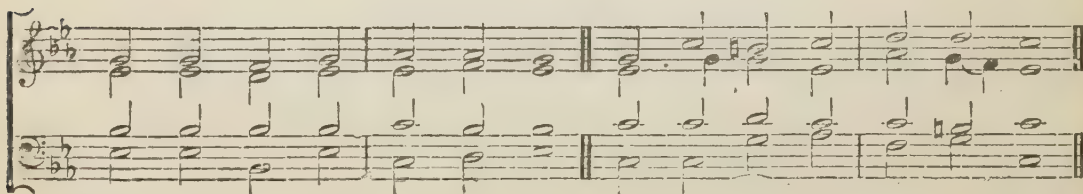
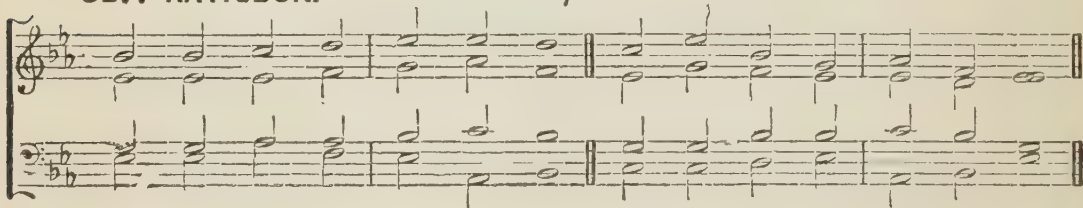
*♩* LORD, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of thy tone;  
As thou hast sought, so let me seek  
Thy erring children lost and lone.  
  
O lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
The wandering and the wavering feet;  
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.  
  
*t* O strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the Rock, and strong in thee,  
*di* I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.  
  
*mf* O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things thou dost impart;

And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.  
  
*p* O give thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power  
A word in season, as from thee,  
To weary ones in needful hour.  
  
*p* O fill me with thy fulness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.  
  
*cr* O use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where;  
*f* Until thy blessèd face I see,  
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.<sup>b</sup>

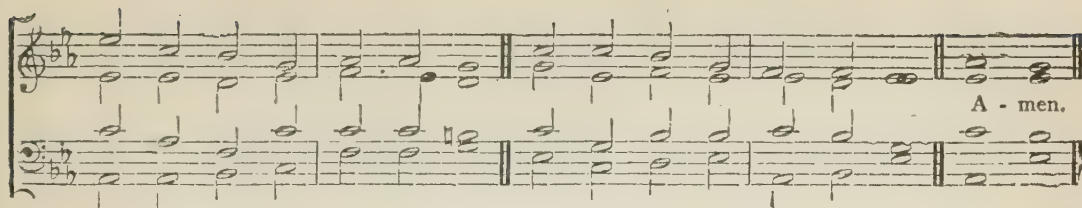
## 317. RATISBON.

SIX 7s.

WERNER.



# Sundays after Trinity: Holiness.



"He careth for you."—1 PET. v. 7.

*mp* QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,  
Make me teachable and mild,  
Upright, simple, free from art,  
Make me as a weanèd child,  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

What thou shalt to-day provide  
Let me as a child receive ;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to thy wisdom leave :  
'Tis enough that thou wilt care ;  
Why should I the burden bear ?

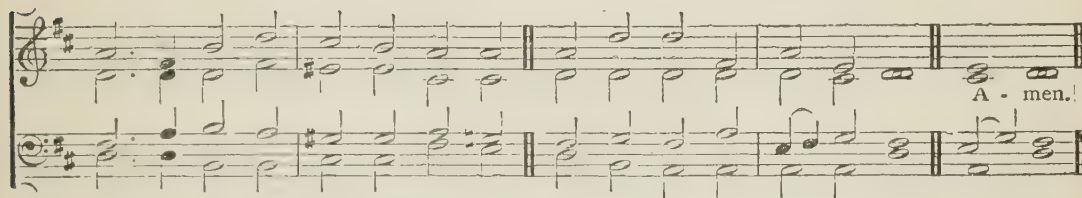
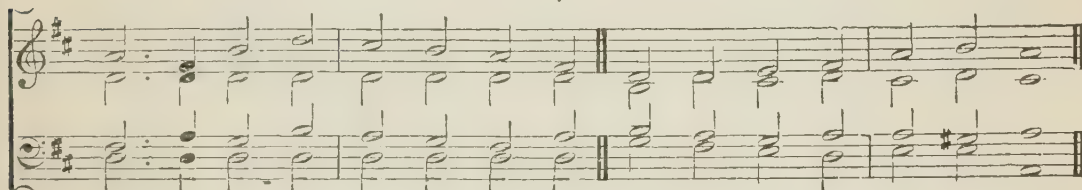
*mf* As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own,  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone,  
Let me thus with thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

*c* Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,  
Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
May I live upon thy smiles,  
Till the promised hour appears,  
When the sons of God shall prove  
All their Father's boundless love. *k*

## 318. SYCHAR.

8s. 7s.

DYKES.



"He saith unto them, Follow me. And they straightway left their nets, and followed him."—  
MATT. iv. 19, 20.

*mf* JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult  
Of our life's wild restless sea,  
*c* Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,  
*p* Saying, "Christian, follow me."  
*mf* As, of old, Apostles heard it  
By the Galilean lake,  
Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred,  
Leaving all for his dear sake.

Jesus calls us—from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store,

From each idol that would keep us—  
*p* Saying, "Christian, love me more."

*mf* In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,  
*p* "Christian, love me more than these."

*mp* Jesus calls us. By thy mercies,  
*c* Saviour, may we hear thy call,  
Give our hearts to thy obedience,  
Serve and love thee, best of all. *m*



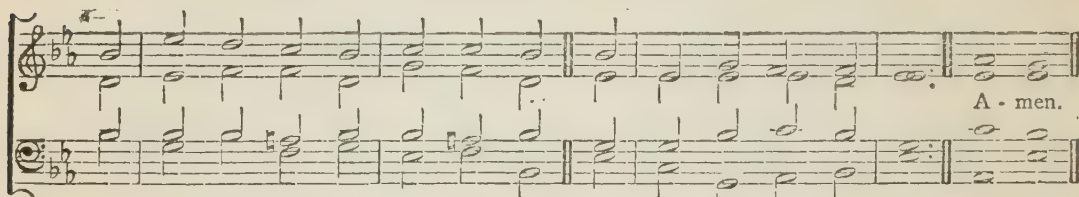
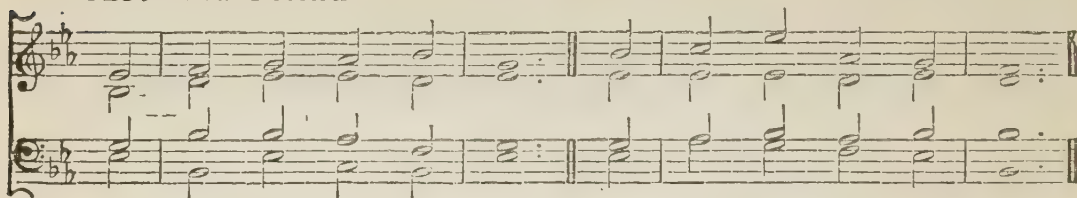
# Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.

"MANFULLY TO FIGHT UNDER HIS BANNER."

## 319. FRANCONIA.

S.M.

German Chorale



"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."—Eph. vi. 10.

*f* SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on;  
Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
Through his eternal Son.

*c* Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power;  
*mp* Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
*f* Is more than conqueror.

*mf* Stand then in his great might,  
With all his strength endued;

But take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God.

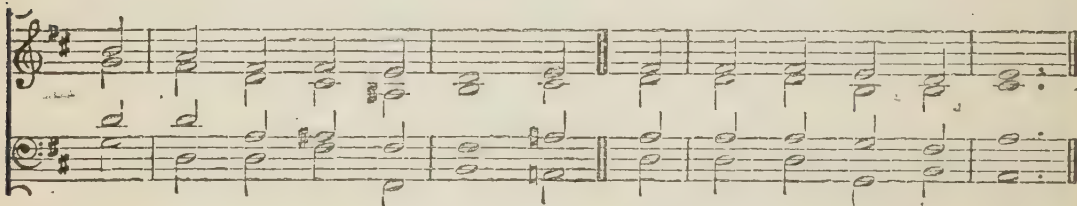
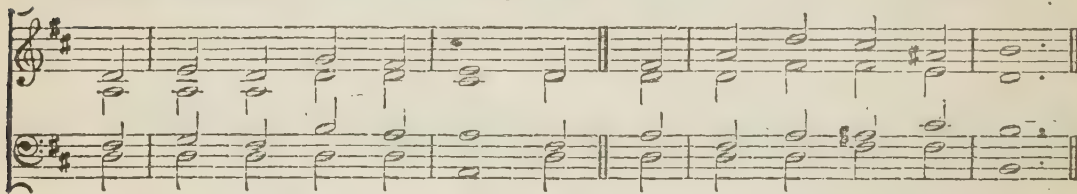
*c* From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.

*f* That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts pass'd,  
*f* Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.<sup>e</sup>

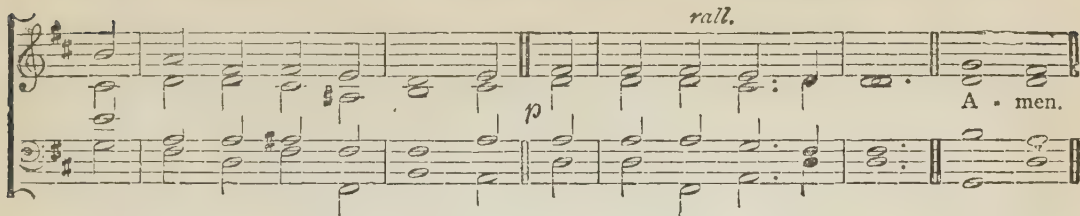
## 320. EWING.

7s. 6s.

EWING.



# Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.



"That ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand."—EPH. vi 13

*f* STAND up, stand up, for Jesus,  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high his royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss:  
*cr* From victory unto victory  
His army shall he lead;  
Till every foe is vanquish'd,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up, for Jesus;  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict  
In this his glorious day:  
Ye that are men now serve him  
Against unnumber'd foes;  
*cr* Your courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

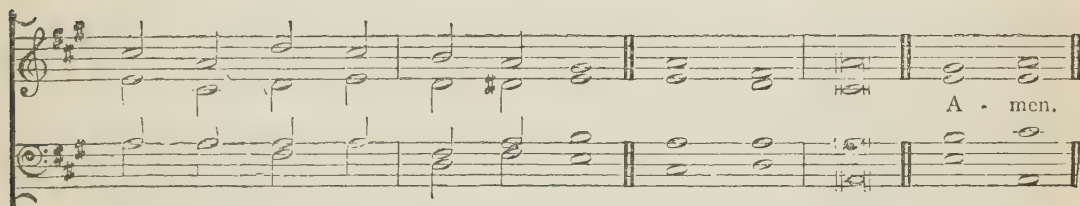
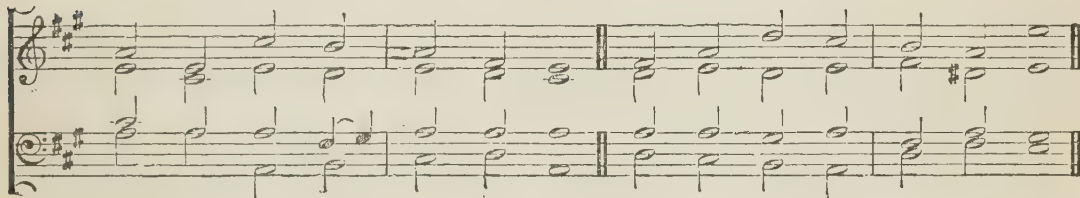
*f* Stand up, stand up, for Jesus;  
Stand in his strength alone;  
*p* The arm of flesh will fail you,  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
*cr* Put on the gospel armour,  
And watching unto prayer,  
When duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

*f* Stand up, stand up, for Jesus;  
*di* The strife will not be long;  
*p* This day the noise of battle,  
*f* The next the victor's song:  
*f* To him that overcometh  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of Glory  
Shall reign eternally.<sup>s</sup>

321. SAMOS.

7s. 3.

HAVERGAL.



"Be ye sober, and watch unto prayer."—1 PET. iv. 7.

*mf* "CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,  
Hear thy guardian angel say;  
Thou art in the midst of foes;  
*p* "Watch and pray."

*f* Principalities and powers,  
Mustering their unseen army,  
Wait for thy unguarded hours;  
*p* "Watch and pray."

*mf* Gird thy heavenly armour on,  
Wear it ever night and day;  
Ambush'd lies the evil one;  
*p* "Watch and pray."

*mf* Hear the victors who o'ercame;  
Still they mark each warrior's way;  
*cr* All with one sweet voice exclaim,  
"Watch and pray."

*f* Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,  
*di* Him thou lovest to obey;  
*p* Hide within thy heart his word,  
"Watch and pray."

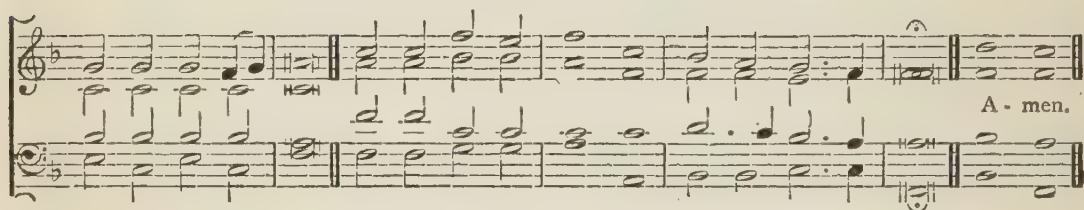
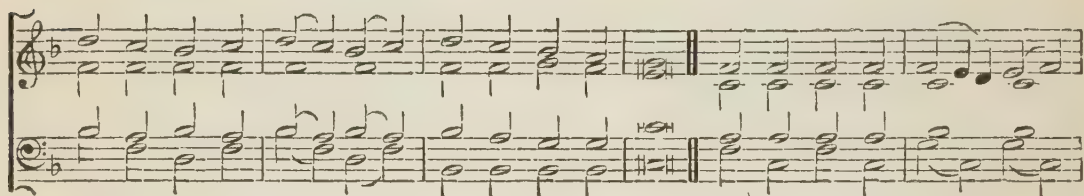
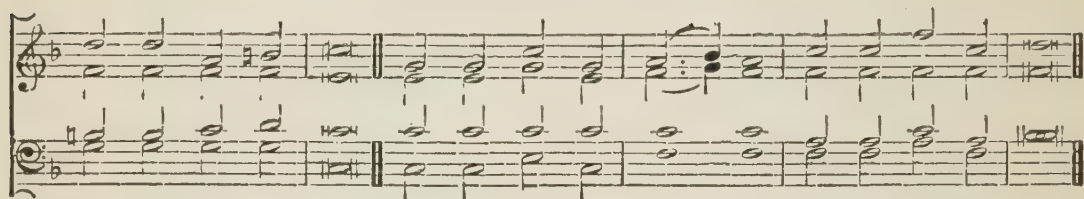
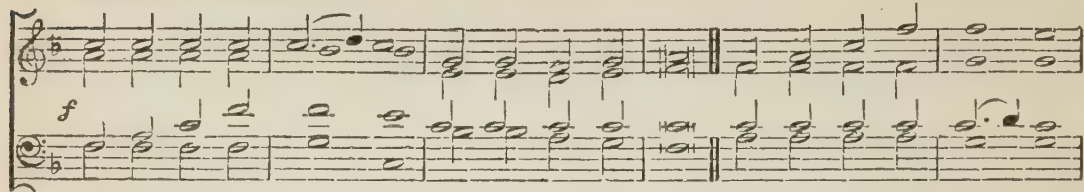
*mf* Watch, as if on that alone  
Hung the issue of the day;  
Pray, that help may be sent down;  
"Watch and pray."

# Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.

## 322. ST. GERTRUDE.

I IS.

SULLIVAN.



"Be strong and of good courage: for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee."—

DUET. xxxi. 6.

- f* ONWARD, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.  
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe,  
Forward into battle, see, his banners go.  
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.
- At the name of Jesus Satan's host doth flee;  
On, then, Christian soldiers, on to victory!
- r* Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise:  
Brothers, lift your voices; loud your anthems raise.  
*f* Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.
- f* Like a mighty army, moves the Church of God.  
*dz* Brothers, we are treading where the saints have
- mf* We are not divided, all one body we—  
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.  
*f* Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.  
*mp* Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and  
wane;  
*cr* But the Church of Jesus constant will remain:  
*f* Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail.  
*f* Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.  
*f* Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng;  
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph-song;  
*cr* Glory, praise, and honour unto Christ the King,  
This through countless ages men and angels sing.  
*ff* Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.

trod.

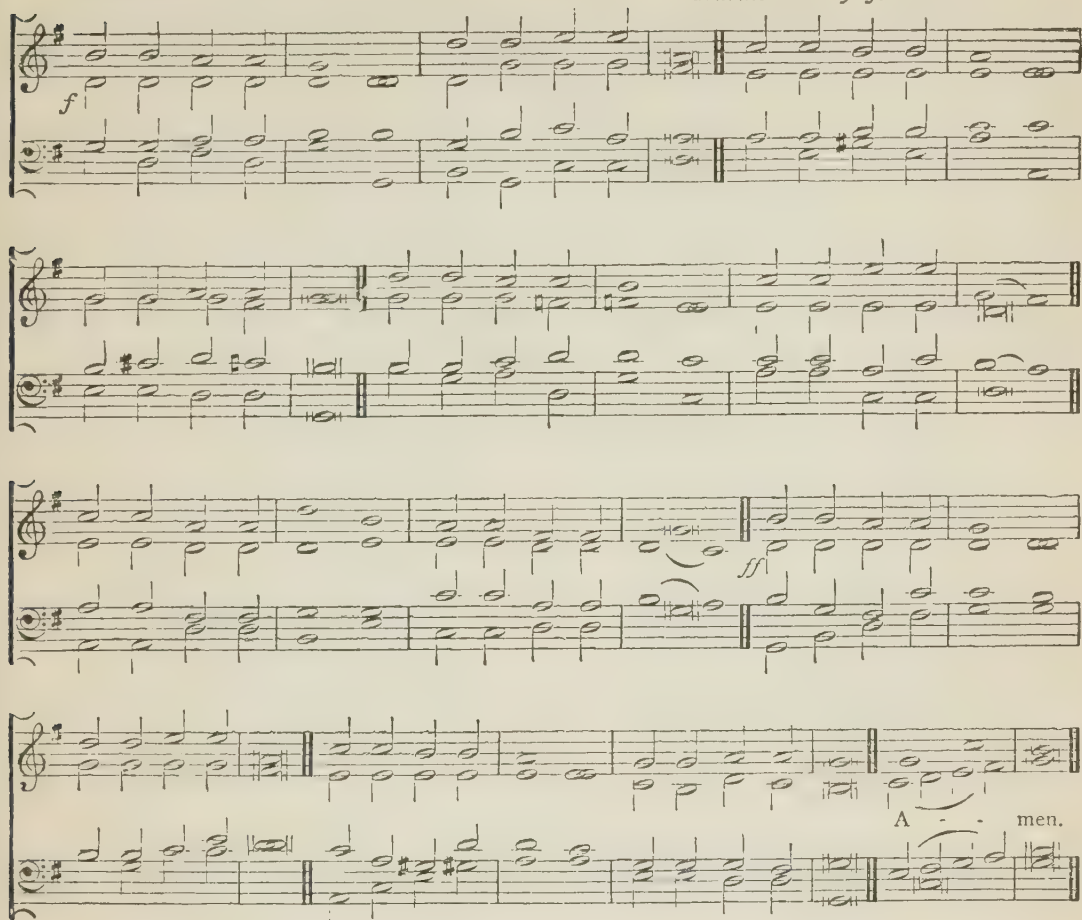


# Sundays after Trinity : Warfare and Pilgrimage.

323. ST. ALBAN (HAYDN). 118.

From HAYDN.

Harmonized by J. T. COOPER.



"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."—EXOD. xiv. 15.

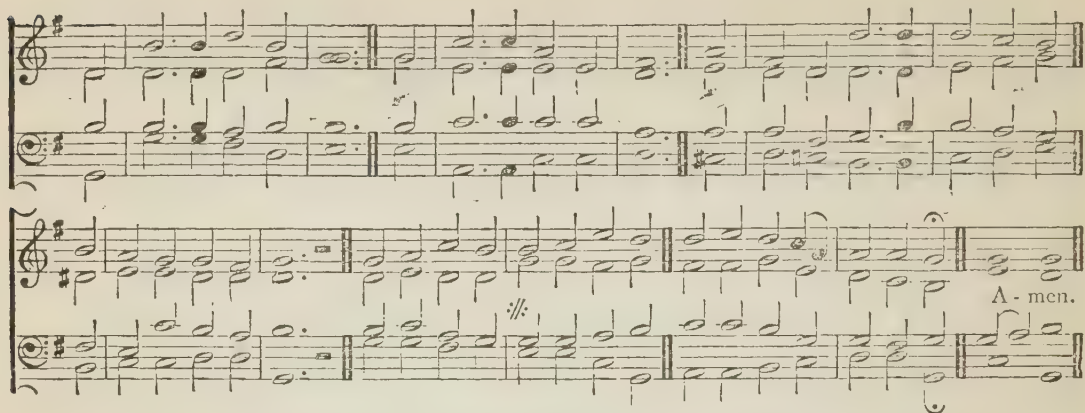
FORWARD! be our watchword, steps and voices <i>f</i>	Forward, out of error; leave behind the night;
join'd;	Forward through the darkness, forward into light.
Seek the things before us, not a look behind;	<i>ff</i> Glories upon glories hath our God prepared,
burns the fiery pillar at our army's head;	By the souls that love him one day to be shared:
Who shall dream of shrinking, by Jehovah led?	<i>di</i> Eye hath not beheld them, ear hath never heard:
Forward through the desert, through the toil and	<i>p</i> Nor of these hath utter'd thought or speech a word:
fight:	<i>f</i> Forward, marching eastward, where the heaven is
Jordan flows before us, Zion beams with light.	bright,
	<i>cr</i> Till the veil be lifted, till our faith be sight.
<i>f</i> Forward, when in childhood buds the infant mind;	<i>mf</i> Far o'er yon horizon rise the city towers,
All through youth and manhood, not a thought	Where our God abideth; that fair home is ours;
behind;	<i>cr</i> Flash the streets with jasper, shine the gates with
Speed through realms of nature, climb the steps of	gold;
grace;	Flows the gladdening river shedding joys untold.
Faint not, till around us gleams the Father's face.	Thither, onward thither, in Jehovah's might:
Forward, all the life-time, climb from height to <i>f</i>	Pilgrims to your country, forward into light.
height;	
Till the head be hoary, till the eve be light.	<i>ff</i> To the Father's glory loudest anthems raise;
	To the Son and Spirit echo songs of praise;
<i>f</i> Forward, flock of Jesus, salt of all the earth,	To the Lord Jehovah, blessed Three in One,
Till each yearning purpose spring to glorious birth:	Be by men and angels endless honour done.
Sick, they ask for healing; blind, they grope for	<i>p</i> Weak are earthly praises, dull the songs of night;
day:	<i>cr</i> Forward into triumph, forward into light.
Pour upon the nations wisdom's loving ray.	

# Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.

## 324. EGYPT.

P.M.

GAUNTLETT.



"They declare plainly that they seek a country."—HEB. xi. 14.

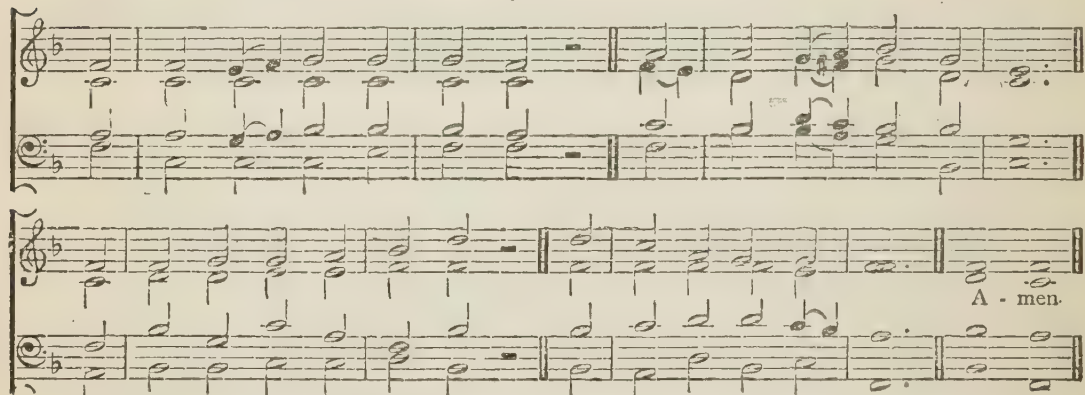
*mf* FROM Egypt's bondage come,  
Where death and darkness reign,  
*cr* We seek our new, our better home,  
Where we our rest shall gain:  
*f* Hallelujah! we are on our way to God.  
*mf* To Canaan's sacred bound  
We haste with songs of joy,  
Where peace and liberty are found,  
And sweets that never cloy.  
*f* Hallelujah! we are on our way to God.  
*mp* There sin and sorrow cease,  
And every conflict's o'er;  
*p* There we shall dwell in endless peace,  
And never hunger more.  
*f* Hallelujah! we are on our way to God.

*f* There in celestial strains,  
Enraptured myriads sing;  
There love in every bosom reigns,  
For God himself is King.  
Hallelujah! we are on our way to God.  
We soon shall join the throng;  
Their pleasures we shall share;  
And sing the everlasting song,  
With all the ransom'd there  
Hallelujah! we are on our way to God.  
*p* How sweet the prospect is!  
It cheers the pilgrim's breast:  
*cr* We're journeying through the wilderness,  
But soon shall gain our rest.  
*f* Hallelujah! we are on our way to God.

## 325. KOCKER.

7s. 6s.

German.



"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 COR. iv. 17.

*f* O HAPPY band of pilgrims,  
If onward ye will tread  
With Jesus as your Fellow  
To Jesus as your Head!  
*mf* O happy if ye labour  
As Jesus did for men:  
O happy if ye hunger  
As Jesus hunger'd then!  
*p* The cross that Jesus carried  
He carried as your due:

*f* The crown that Jesus weareth  
He weareth it for you.  
*mf* The faith by which ye see him,  
The hope in which ye yearn,  
The love that through all troubles  
To him alone will turn.  
*p* The trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure.

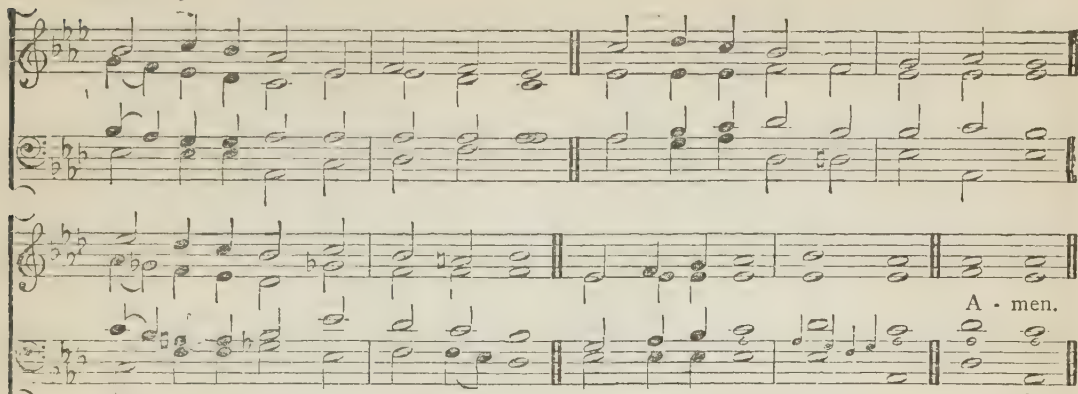
*cr* What are they but his jewels  
Of right celestial worth?  
What are they but the ladder  
Set up to heaven on earth?  
*f* O happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies,  
*di* Where such a light affliction  
*cr* Shall win you such a prize.

# Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.

326. ST. PERPETUA.

8s. 6.

J. T. COOPER.



A. men.

"Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?"—SONG viii. 5.

*mp* O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,  
The faint, the weak on thee may lean:  
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,  
By faith to cling to thee.

Blest with communion so divine,  
Take what thou wilt, shall I repine.  
When, as the branches to the vine,  
My soul may cling to thee?

Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,  
Here she has found a place of rest;  
An exile still, yet not unblest,  
While she can cling to thee.

*mf* What though the world deceitful prove,  
And earthly friends and joys remove,

*di* With patient, uncomplaining love,  
Still would I cling to thee.

*mp* Oft when I seem to tread alone  
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,  
*pp* A voice of love in gentlest tone  
Whispers, "Still cling to me."

*cr* Though faith and hope awhile be tried,  
I ask not, need not, aught beside:

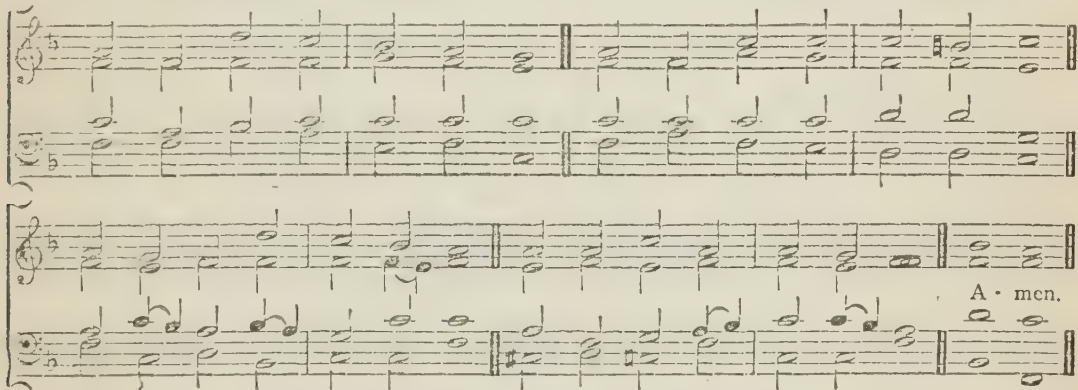
*f* How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
The souls that cling to thee!

*mf* They fear not life's rough storms to brave,  
Since thou art near and strong to save;  
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,  
Because they cling to thee.

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall:  
What can disturb me, who appal,  
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,  
Saviour, I cling to thee?

327. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7s.

GAUNTLETT.



A. men.

"Quit you like men, be strong."—I COR. ii. 13.

*mf* OFT in danger, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go:

*cr* Fight the fight, maintain the strife,  
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

*f* Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Join the war, and face the foe:

*di* Will ye flee in danger's hour?  
*f* Know ye not your Captain's power?

*mf* Let your drooping hearts be glad:  
March in heavenly armour clad.

Fight, nor think the battle long,  
*f* Victory soon shall tune your song.

*mf* Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry;

*cr* Let not fears your course impede,  
*f* Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then in battle move,  
More than conquerors ye shall prove;

*di* Though opposed by many a foe,  
*f* Christian soldiers, onward go.



# Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.

## 328. ST. OSMUND.

8s. 7s. 4.

IRONS.

A - men.

"Be of good cheer: it is I: be not afraid."—MATT. xiv. 27.

*Why* those fears?—Behold, 'tis Jesus  
Holds the helm and guides the ship;  
*cr* Spread the sails, and catch the breezes  
Sent to waft us through the deep,  
To the regions  
*p* Where the mourners cease to weep.  
*mf* Though the shore we hope to land on  
Only by report is known,  
Yet we freely all abandon,  
Led by that report alone;  
*c* And with Jesus  
Through the trackless deep move on.

Led by that, we brave the ocean;  
Led by that, the storms defy;  
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,  
Knowing that our Lord is nigh:  
Waves obey him,  
And the storms before him fly  
*mf* O what pleasures there await us:  
There the tempests cease to roar;  
There it is that those who hate us  
Can molest our peace no more:  
*p* Trouble ceases  
On that tranquil happy shore.

## 329. TRIUMPH.

8s. 7s. 4.

GAUNTLETT.

A - men.

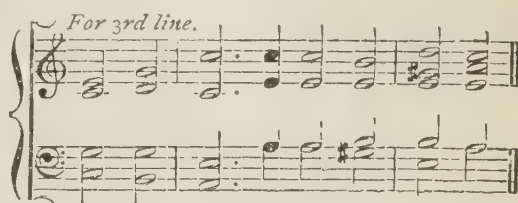
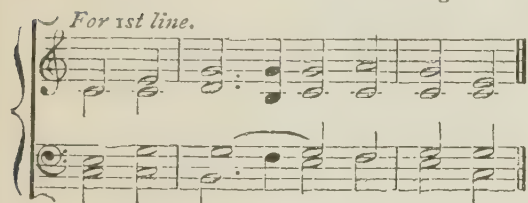
# Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.

"These confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—HEB. xi. 13.

*mf* GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
*cr* I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand:  
*mf* Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.  
*cr* Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing stream doth flow;  
Let the fire and cloudy pillar

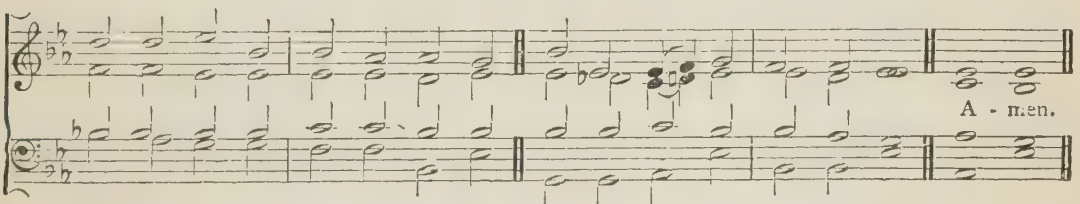
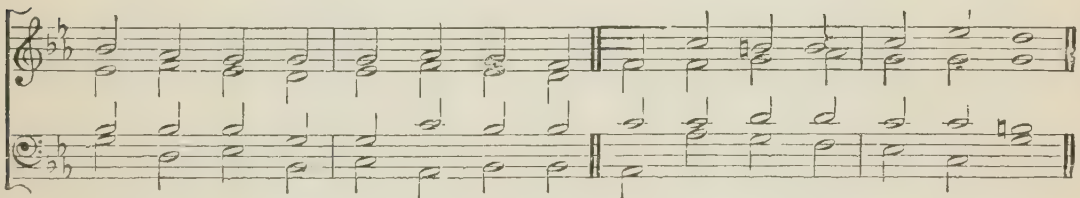
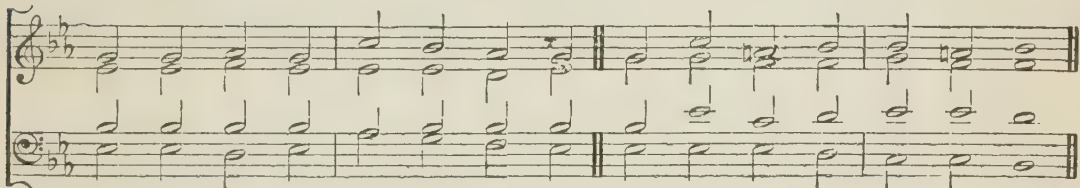
Lead me all my journey through:  
*f* Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.  
*p* When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
*cr* Death of deaths and hell's Destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
*f* Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.º

For Organ Accompaniment ad lib.



## 330. ST. PETER.

8s. 7s. 4s.



"The ark of the covenant of the Lord went before them."—NUM. x. 33.

*mf* LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but thee;  
*cr* Yet possessing  
Every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.  
*p* Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
All our weakness thou dost know;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;

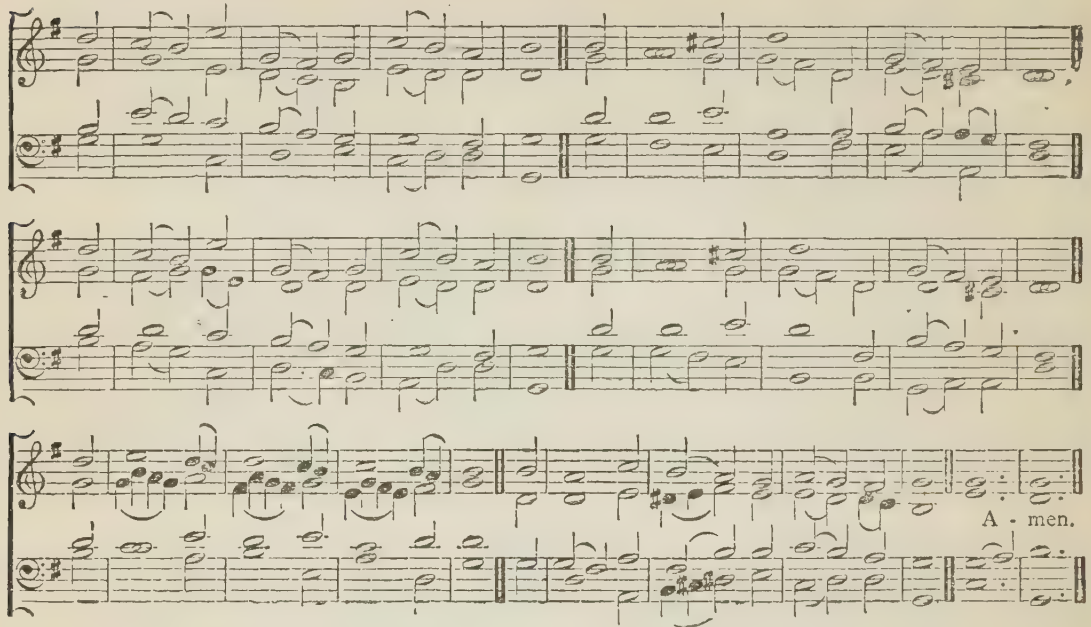
*pp* Lone and dreary,  
Faint and weary,  
Through the desert thou didst go.  
*mf* Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy:  
Thus provided,  
Pardon'd, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.º

# Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.

## 331. SURREY.

SIX 8s.

CAREY.



*"The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want."—Ps. xxiii. 1.*

*mf* THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

*mp* When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant.  
*c* To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary wandering steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

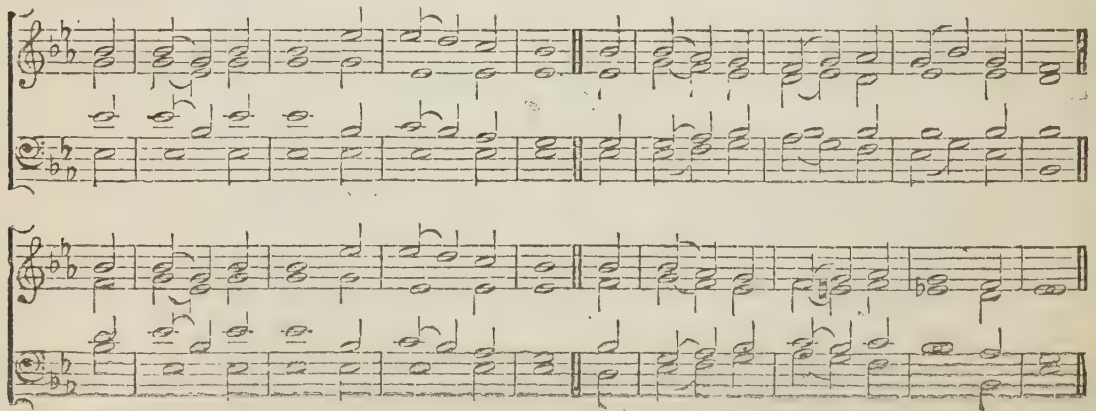
*b* Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
*cr* My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
*f* Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

*mf* For me when spent with conflict, Lord,  
Thy bounty spreads a sumptuous board;  
Here crown'd with goodness I repose;  
With mercy here my cup o'erflows:  
Sweet pledges of the joys to come  
In heaven my everlasting home.*g*

## 332. STELLA.

SIX 8s.

From "Crown of Jesus."





# Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.



"The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—  
ISA. XXXV. 10.

*mf* LEADER of faithful souls and guide

Of all that travel to the sky,  
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,  
Who would on thee alone rely;

*cr* On thee alone our spirits stay,  
While held in life's uneven way.

*p* Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
This earth, we know, is not our place;

*cr* But hasten through the vale of woe,  
And, restless to behold thy face,  
Swift to our heavenly country move,  
Our everlasting home above.

*mp* Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,

Freely and graciously forgiven,

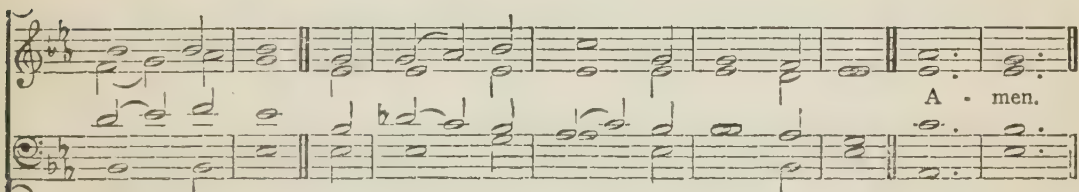
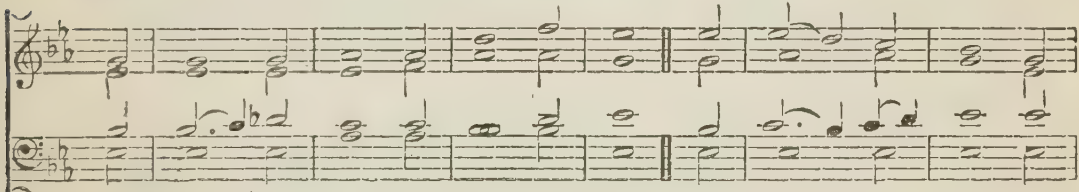
*f* With songs to Zion we return,  
Contending for our native heaven;  
That palace of our glorious King,  
We find it nearer while we sing.

*f* Raised by the breath of love divine,  
We urge our way with strength renew'd;  
The church of the first-born to join  
We travel to the mount of God;  
With joy upon our heads arise,  
And meet our Captain in the skies.

333. ST. AIDAN.

THREE 8s.

GREY



"The Lord is on my side: I will not fear."—Ps. cxviii. 6.

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,  
Or tremble at the tempter's power?  
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

Though hot the fight, why quit the field?  
Why must I either fly or yield,  
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

*p* I know not what may soon betide,  
Or how my wants shall be supplied;  
*cr* But Jesus knows, and will provide.

*p* Though sin would fill me with distress,  
*cr* The throne of grace I dare address,  
For Jesus is my righteousness.

*p* Though faint my prayers and cold my love,  
*cr* My steadfast hope shall not remove,  
While Jesus intercedes above.

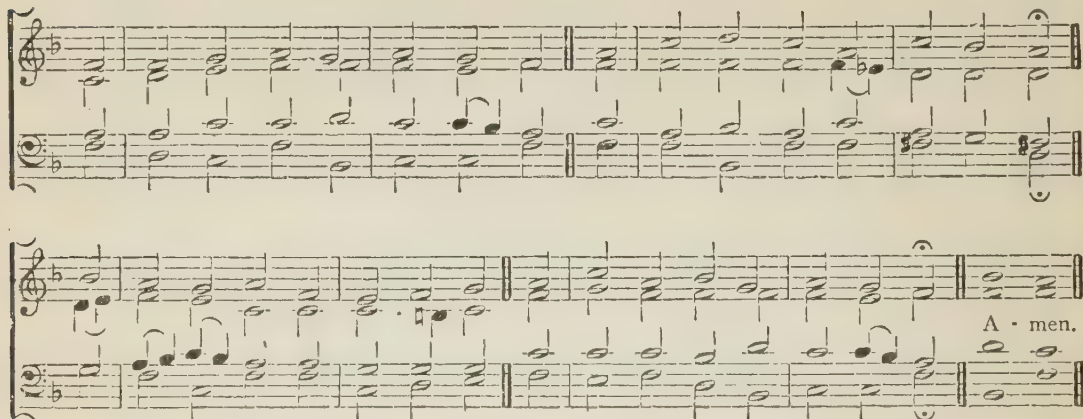
*p* Against me earth and hell combine;  
*f* But on my side is power divine;  
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

# Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.

## 334. ST. AMBROSE.

L.M.

Ancient.



*"Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—HEB. xiii. 14.*

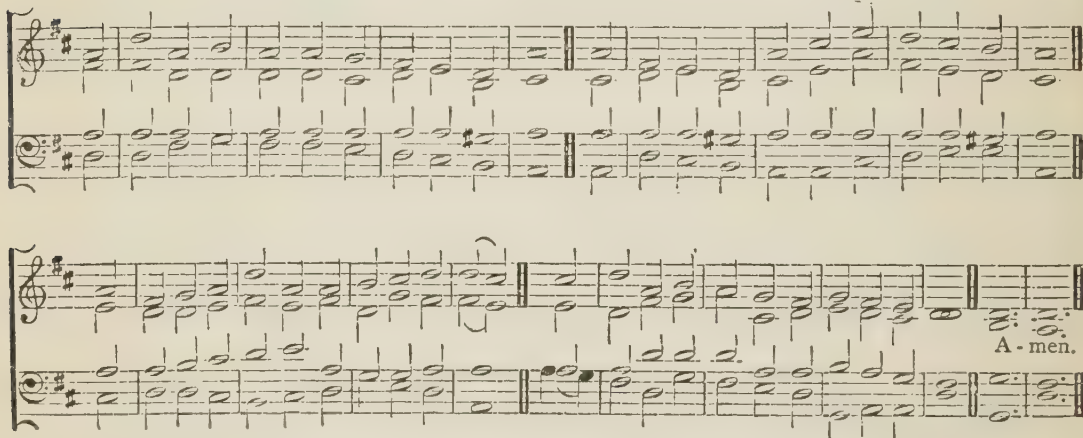
*mp* We've no abiding city here ;  
This may distress the worldling's mind ;  
*cr* But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.  
*p* We've no abiding city here ;  
Sad truth, were this to be our home ;  
*cr* But let the thought our spirits cheer,  
We seek a city yet to come.  
*mf* We've no abiding city here ;  
We seek a city out of sight ;  
Zion its name : the Lord is there :  
It shines with everlasting light.

*f* Zion, Jehovah is her strength ;  
Secure, she smiles at all her foes ;  
*dt* And weary travellers at length  
Within her sacred walls repose.  
*mp* O sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims freed from toil are bless'd,  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.  
*p* But hush, my soul, nor dare repine ;  
The time my God appoints is best :  
*cr* While here, to do his will be mine ;  
And his, to fix my time of rest.<sup>b</sup>

## 335. MONTGOMERY.

P.M

STANLEY.



*"O that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest."—Ps. lv. 6.*

*v p* O HAD I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,  
How soon would I soar to thy presence above ;  
How soon would I flee where the weary have rest,  
And hide all my cares in thy sheltering breast.

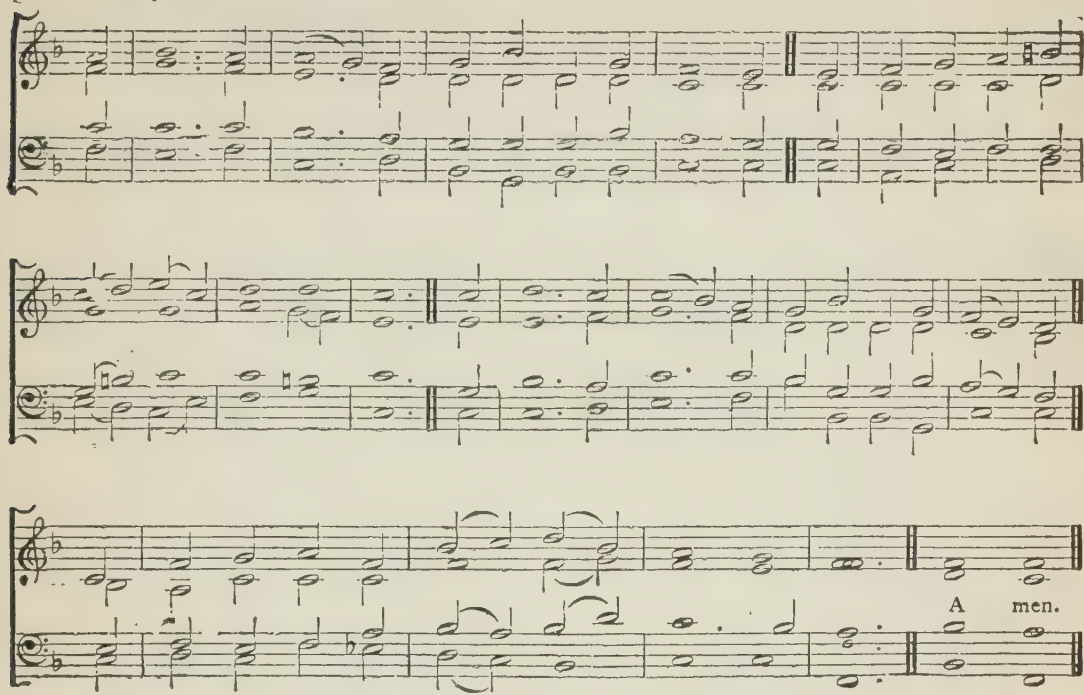
*cr* Ah there the wild tempest for ever shall cease ;  
No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace ;  
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,  
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.

*f* Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine ;  
Rise, bright Sun of Glory, no more to decline ;  
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers ;  
O what will it be when the fulness appears ?<sup>a</sup>

# Sundays after Trinity : Warfare and Pilgrimage.

336. MARLBOROUGH.

115. 105.



"What is this that he saith, A little while?"—JOHN xvi. 18.

*mp* O FOR the peace which floweth as a river,  
Making life's desert places bloom and smile !

*cr* O for the faith to grasp heaven's bright for ever,  
Amid the shadows of earth's little while !

*mf* A little while for patient vigil-keeping,  
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong ;

*b* A little while, to sow the seed with weeping,  
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

*p* A little while, to wear the weeds of sadness,  
To pace with weary step through miry ways ;  
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,  
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

*mp* A little while, the earthen pitcher taking  
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed ;

*mf* Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking  
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

*mp* A little while, to keep the oil from failing ;  
A little while, faith's flickering lamp to trim ;  
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing  
To greet his advent with the bridal hymn.

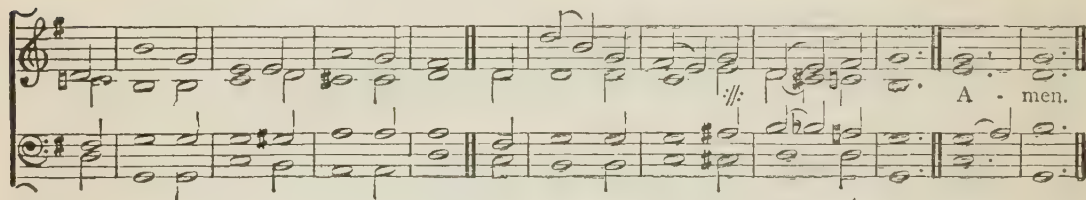
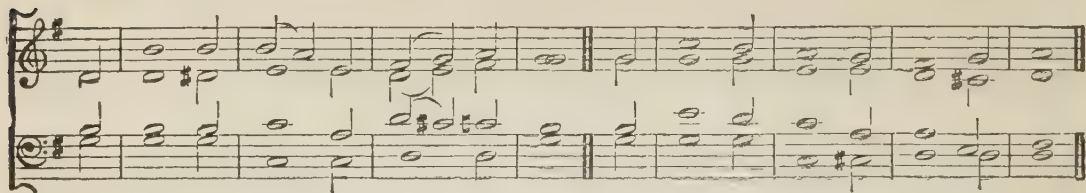
*mf* And he who is himself the Gift and Giver—  
The future glory and the present smile,  
*cr* With the bright promise of the glad for ever,  
Will light the shadows of the little while.



# Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.

## 337. BROOKFIELD. [FIRST TUNE.] 8s. 4.

SOUTHGATE.



*"If this cup may not pass from me except I drink it, thy will be done."*—MATT. xxvi. 42.

*mf* My God, my Father, while I stray,  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
*p* Thy will be done.

*mf* Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not;  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
Thy will be done.

*mf* What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
*p* Thy will be done.

*mf* If thou should'st call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield thee what is thine;  
*p* Thy will be done.

*mf* Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to thee I leave the rest,—  
*p* Thy will be done.

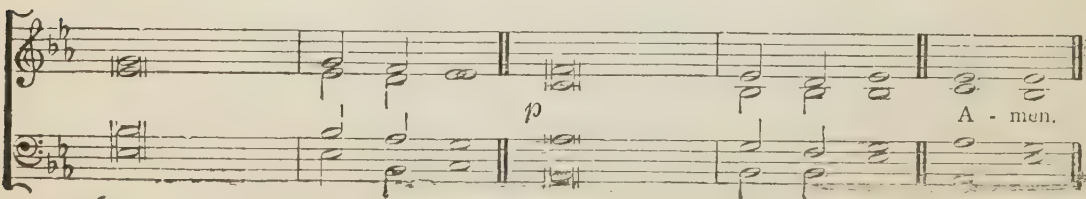
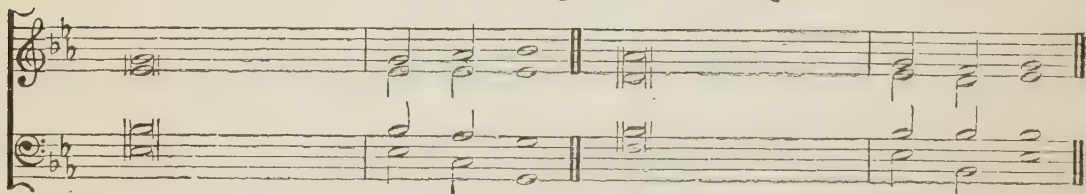
*cr* Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say  
*p* Thy will be done.

*mf* Then, when on earth I breathe no more,  
*p* The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,  
*f* I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Thy will be done.

Amen.

## 337. TROYTE'S CHANT. (No. 1.) [SECOND TUNE.]

TROYTE.

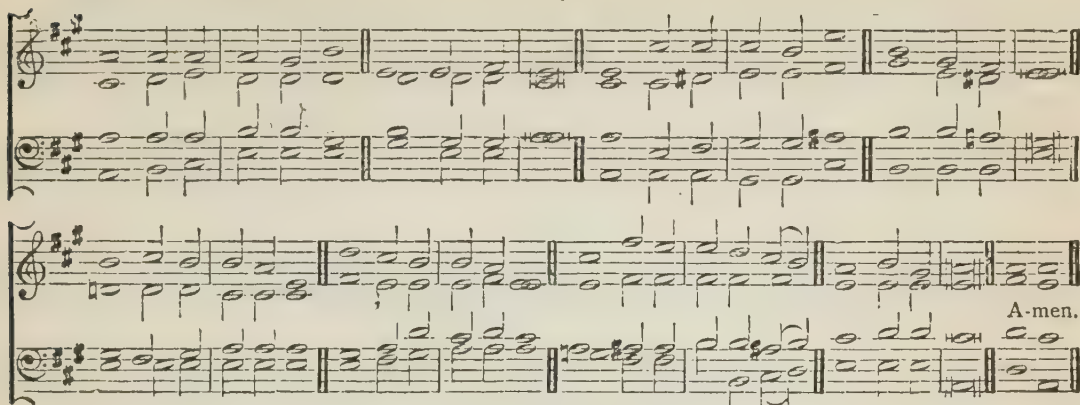


# Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.

## 338. ST. EDMUNDS.

6s. 4s.

SULLIVAN.



"A stranger in a strange land."—EXOD. ii. 22.

*mp* I'm but a stranger here,  
Heaven is my home.  
Earth is a desert drear,  
Heaven is my home.  
Danger and sorrow stand  
Round me on every hand;  
*cr* Heaven is my fatherland,  
Heaven is my home.

*mf* What though the tempest rage,  
Heaven is my home.  
*di* Short is my pilgrimage,  
Heaven is my home.  
And time's wild wintry blast  
*cr* Soon will be overpast;  
I shall reach home at last,  
Heaven is my home.

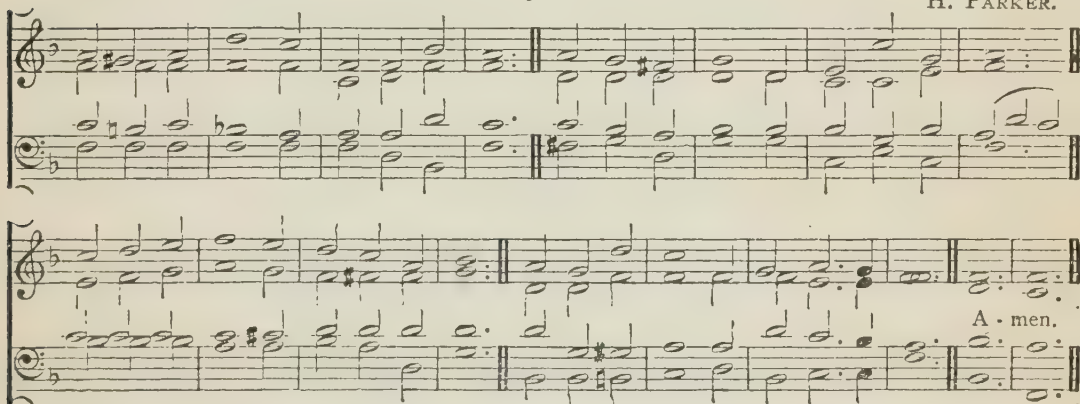
*mf* There at my Saviour's side,  
Heaven is my home.  
*cr* I shall be glorified,  
Heaven is my home.  
*p* There are the good and blest,  
Those I love most and best,  
And there I too shall rest;  
*cr* Heaven is my home.

*mf* Therefore I'll murmur not,  
Heaven is my home.  
Whate'er my earthly lot,  
Heaven is my home.  
*cr* For I shall surely stand  
*f* There at my Lord's right hand;—  
*f* Heaven is my fatherland,  
Heaven is my home.

## 339. REST.

9s.

H. PARKER.



"A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest."—ISA. xxxii. 2.

*mp* REST of the weary, joy of the sad;  
Hope of the dreary, light of the glad;  
*cr* Home of the stranger, strength to the end;  
*f* Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.  
*p* Pillow, where, lying, love rests its head;  
Peace of the dying, life of the dead;  
*cr* Path of the lowly, prize at the end;  
*mp* Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.

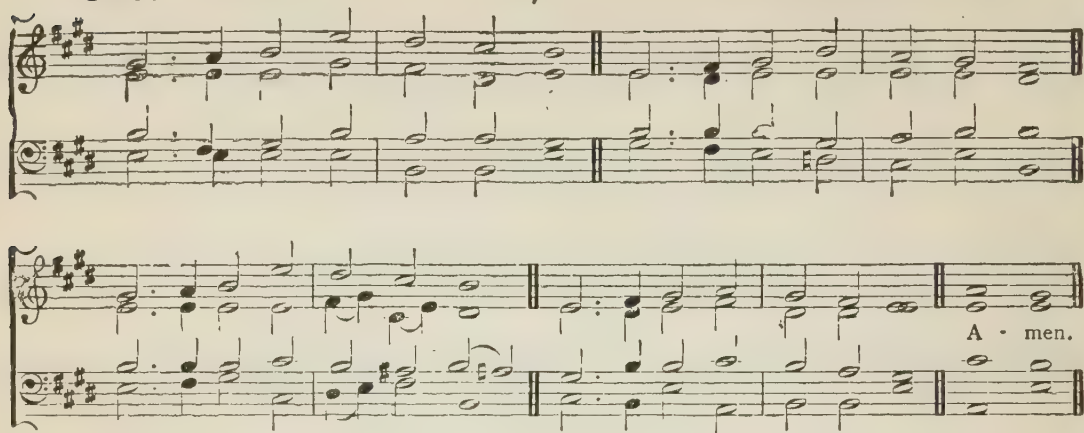
*mf* When my feet stumble, I'll to thee cry;  
Crown of the humble, cross of the high;  
*di* When my steps wander, over me bend,  
*p* Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.  
*cr* Ever confessing thee, I will raise  
Unto thee blessing, glory, and praise;—  
All my endeavour, world without end,  
Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.

# Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.

## 340. DURHAM.

7s.

Ancient Tantum Ergo.



*"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."—Ps. cxix. 54.*

*f* CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.

*di* We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod:

*cr* They are happy now; and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

*f* Shout, ye little flock and blest;  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:  
There your seat is now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.

*cr* Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;  
Zion's city is in sight;

*ff* There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.

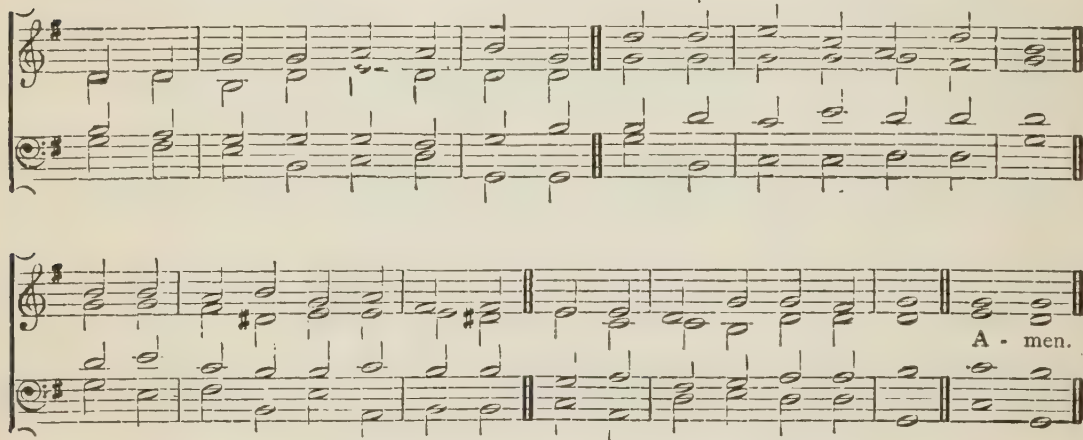
*f* Fear not, brethren; joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Christ, the everlasting Son,  
Bids you undismay'd go on.

*mf* Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below!  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

## 341. STUTTGARDT.

8s. 7s.

German Chorale.



*"The redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing unto Zion."—ISA. li. 11.*

*f* THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow  
Onward goes the pilgrim band,  
Singing songs of expectation,  
Marching to the promised land.

*mf* Clear before us through the darkness  
Gleams and burns the guiding light;  
Brother clasps the hand of brother,  
Stepping fearless through the night.

*cr* One the light of God's own presence  
O'er his ransom'd people shed,  
Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
Brightening all the path we tread:

*f* One the object of our journey,  
One the faith which never tires.  
*cr* One the earnest looking forward,  
One the hope our God inspires!



# Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.

- f* One the strain that lips of thousands  
Lift as from the heart of one ;  
*di* One the conflict, one the peril,  
*cr* One the march in God begun :
- f* One the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the One Almighty Father  
Reigns in love for evermore.

- mf* Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,  
Onward with the cross our aid ;  
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
*p* Till we rest beneath its shade.
- f* Soon shall come the great awaking,  
Soon the rending of the tomb ;  
*f* Then the scattering of all shadows,  
And the end of toil and gloom."

## 342. KIRKBRADDAN.

I I S.

WALKER.

"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."—JOHN xv. 8.

- mf* SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour, listen whilst we sing,  
Hearts and voices raising praises to our King.  
*cr* All we have we offer ; all we hope to be ;  
Body, soul, and spirit, all we yield to thee.
- p* Farther, ever farther, from thy wounded side  
Heedlessly we wander'd, wander'd far and wide ;  
*cr* Till thou cam'st in mercy, seeking young and old,  
*p* Lovingly to bear them, Saviour, to thy fold.
- mf* Nearer, ~~over~~ nearer, Christ, we draw to thee,  
Deep in adoration bending low the knee :  
Thou for our redemption cam'st on earth to die ;  
Thou, that we might follow, hast gone up on high
- cr* Great and ever greater are thy mercies here ;  
True and everlasting are the glories there,  
Where no pain or sorrow, toil or care is known,  
Where the angel legions circle round thy throne.
- mf* Clearer still and clearer dawns the light from heaven,  
In our sadness bringing news of sin forgiven ;  
*cr* Life has lost its shadows, pure the light within ;  
Thou hast shed thy radiance on a world of sin.
- f* Brighter still and brighter glows the western sun,  
*di* Shedding all its gladness o'er our work that's done ;  
*p* Time will soon be over, toil and sorrow past ;  
May we, blessèd Saviour, find a rest at last.
- cr* Onward, ever onward, journeying o'er the road  
Worn by saints before us, journeying on to God ;  
Leaving all behind us, may we hasten on,  
Backward never looking till the prize is won.
- Higher then and higher bear the ransom'd soul,  
Earthly toils forgotten, Saviour, to its goal ;  
*p* Where, in joys unthought of, saints with angels sing,  
Never weary raising praises to their King. Amen.

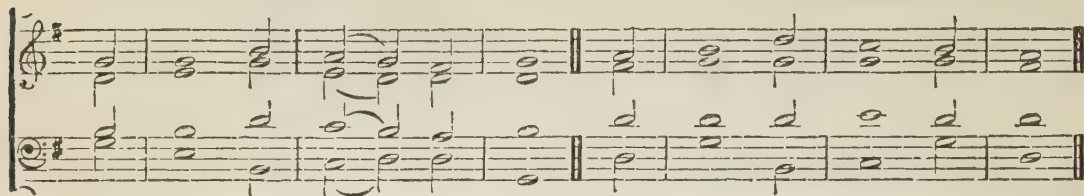
# Sundays after Trinity: Warning and Invitation.

"TO-DAY, IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE, HARDEN NOT YOUR HEARTS."

## 343. ST. ALBAN.

S.M.

From CHOPE's Hymn Book.



"Exhort one another daily while it is called to-day."—HEB. iii. 13.

*mf* TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,  
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;  
And, if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy command.

*p* The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away;

*cr* O make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.

*mf* Since on this wingèd hour  
Eternity is hung,

*f* Waken, by thine almighty power,  
The aged and the young.

*mf* One thing demands our care;  
O be it still pursued;

*di* Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renew'd.

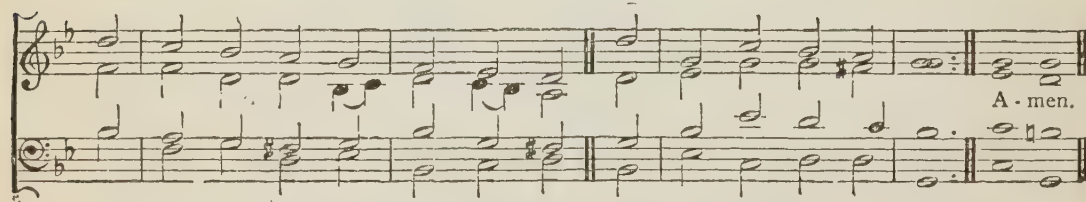
*f* To Jesus may we fly,  
Swift as the morning light;

*di* Lest life's young golden beams should die  
*p* In sudden endless night.\*

## 344. ST. BRIDE.

S.M.

HOWARD.



"Let us labour to enter into that rest."—HEB. iv. 11.

*mp* O WHERE shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole,

The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh,  
*cr* 'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
*p* Nor all of death to die.

# Sundays after Trinity: Warning and Invitation.

*f* Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love.

*p* There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!

*mf* Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
*di* Lest we be banish'd from thy face,  
And evermore undone.

*mf* Here would we end our quest:  
Alone are found in thee  
The life of perfect love,—the rest  
Of immortality.\*

## 345. MUNICH.

7s. 6s.

German Chorale.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN vi. 37.

*mf* "Come unto me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest."  
*p* Oh, blessed voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to hearts oppress'd!  
*c* It tells of benediction,  
Of pardon, grace, and peace,  
Of joy that hath no ending,  
Of love which cannot cease.

*mf* "Come unto me, dear children,  
And I will give you light."  
*p* Oh, loving voice of Jesus,  
*cr* Which comes to cheer the night!  
*p* Our hearts were fill'd with sadness,  
And we had lost our way,  
*f* But morning brings us gladness,  
And songs the break of day

*mf* "Come unto me, ye fainting,  
And I will give you life."  
*p* Oh, peaceful voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to end our strife!  
*mf* The foe is stern and eager,  
The fight is fierce and long;  
*cr* But thou hast made us mighty,  
*f* And stronger than the strong.

*mf* "And whosoever cometh,  
I will not cast him out."  
*p* Oh, patient voice of Jesus,  
*cr* Which drives away our doubt!  
*mf* Which calls us, very sinners,  
Unworthy though we be  
Of love so free and boundless,  
To come, dear Lord, to thee.\*

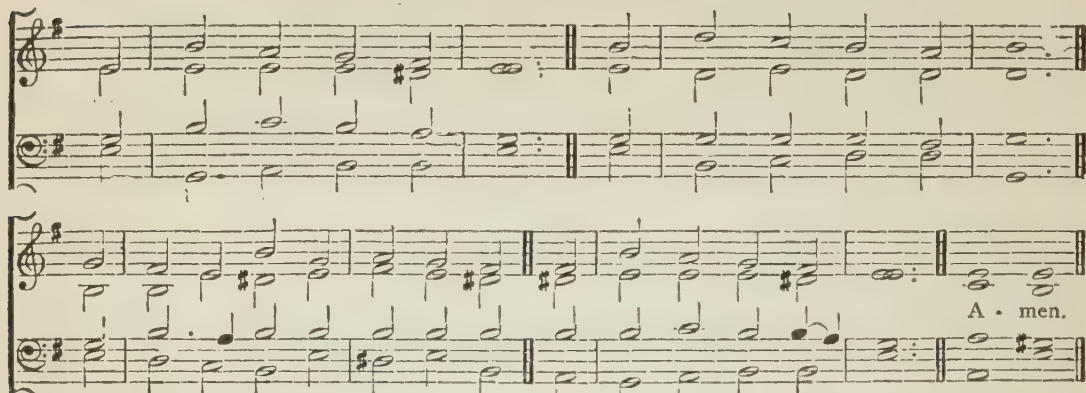


# Sundays after Trinity: Warning and Invitation.

346. AYLESBURY.

S.M.

CHETHAM.



"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come."—REV. xxii. 17.

*mp* THE Spirit in our hearts  
Is whispering, Sinner, come:  
*cr* The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims  
To all her children, Come.  
*mf* Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, Come:  
*mf* Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ, the fountain, come.

*t* Yea, whosoever will,  
O let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life;  
*p* 'Tis Jesus bids him come.  
*mf* I.o, Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, I quickly come.  
*p* Lord, even so we wait thine hour:  
*cr* O blest Redeemer, come.\*

## Saints' Days: The Church Triumphant.

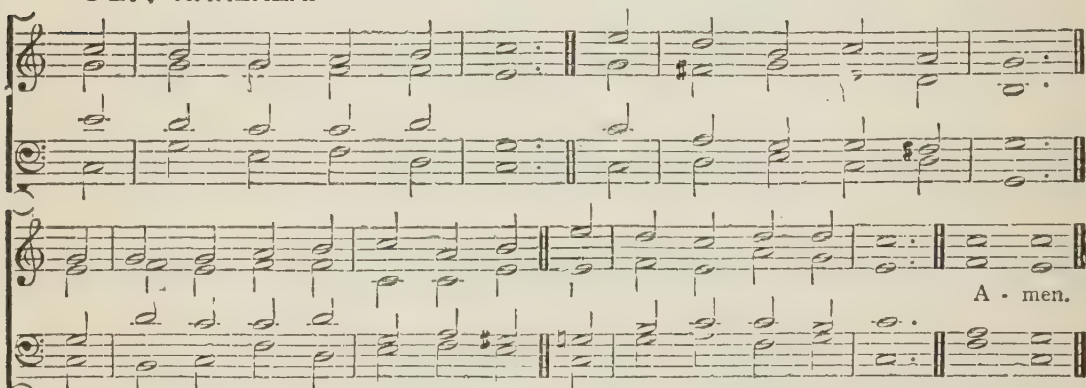
"MAKE THEM TO BE NUMBERED WITH THY SAINTS IN GLORY EVERLASTING."

THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

347. NARENZA.

S.M.

Ancient Tune.



"There is hope in thine end, that thy children shall come again."—JER. xxxi. 17.

*mf* GLORY to thee, O Lord,  
Who from this world of sin,  
By the fierce monarch's ruthless sword  
Those precious ones didst win.  
*t* Glory to thee, O Lord;  
*di* For now, all grief unknown,  
*p* They wait in patience their reward,  
The martyr's heavenly crown.  
*mf* Baptized in their own blood,  
Earth's untried perils o'er,  
They pass'd unconsciously the flood,  
And safely gain'd the shore.

Glory to thee, for all  
The ransom'd infant band,  
Who since that hour have heard thy call,  
And reach'd the quiet land.  
*p* O that our hearts within,  
*mf* Like theirs, were pure and bright;  
O that, as free from wilful sin,  
We shrank not from thy sight!  
Lord, help us every hour  
Thy cleansing grace to claim;  
*cr* In life to glorify thy power,  
In death to praise thy name.\*

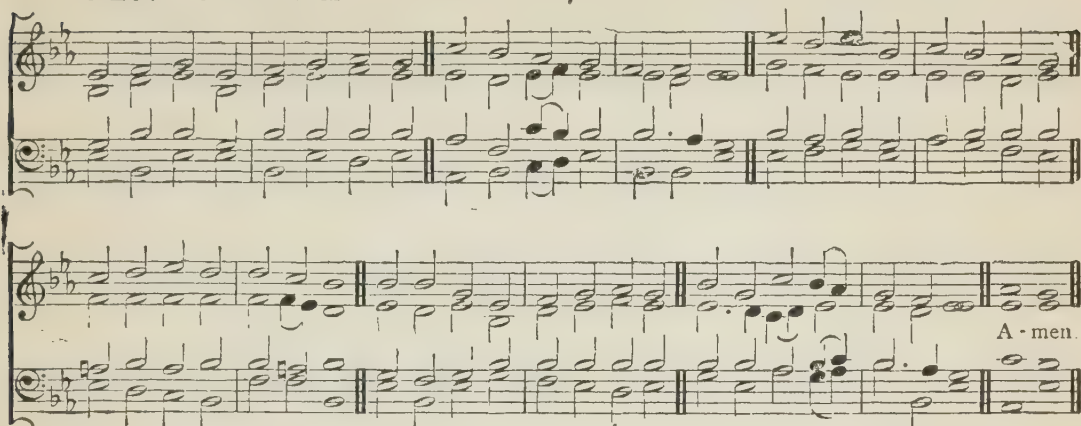
# Saints' Days: The Church Triumphant.

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

## 348. EVENSONG.

8s. 7s.

S. WEBBER.



*"They brought him to Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord."*—LUKE ii. 22.

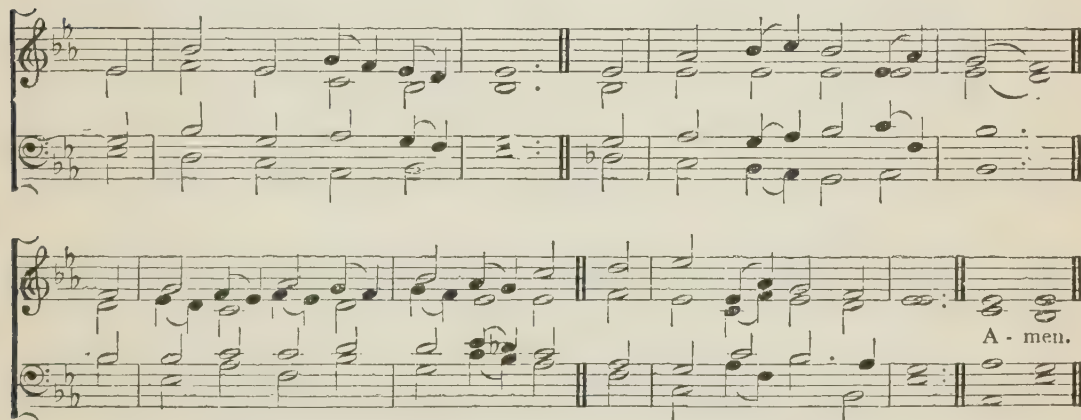
*mf* IN his temple now behold him ;  
See the long-expected Lord :  
*cr* Ancient prophets had foretold him ;  
God hath now fulfill'd his word.  
*f* Now to praise him his redeem'd  
Shall break forth with one accord.  
*mf* In the arms of her who bore him,  
Virgin pure, behold him lie ;  
While his aged saints adore him,  
*di* Ere in perfect faith they die.  
*ff* Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !  
Lo, the incarnate God Most High.

*mf* Jesu, by thy presentation,  
Thou who didst for us endure,  
Make us see thy great salvation,  
Seal us with thy promise sure ;  
*cr* And present us in thy glory  
To thy Father, cleansed and pure.  
*f* Prince and Author of salvation,  
Be thy boundless love our theme :  
Jesu, praise to thee be given  
By the world thou didst redeem,  
With the Father and the Spirit,  
Lord of majesty supreme. Amen.

## 349. CARLISLE.

S.M.

LOCKHART.



*"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."*—MATT. v. 8.

*mf* BLESS'D are the pure in heart  
For they shall see our God :  
The secret of the Lord is theirs,  
Their soul is Christ's abode.  
*mp* The Lord, who left the heavens  
Our life and peace to bring,  
To dwell in lowliness with men,  
Their pattern and their king :

*p* He to the lowly soul  
Doth still himself impart,  
*cr* And for his dwelling and his throug<sup>h</sup>  
Chooseth the pure in heart.  
*mf* Lord, we thy presence seek ;  
May ours this blessing be ;  
Give us a pure and lowly heart.  
A temple meet for thee. 6

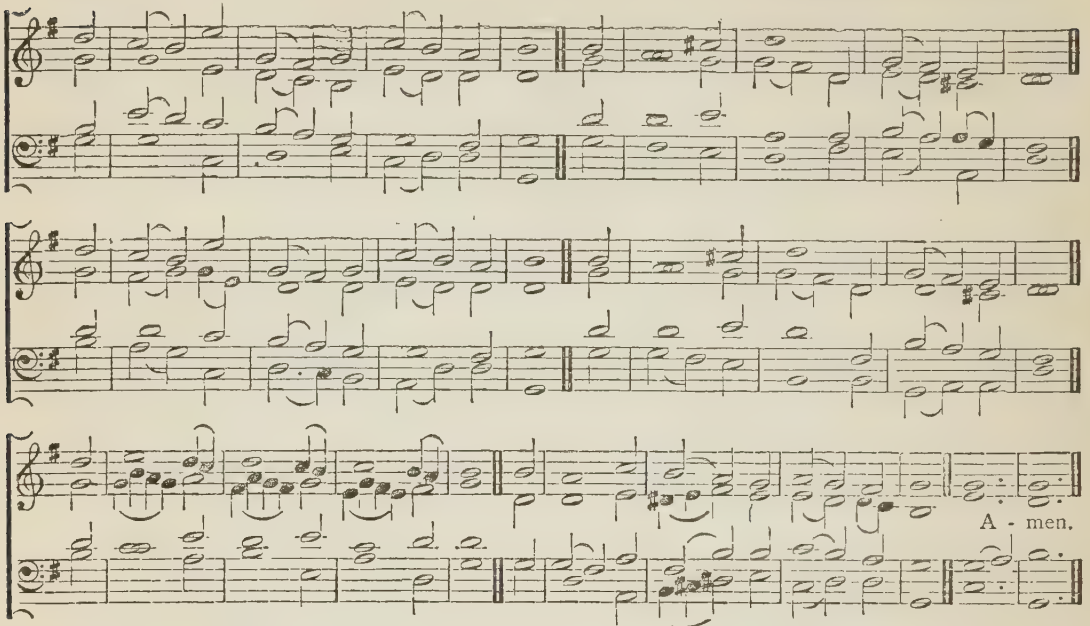
# Saints' Days: The Church Triumphant.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

350. SURREY.

SIX 8s.

CAREY.



"A virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and shall call his name Emmanuel."—ISA. vii. 14.

*mf* O SAVIOUR, who in love didst take  
A human body, for our sake;  
*di* To share with us the griefs of life,  
Its watchings, weariness, and strife;  
*c* All that belongs to man, but sin,  
Thou didst this day thyself begin.  
*p* Saviour of infants, thou didst rest,  
Helpless, upon thy mother's breast;  
*c* Saviour of children, thou didst play,  
And grow beside her, day by day,  
All human life to soothe and save,  
Up from the cradle to the grave.

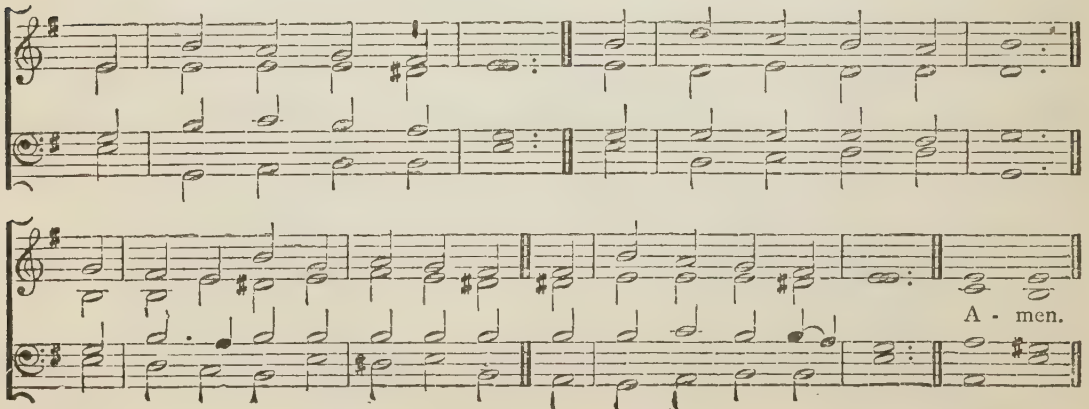
*mp* Saviour, as low as thou didst bend  
From heaven to be the sinner's friend,  
*cr* So high our nature lift with thine,  
Till human things become divine,  
*f* And thy eternal love once more  
God's image to the soul restore.  
*mf* And when we cling too close to earth,  
Forgetful of our heavenly birth,  
And for the love of its poor dross,  
Despise thy crown or shun thy cross,  
O let this festal day reprove  
Such wrong to thine incarnate love.

"WITH ALL THE COMPANY OF HEAVEN WE LAUD AND MAGNIFY THY GLORIOUS NAME."

351. AYLESBURY.

S.M.

CHETHAM.





# Saints' Days: The Church Triumphant.

*Be ye followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.*—HEB. vi. 12.

*m* FOR all thy saints, O Lord,  
Who strove in thee to live,  
Who follow'd thee, obey'd, adored,  
Our grateful hymn receive.

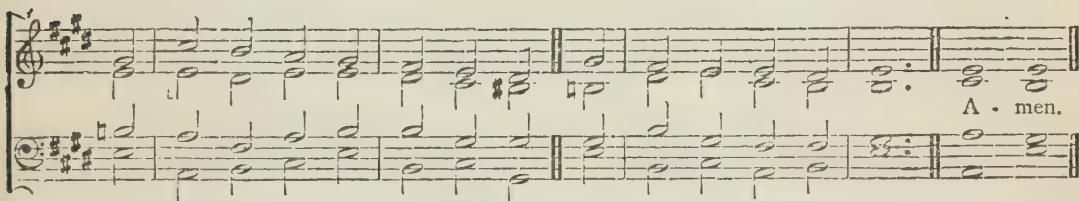
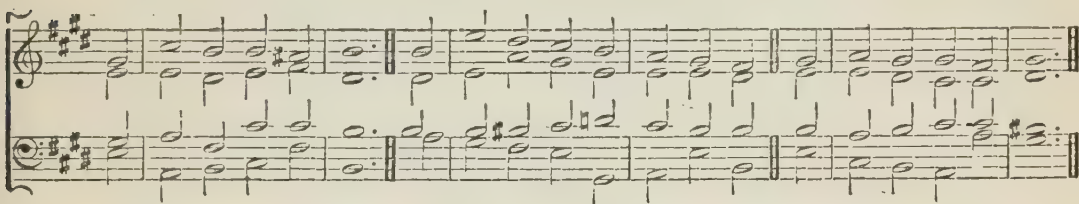
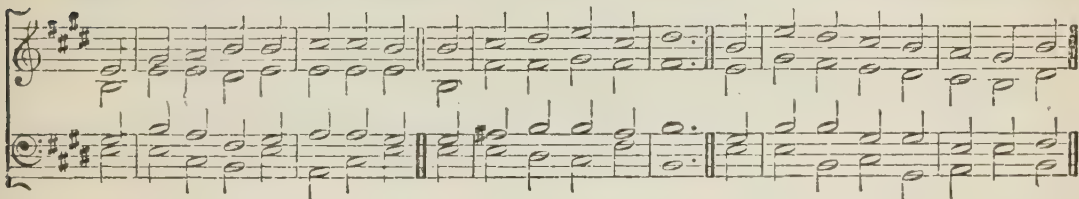
For all thy saints, O Lord,  
Accept our thankful cry;  
Who counted thee their great reward,  
And strove in thee to die.

*mf* They all, in life and death,  
With thee their Lord in view,  
Learn'd from thy Holy Spirit's breath  
To suffer and to do.

*c* For this thy name we bless,  
And humbly pray that we  
May follow them in holiness,  
*d* And live and die in thee.<sup>e</sup>

## 352. OLD EIGHTY-FIRST. D.C.M.

DAY'S Psalter.



*"The armies in heaven followed him."*—REV. xix. 14.

*f* THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar  
Who follows in his train?

*mf* Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain;

*c* Who patient bears his cross below,  
*f* He follows in his train.

*mf* The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And call'd on him to save.

*di* Like him, with pardon on his tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,

*r* He pray'd for them that did the wrong:  
*f* Who follows in his train?

*f* A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came:  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mock'd the cross and flame.

*f* They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,  
The lion's gory mane;

*di* They bow'd their necks the death to feel:  
*f* Who follows in their train?

*f* A noble army—men and boys,  
The matron and the maid;  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light array'd.

*f* They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven  
*di* Through peril, toil, and pain:

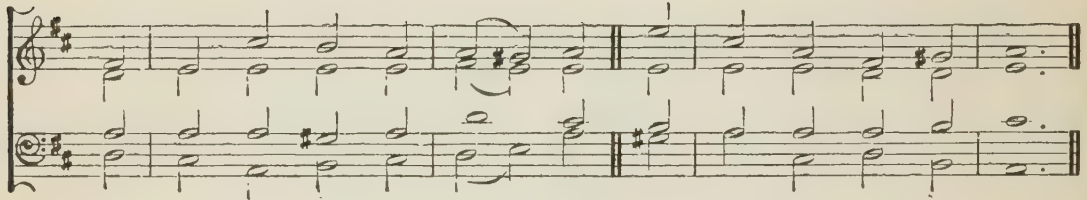
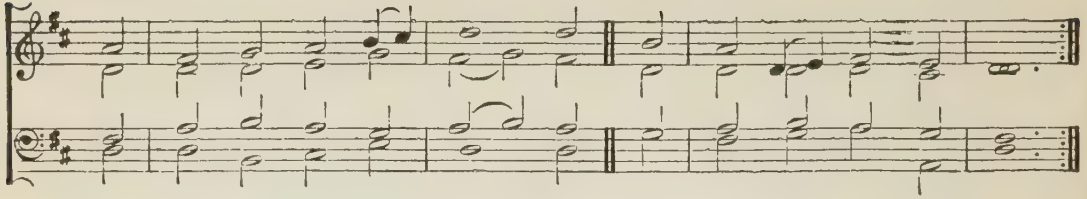
*p* O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.

# Saints' Days: The Church Triumphant.

353. PARADISE.

7s. 6s.

F. WEBER.



"Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."—REV. xv. 3.

*mf* FROM all thy saints in warfare, for all thy saints at *di* Share we with him, if summon'd by death our Lord  
rest, to own,  
To thee, O blessèd Jesu, all praises be address'd. *cr* On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr-  
*cr* Thou, Lord, didst win the battle that they might conquerors be; crown.  
Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays from thee.

[Insert here the stanza for the special  
Saint's Day to be celebrated.]

*Saint Andrew.*

*mf* Praise, Lord, for thine Apostle, the first to welcome  
thee,  
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to see.  
*cr* With hearts for thee made ready, watch we  
throughout the year,  
Forward to lead our brethren to own thine Advent  
near.

*Saint Thomas.*

*mf* All praise for thine Apostle, whose short-lived  
doubtings prove  
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of thy love.  
*mf* On all who wait thy coming shed forth thy peace,  
O Lord,  
*cr* And grant us faith to know thee, true Man, true  
God, adored.

*Saint Stephen.*

Praise for the first of Martyrs, who saw thee ready  
stand,  
To aid in midst of torment, to plead at God's right  
hand.

*Saint John the Evangelist.*

*mf* Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos' shore;  
Praise for the faithful record he to thy Godhead bore.  
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us re-  
veal'd; [seal'd.

*mf* May we, in patience waiting, with thine elect be

*The Innocents' Day.*

*mf* Praise for thine infant Martyrs, by thee with ten-  
derest love  
Call'd early from the warfare to share the rest above.  
*p* O Rachel, cease thy weeping; they rest from pains  
and cares:  
*cr* Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as  
bright as theirs.

*The Conversion of Saint Paul.*

*f* Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice  
of awe,  
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.  
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify to-day:  
*mf* So lighten all our darkness with thy true Spirit's ray

*Saint Matthias.*

*mf* Lord, thine abiding Presence directs the wondrous  
choice;  
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.  
Thy Church from false apostles for evermore defend,  
*cr* And, by thy parting promise, be with her to the end

# Saints' Days: The Church Triumphant.

## *Saint Mark.*

- f* For him, O Lord, we praise thee, the weak by grace made strong,  
Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-song.  
*mf* May we in all our weakness find strength from thee supplied,  
And all as fruitful branches in thee, the Vine, abide.

## *Saint Philip and Saint James.*

- mf* All praise for thine Apostle, bless'd guide to Greek and Jew,  
And him surnamed thy brother; keep us thy brethren true.  
*cr* And grant the grace to know thee, the way, the truth, the life;  
*f* To wrestle with temptations till victors in the strife.

## *Saint Barnabas.*

- mf* The son of consolation, moved by thy law of love,  
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.  
*cr* As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,  
That thy true consolations may through the world extend.

## *Saint John Baptist.*

- f* We praise thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word,  
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.  
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw thy dawning ray,  
*mf* Make us the rather blessèd, who love thy glorious day.

## *Saint Peter.*

- f* Praise for thy great Apostle, the eager and the bold;  
*di* Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to feed thy fold.  
*mf* Lord, make thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks from ill;  
And grant them dauntless courage with humble earnest will.

## *Saint James.*

- mf* For him, O Lord, we praise thee, who, slain by Herod's sword,  
Drank of thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus thy word.  
Curb we all vain impatience to read thy veil'd decree;  
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer thee.

## *Saint Bartholomew.*

- mf* All praise for thine Apostle, the faithful, pure, and true,  
Whom, underneath the fig-tree, thine eye all-seeing knew  
*cr* Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed;  
That thine abiding Presence our longing souls may feed.

## *Saint Matthew.*

- m* Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel thy human life declared,  
Who, worldly gains forsaking, thy path of suffering shared.  
From all unrighteous mammon, O give us hearts set free,  
*c* That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and follow thee.

## *Saint Luke.*

- mf* For that beloved physician, all praise, whose Gospel shows  
The healer of the nations, the snarer of our woes.  
*cr* Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour,  
And with true balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

## *Saint Simon and Saint Jude.*

- mf* Praise, Lord, for thine Apostles, who seal'd their faith to-day:  
One love, one zeal impell'd them to tread the sacred way.  
*cr* May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ maintain,  
*p* And, bound in love as brethren, at length thy rest attain.

## GENERAL ENDING.

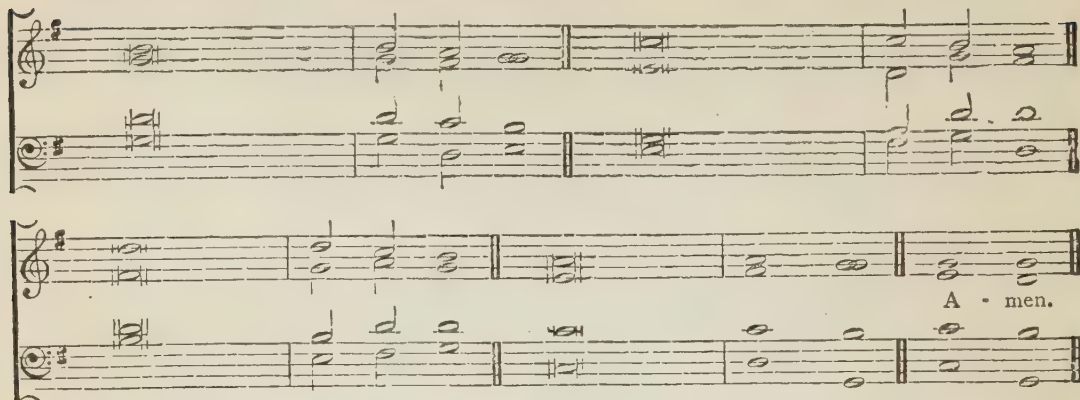
- f* Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the sacred throng  
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song;  
*di* For these, pass'd on before us, Saviour, we thee adore,  
*cr* And, walking in their footsteps, would serve thee more and more.  
*f* Then praise, we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,  
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One;  
Till all the ransom'd number fall down before the throne,  
And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God alone. Amen.



# Saints' Days: The Church Triumphant.

## 354. TROYTE'S CHANT. (No. 2.) P.M.

TROYTE.

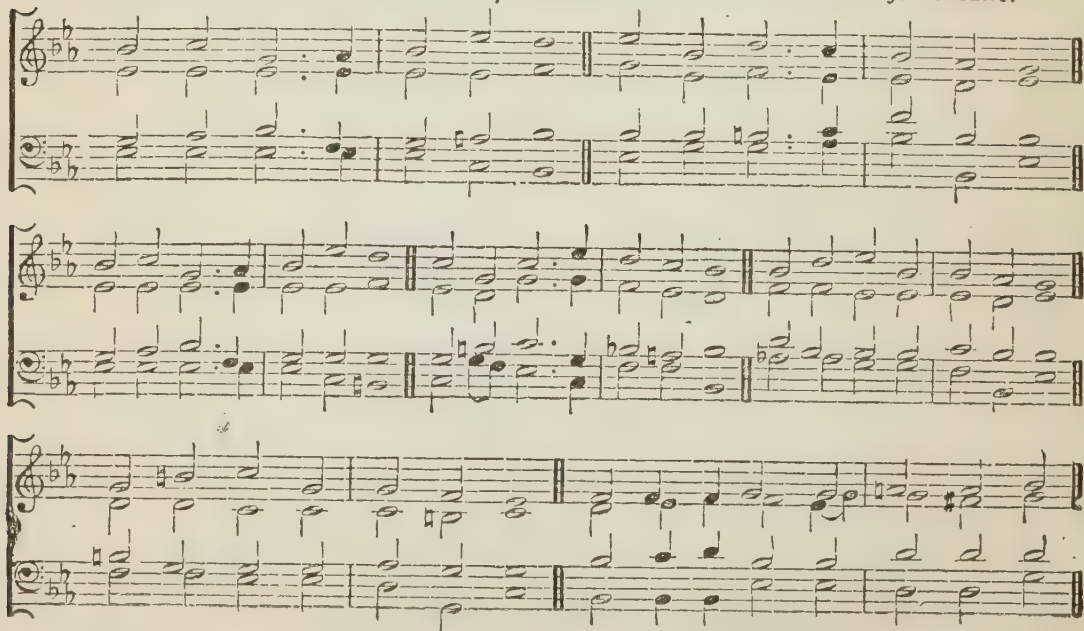


"We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."—HEB. xii. 1.

- mf* FOR all the saints, who from their labours rest,  
*f* Who thee by faith before the world confess'd,  
 Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever bless'd. Alleluia!
- mf* And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
*p* Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
*cr* And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
- p* The golden evening brightens in the west:  
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;  
*cr* Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of light. Alleluia!
- mp* O may thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,  
*cr* Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
*f* And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold. Alleluia!
- mf* O blest Communion, fellowship divine!  
*di. cr* We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
*f* Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine. Alleluia! Amen
- ff* From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast  
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host  
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
 Alleluia! Amen

## 355. VIA VERITAS VITA. 7s. 8. 12.

C. J. VINCENT.



# Saints' Days: The Church Triumphant.



"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."—JOHN xiv. 6.

*mf* TEMPTED oft to go astray,  
Jesu Christ, be thou my way;  
Mock'd with shadowy dreams of youth,  
Jesu Christ, be thou my truth;  
Wearied out with manhood's strife,  
Jesu Christ, be thou my life;  
*f* Such to thy saints wast thou of yore,  
Unchangeable thou art, and shalt be evermore.

*mf* Thou the Way art, thou the prize  
That beyond the journey lies;  
Thou the Truth art, thou the Guide,  
Gone before, yet by our side;

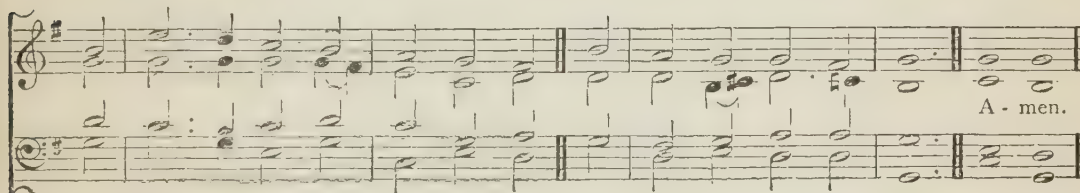
Everlasting life below  
It is truly thee to know;  
*f* Such to thy saints wast thou of yore,  
Unchangeable thou art, and shalt be evermore.

*mf* Would we follow, true and bold,  
Steps of holy men of old;  
Freely leave the world, to prove  
Our, like their, undying love;  
*p* And as freely life lay down,  
*cr* To receive a martyr's crown?  
*mf* O Saviour of the saints of yore,  
Be thou to us, what thou to them wast, evermore.

## 356. WINCHESTER OLD.

C.M.

ALISON'S Psalter.



"They sang a new song, saying, Thou art worthy."—REV. v. 9.

*f* SING we the song of those who stand  
Around the eternal throne,  
Of every kindred, clime, and land,  
A multitude unknown.

*mf* Life's poor distinctions vanish here  
To-day the young, the old,  
Our Saviour and his flock appear,  
One Shepherd and one fold.

*p* Toil, trial, suffering still await  
On earth the pilgrim throng;  
*cr* Yet learn we in our low estate  
*f* The church triumphant's song.

Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,  
Cry the redeem'd above,  
Blessing and honour to obtain  
And everlasting love.

Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,  
*p* Who died our souls to save;  
*cr* Henceforth, O death, where is thy sting?  
Thy victory, O grave?

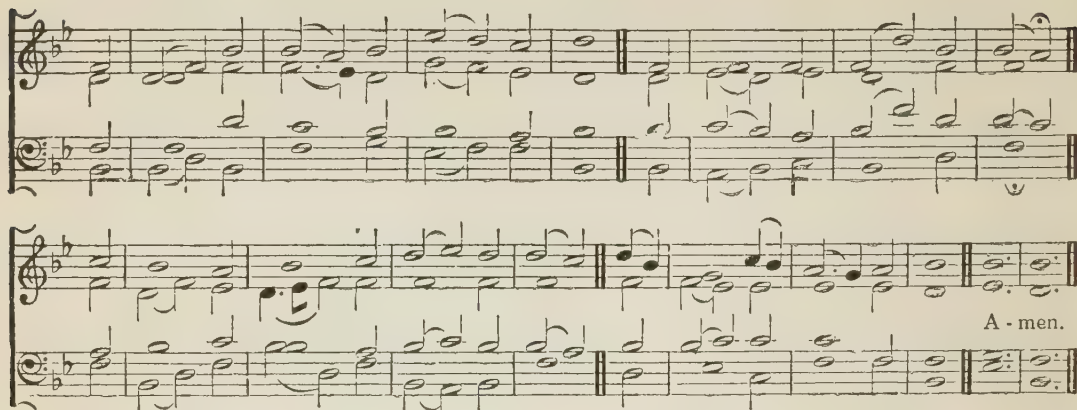
*f* Then Hallelujah! power and praise  
To God in Christ be given;  
May all, who now this anthem raise,  
Renew the strain in heaven.

# Saints' Days: The Church Triumphant.

## 357. WILTSHIRE.

C.M.

G. SMART.



"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne."—REV. iii. 21.

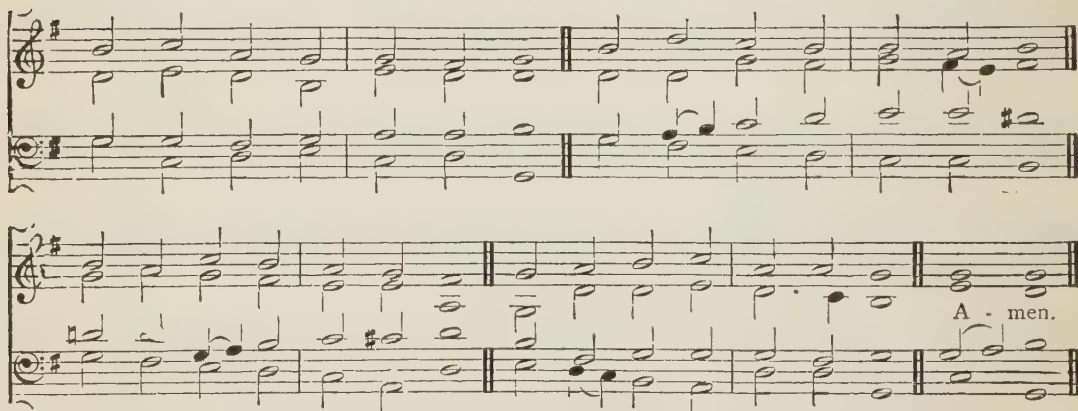
*f* GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.  
*p* Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears :  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.  
*mf* I ask them whence their victory came ;  
They with united breath

Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to his death.  
*cr* They mark'd the footsteps that he trod ;  
His zeal inspired their breast ;  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.  
Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
For his own pattern given ;  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven.<sup>c</sup>

## 358. ST. THOMAS.

7s.

THORNE.



"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory."—1 CHRON. xxix. 11.

*f* PALMS of glory, raiment bright,  
Crowns that never fade away,  
Gird and deck the saints in light,  
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.  
*mf* Yet the conquerors bring their palms  
To the Lamb amidst the throne,  
*cr* And proclaim in joyful psalms  
Victory through his cross alone.  
*mf* Kings for harps their crowns resign,  
Crying, as they strike the chords,  
*cr* "Take the kingdom, it is thine,  
*f* King of kings, and Lord of lords."

*mf* Round the altar priests confess,  
If their robes are white as snow,  
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,  
And his blood, that made them so.  
*p* Who were these? on earth they dwelt,  
Sinners once of Adam's race,  
Guilt and fear and suffering felt ;  
*cr* But were saved by sovereign grace.  
*mf* They were mortal too like us ;  
O, when we like them must die,  
May our souls translated thus  
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.<sup>4</sup>

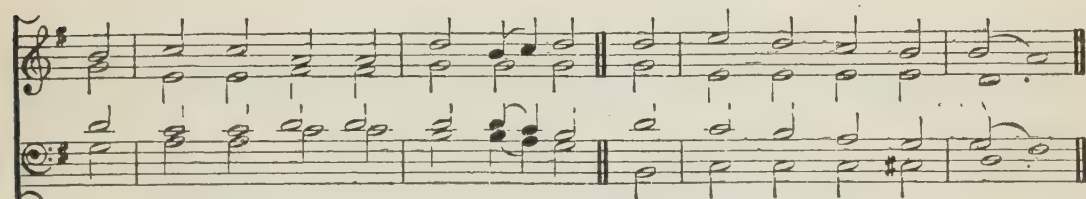
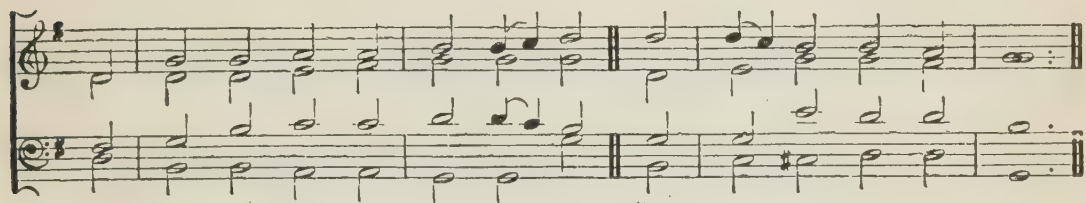
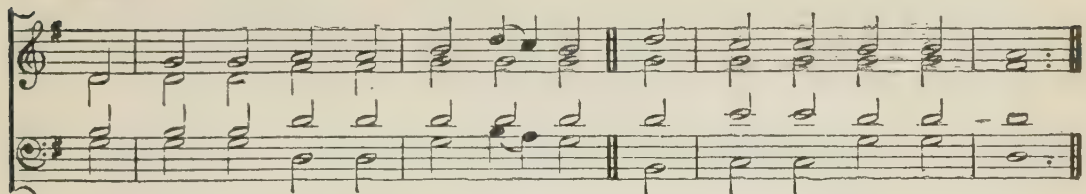


# Saints Days: The Church Triumphant.

359. ST. ASAPH.

D.C.M.

GIORNIVICHI.



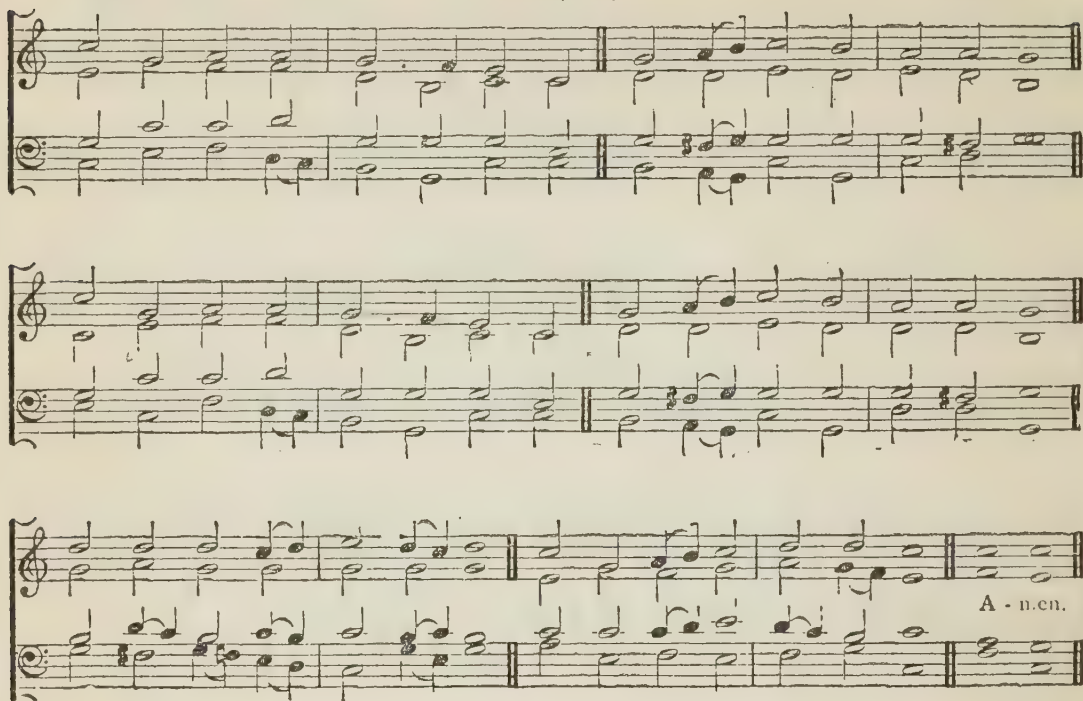
"I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands."—REV. vii. 9.

- ♪* How bright these glorious spirits shine :  
 Whence all their white array ?  
 How came they to the blissful seats  
 Of everlasting day ?
- ♩* Lo, these are they from sufferings great,  
 Who came to realms of light,  
 And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
- cr* Those robes which shine so bright.
- f* Now with triumphal palms they stand  
 Before the throne on high,  
 And serve the God they love amidst  
 The glories of the sky.
- or* His presence fills each heart with joy,  
 Tunes every mouth to sing ;
- ff* By day, by night, the sacred courts  
 With glad Hosannas ring.
- mf* The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne  
 Shall o'er them still preside ;  
 Feed them with nourishment divine,  
 And all their footsteps guide.
- cr* 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock  
 Where living streams appear ;
- di* And God the Lord from every eye
- ♩* Shall wipe off every tear.<sup>d</sup>

# Saints' Days : The Church Triumphant.

360. ALL SAINTS (MONK). 8s. 7s. 7s.

MONK.



"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament."—DAN. xii. 3.

*f* Who are these like stars appearing,  
These, before God's throne who stand?  
Each a golden crown is wearing,  
Who are all this glorious band?  
*f* Hallelujah! hark, they sing,  
Praising loud their heavenly King.

*mf* Who are these in dazzling brightness,  
Clothed in God's own righteousness:  
These, whose robes of purest whiteness  
Shall their lustre still possess,  
Still untouch'd by time's rude hand?  
Whence come all this glorious band?

*p* These are they who have contended  
For their Saviour's honour long,  
Wrestling on till life was ended,  
Following not the sinful throng;

*cr* These, who well the fight sustain'd,  
Triumph by the Lamb have gain'd.

*f* These are they whose hearts were riven,  
Sore with woe and anguish tried,  
Who in prayer full oft have striven  
With the God they glorified;  
*cr* Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
God has bid them weep no more.

*mf* These are they who watch'd and waited,  
Offering up to Christ their will,  
Soul and body consecrated,  
Day and night to serve him still;  
*p* Now in God's most holy place  
Blest they stand before his face.

# Saints' Days: The Church Triumphant.

361. ST. PETER'S (MANCROFT). D. 7s.

Harmonized by BUNNETT.

"What are these, which are arrayed in white robes?—REV. vii. 13.

’ WHAT are these in bright array,  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar night and day,  
Hymning one triumphant song?  
“Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
c’ Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,  
New dominion every hour.”

♠ These through fiery trials trod;  
These from great affliction came;  
c’ Now before the throne of God,  
Seal’d with his almighty name;  
’ Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in every hand,  
Through their dear Redeemer’s might,  
More than conquerors they stand.

*mf* Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed;  
c’ Them the Lamb amidst the throne  
Shall to living fountains lead:  
’ Joy and gladness banish sighs,  
Perfect love dispels all fears,  
*di* And for ever from their eyes  
♠ God shall wipe away the tears.’

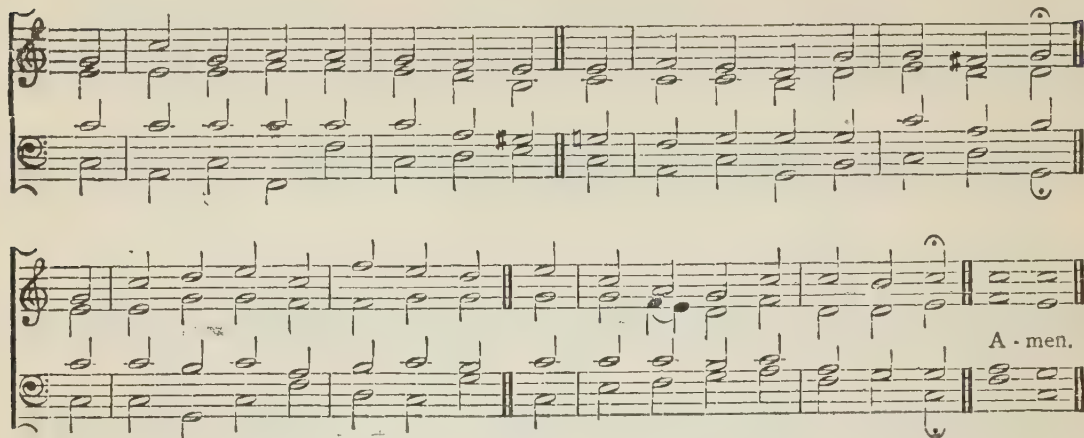


# Saints' Days : The Church Triumphant.

362. CRASSELLIUS.

L.M.

CRASSELLIUS.



*"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes."*—REV. vii. 14.

• Lo ! round the throne, at God's right hand,  
The saints in countless myriads stand :  
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,  
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

*p* Through tribulation great they came ;  
*cr* They bore the cross, despised the shame ;  
*mf* From all their labours now they rest,  
In God's eternal glory bless'd.

*cr* Hunger and thirst they feel no more ;  
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore ;  
The tears are wiped from every eye,  
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

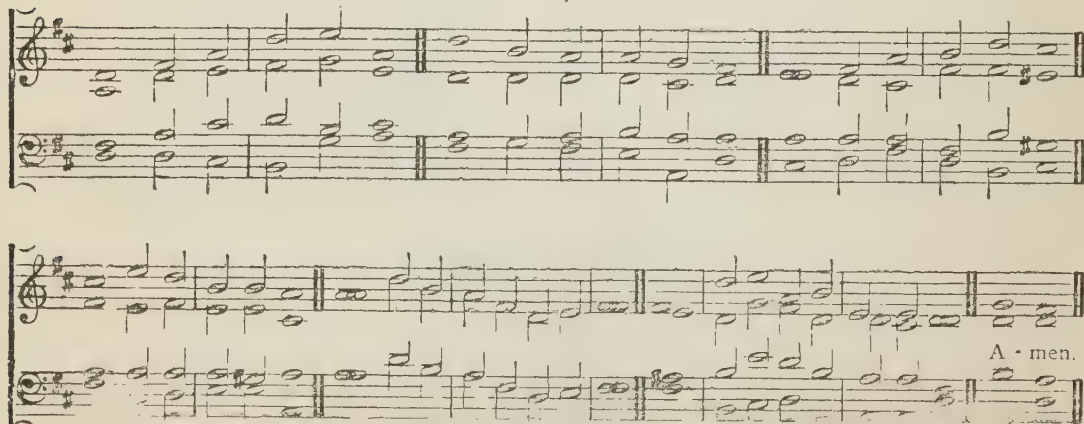
• They see the Saviour face to face,  
And sing the triumphs of his grace ;  
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,  
To him their loud Hosannas raise :

*f* Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign ;  
Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,  
And made us kings and priests to God. *a*

363. CHRISTCHURCH.

6s. 4s.

STEGGALL



# Saints' Days: The Church Triumphant.

"He hath prepared for them a city."—HEB. xi. 16.

*mf* JERUSALEM on high  
My song and city is,  
My home whene'er I die,  
The centre of my bliss :  
*cr* O happy place,  
When shall I be,  
My God, with thee,  
To see thy face.

*mf* There dwells my Lord, my King,  
*p* Judged here unfit to live ;  
*f* There angels to him sing,  
And lowly homage give :  
*cr* O happy place, &c.

*mf* The patriarchs of old  
There from their travels cease ;  
The prophets there behold  
Their long'd-for Prince of Peace :  
*cr* O happy place, &c.

*mf* The Lamb's apostles there  
I might with joy behold,  
*p* The harpers I might hear  
Harping on harps of gold ;  
*cr* O happy place, &c.

*mf* The bleeding martyrs, they  
Within those courts are found,  
*cr* Clothed in pure array,  
Their scars with glory crown'd  
*f* O happy place, &c.

*p* Ah me, ah me ! that I  
In Kedar's tents here stay :  
No place like that on high ;  
*cr* Lord, thither guide my way.  
*f* O happy place,  
When shall I be,  
My God, with thee,  
To see thy face.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

## 364. ASTRA MATUTINA.

P.M.

THORNE.

"Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength."—Ps. ciii. 20.

*f* STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,  
Fill'd with celestial splendence and light,  
These that, where night never followeth day,  
Raise the "Thrice Holy" song ever and aye :

*mf* These are thy counsellors, these dost thou own,  
God of Sabaoth, the nearest thy throne ;  
These are thy ministers, these dost thou send,  
*di* Help of the helpless ones, man to befriend.

*f* These keep the guard amid Salem's dear bowers ;  
Thrones, principalities, virtues, and powers,  
*di* Where with the living ones, mystical four,  
*p* Cherubim, Seraphim, bow and adore.

*mf* Still let them succour us, still let them fight,  
*cr* Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right ;  
*f* Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,  
*p* We with the angels may bow and adore.

# Saints' Days : The Church Triumphant.

365. ST. MATTHEW.

D.C.M.

CROFT.

*"All the angels stood round about the throne."—REV. vii. ii.*

- f* FATHER, before thy throne of light  
The guardian angels bend,  
And ever in thy presence bright  
Their psalms adoring blend ;  
*di* And casting down each golden crown  
Beside the crystal sea,  
*cr* With voice and lyre, in happy choir,  
Hymn glory, Lord, to thee.
- mf* And as the rainbow lustre falls  
Athwart their glowing wings,  
*cr* While seraph unto seraph calls,  
And each thy goodness sings ;  
*p* O may we feel, as low we kneel  
To pray thee for thy grace,  
That thou art here for all who fear  
The brightness of thy face.
- mf* Here where the angels see us come  
To worship day by day,  
*cr* Teach us to seek our heavenly home,  
And serve thee e'en as they ;  
*f* With them to raise our notes of praise,  
With them thy love to own ;  
That boyhood's time and manhood's prime  
Be thine and thine alone. <sup>d</sup>

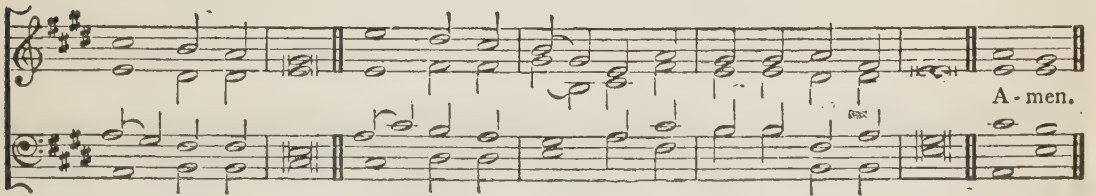
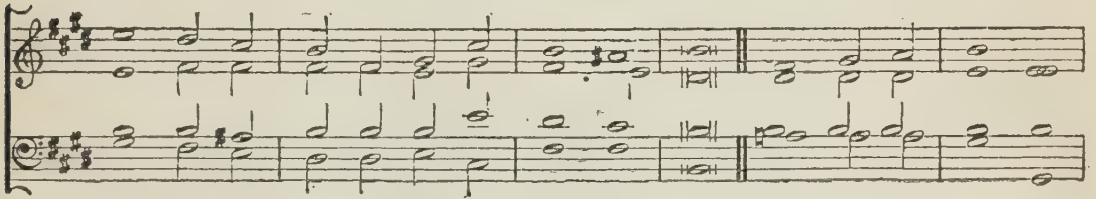
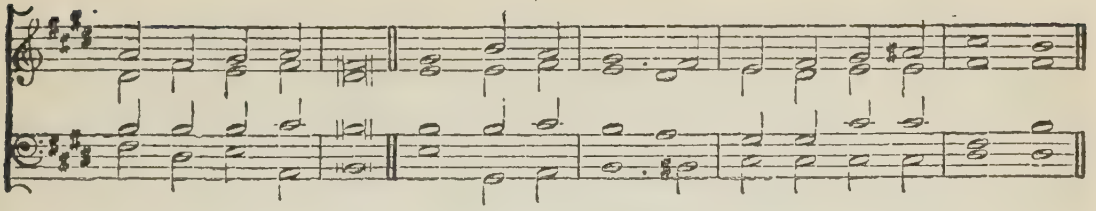
366. PILGRIMS.

P.M.

H. SMART.



# Saints' Days: The Church Triumphant.



*"The angel of the Lord said, Go, speak all the words of this life."—ACTS v. 20.*

*mf* HARK, hark, my soul ! Angelic songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore :  
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

*p* Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
*cr* Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

*p* Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
*p* Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come :  
*cr* And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
*mp* The music of the Gospel leads us home.  
*p e cr* Angels of Jesus, &c.

*pp* Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea ;  
*cr* And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.  
*p e cr* Angels of Jesus, &c.

*mf* Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;  
*cr* Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
*p e cr* Angels of Jesus, &c.

*f* Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;  
*cr* Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love  
*p* Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
*f* Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Saints' Days: The Church Triumphant.

### 367. FLENSBURG.

D.C.M.

*Adapted from SPOHR.*

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on G4, moves to A4, B4, and then C5, with various rhythmic patterns including eighth and sixteenth notes. The accompaniment provides a steady harmonic foundation with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece is divided into two measures by a double bar line. The first measure contains the main melody and a simple bass accompaniment. The second measure continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a final double bar line.

*"Behold the angels of God ascending and descending."*—GEN. xxviii. 12.

*mf* It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
*di* From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold :  
*cr* Peace on the earth, good will to men  
From heaven's all gracious King :—  
*pp* The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

*mf* Still through the cloven skies they come  
With peaceful wings unfurl'd ;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world :

*mp* Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
*cr* And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
*pp* The blessed angels sing,

*pp* The blessed angels sing,

*mp* O ye, beneath life's crushing load  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow ;  
*c* Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing :  
*mf* O rest beside the weary road,  
*pp* And hear the angels sing.

*mf* For lo, the days are hastening on,  
By prophets seen of old,  
*cr* When with the ever-circling years  
Shall come the time foretold,  
*f* When the new heaven and earth shall own  
The Prince of Peace their King,  
*f* And the whole world send back the song  
*fp* Which now the angels sing,<sup>d</sup>

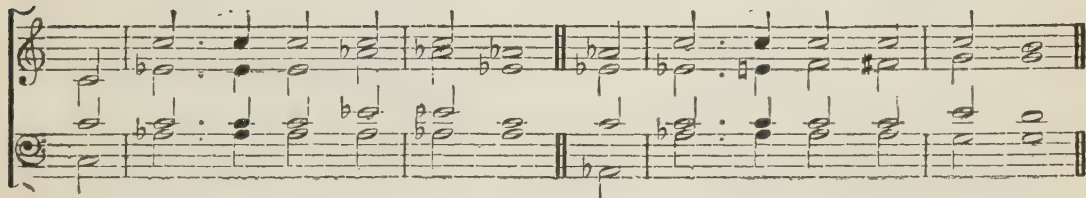
# Saints' Days: The Church Triumphant,

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

368. LOSTWITHIEL.

P.M.

TURLE.



*"We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."—ACTS xiv. 22.*

*f* HEAD of the church triumphant,  
We joyfully adore thee;  
Till thou appear, thy members here  
Shall sing like those in glory:  
*f* We lift our hearts and voices,  
With bless'd anticipation,  
And cry aloud, and give to God  
The praise of our salvation

*p* While in affliction's furnace,  
And passing through the fire,  
*cr* Thy love we praise in grateful lays,  
Which ever brings us nigher:  
*f* We clap our hands, exulting  
In thine almighty favour:  
*f* The love divine, that made us thine,  
Shall keep us thine for ever.

*p* Thou dost conduct thy people  
Through torrents of temptation:  
*cr* Nor will we fear, while thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation;  
*mf* The world, with sin and Satan,  
In vain our march opposes,  
*f* By thee we shall break through them all.  
And sing the song of Moses.

*mf* By faith we see the glory  
To which thou shalt restore us,  
*cr* The world despise, for that high prize  
Which thou hast set before us:  
*p* And, if thou count us worthy,  
We each, with dying Stephen,  
*f* Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,  
To call us up to heaven.

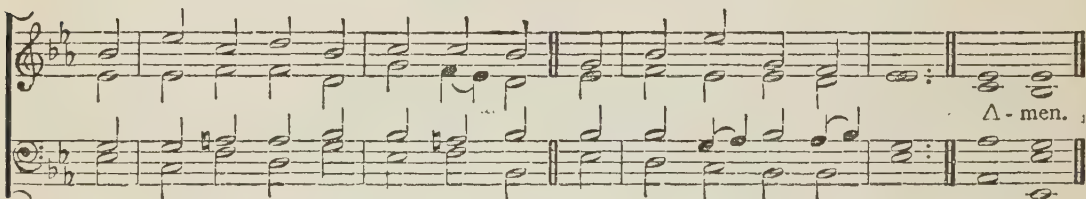
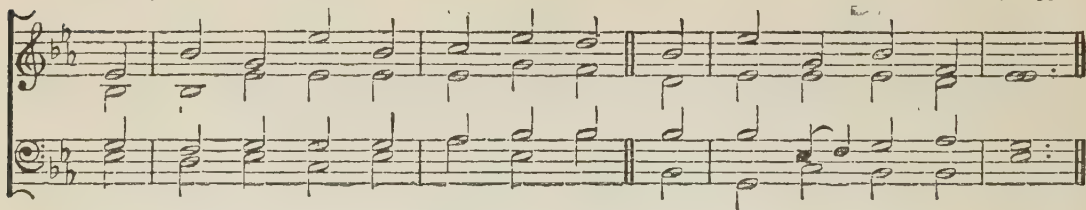


# Saints' Days: The Church Triumphant.

## 369. LONDON NEW.

C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1635.



"The whole family in heaven and earth."—EPH. iii. 15.

*mp* COME, let us join our friends above  
Who have obtain'd the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love  
To joys celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing  
With those to glory gone;  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and heaven, are one.

*mp* One family, we dwell in him,  
One church, above, beneath;  
*di* Though now divided by the stream,  
*p* The narrow stream of death.

*f* One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow;  
*mf* Part of his host have cross'd the flood,  
*p* And part are crossing now.

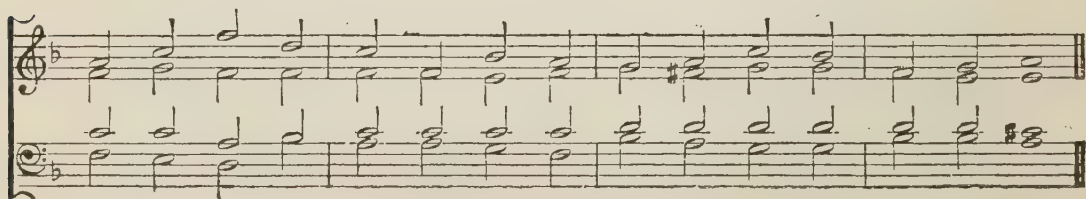
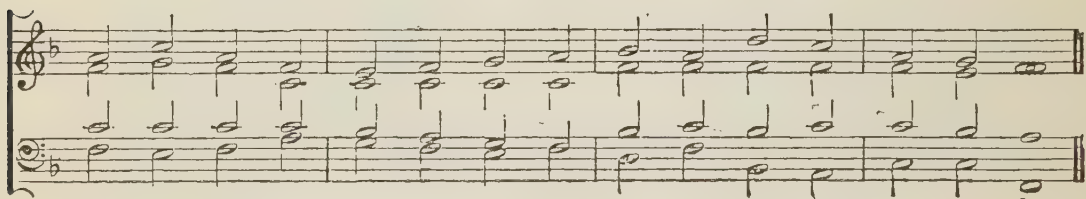
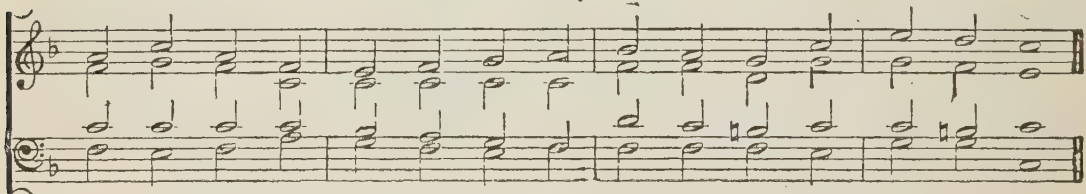
*cr* Our spirits too shall quickly join,  
Like theirs with glory crown'd;  
*f* And shout to see our Captain's sign,  
To hear his trumpet sound.

*cr* O that we now might grasp our guide;  
O that the word were given!  
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,  
And land us all in heaven.*c*

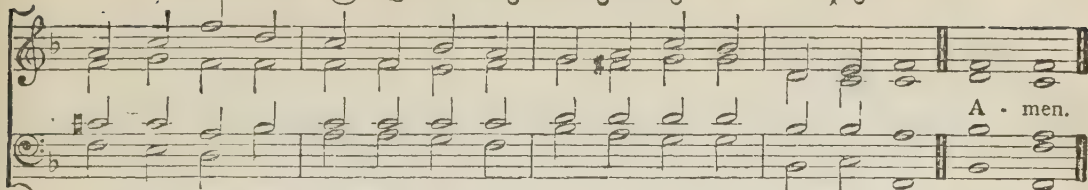
## 370. DEERHURST.

D. 8s. 7s.

LANGRAN.



# Saints' Days: The Church Triumphant.



"Lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, stood before the throne."—REV. vii. 9.

- f* HARK the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea,  
*cr* Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah! Lord, to thee;  
*ff* Multitudes, which none can number, like the stars in glory stand  
 Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hand.
- mf* Patriarch, and holy prophet, who prepared the way of Christ,  
*cr* King, apostle, saint, confessor, martyr, and evangelist,  
*mf e p* Sainly maiden, godly matron, widows who have watch'd to prayer,  
*f* Join'd in holy concert, singing to the Lord of all, are there.
- p* They have come from tribulation, and have wash'd their robes in blood,  
*die cr* Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus; tried they were, and firm they stood;  
*p* Mock'd, afflicted, scourged, imprison'd, stoned, tormented, slain with sword,  
*f* They have conquer'd death and Satan by the might of Christ the Lord.
- f* Marching with thy cross their banner, they have triumph'd, following  
 Thee, the Captain of Salvation, thee, their Saviour and their King;  
*di* Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffer'd; gladly, Lord, with thee they died;  
*cr* And by death to life immortal they were born and glorified.
- ff* Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in golden light;  
 Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and infinite;  
*f* Love and peace they taste for ever, and all truth and knowledge see  
*h* In the beatific vision of the Blessed Trinity.
- f* God of God, the One-begotten, Light of Light, Emmanuel,  
 In whose body join'd together all the saints for ever dwell,  
*cr* Pour upon us of thy fulness, that we may for evermore  
 God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost adore. Amen.

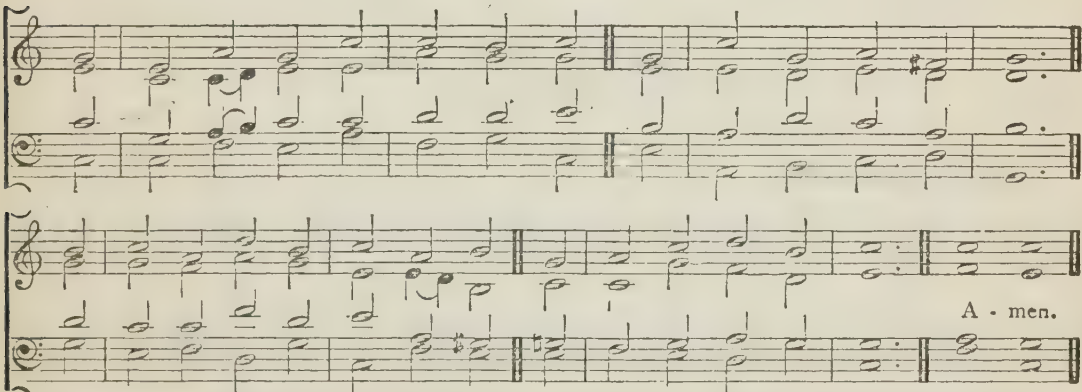
## Almsgiving.

"WE HUMBLY BESEECH THEE MOST MERCIFULLY TO ACCEPT OUR ALMS."

### 371. ST. ANNE.

C.M.

CROFT.



"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—  
 MATT. xxv. 40.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <i>mf</i> FOUNTAIN of good, to own thy love<br>Our thankful hearts incline;  | <i>f</i> In their sad accents of distress<br>Thy pleading voice is heard;  |
| <i>cr</i> What can we render, Lord, to thee,<br>When all the worlds are thine?   | <i>cr</i> In them thou may'st be clothed, and fed,<br>And visited, and cheer'd.  |
| <i>mf</i> But thou hast needy brethren here,<br>Partakers of thy grace,<br>Whose humble names thou wilt confess<br>Before thy Father's face. | <i>mf</i> Thy face with reverence and with love<br>We in thy poor would see;<br>For, while we minister to them,<br>We do it, Lord, to thee. <sup>c</sup> |

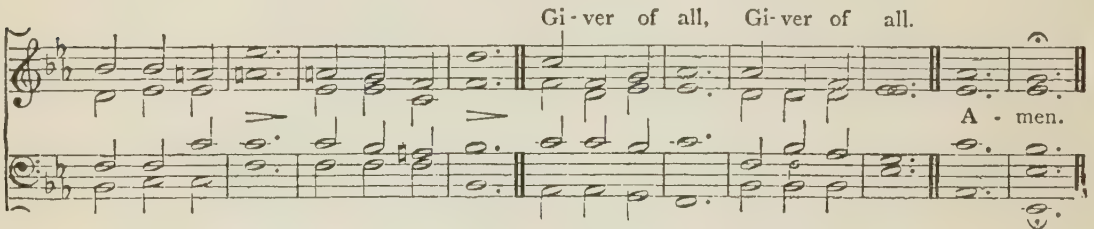
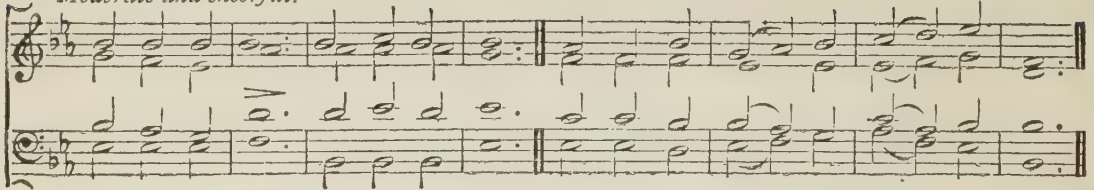
# Almsgiving.

## 372. GAUNTLETT.

P.M.

GAUNTLETT.

*Moderate and cheerful.*



"All things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee."—I CHRON. xxix. 14.

*f* O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,  
To thee all praise and glory be ;  
How shall we show our love to thee,  
Giver of all ?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,  
Sweet flowers and fruits thy love declare ;  
Where harvests ripen, thou art there,  
Giver of all.

For peaceful homes and healthful days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,  
Giver of all.

*p* Thou didst not spare thine only Son,  
But gav'st him for a world undone,  
And freely with that Blessèd One  
Thou givest all.

*mf* Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,  
Spirit of life and love and power,  
And dost his sevenfold graces shower  
Upon us all.

*p* For souls redeem'd, for sins forgiven,  
*cr* For means of grace and hopes of heaven,  
*f* What can to thee, O Lord, be given,  
Who givest all ?

*mf* We lose what on ourselves we spend,  
We have as treasure without end  
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,  
Who givest all.

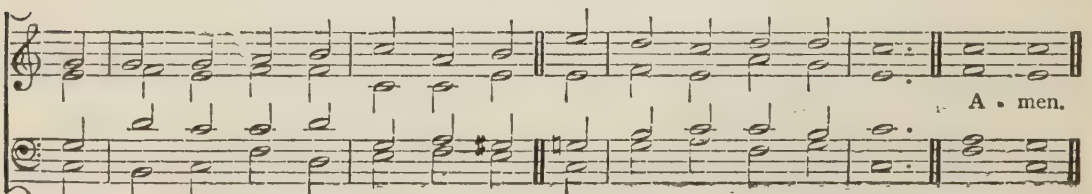
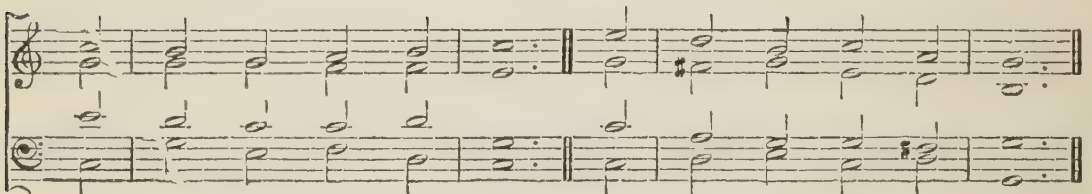
Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee  
*cr* Repaid a thousandfold will be,  
*f* Then gladly will we give to thee,  
Giver of all ;

To thee, from whom we all derive  
Our life, our gifts, our power to give.  
*p* O may we ever with thee live,  
Giver of all. Amen

## 373. NARENZA.

S.M.

Ancient Tune.





# Almsgiving.

"As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another."—1 PET. IV. 10.

*r* We give thee but thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be :  
All that we have is thine alone,  
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

*mf* May we thy bounties thus  
As stewards true receive,  
And gladly as thou blestest us,  
To thee our first-fruits give.

*p* O ! hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold,  
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,  
Are straying from the fold.

*cr* To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless  
Is angel's work below.

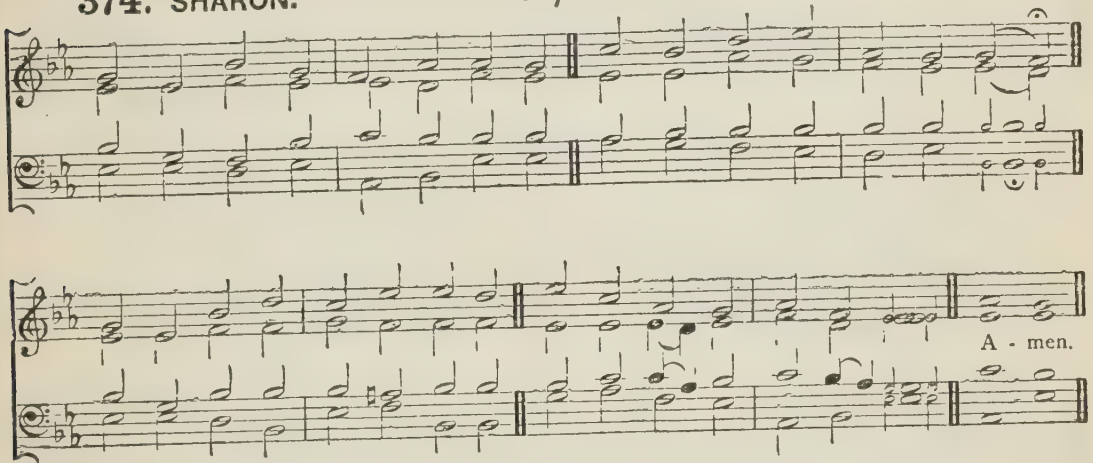
*mf* The captive to releasé,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christ-like thing.

*cr* And we believe thy word,  
*di* Though dim our faith may be ;  
*f* Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto thee e

## 374. SHARON.

8s. 7s.

BOYCE.



"The barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail."—1 KINGS xvii. 16.

*mp, cr* Is thy cruse of comfort wasting ? rise and share it with another,  
*f* And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother :

*mf* Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew ;  
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving ; all its wealth is living grain ;  
Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scatter'd, fill with gold the plain.

*mp* Is thy burden hard and heavy do thy steps drag wearily ?  
*cr* Help to bear thy brother's burden ; God will bear both it and thee.

*mp* Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow ?  
*cr* Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.

*mp* Art thou stricken in life's battle ? Many wounded round thee moan ;  
*cr* Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.

*mp* Is the heart a well left empty ? None but God its void can fill ;  
*cr* Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longings still.

*mp* Is the heart a living power ? self-entwined, its strength sinks low ;  
*f* It can only live in loving, and by serving love will grow.<sup>m</sup>

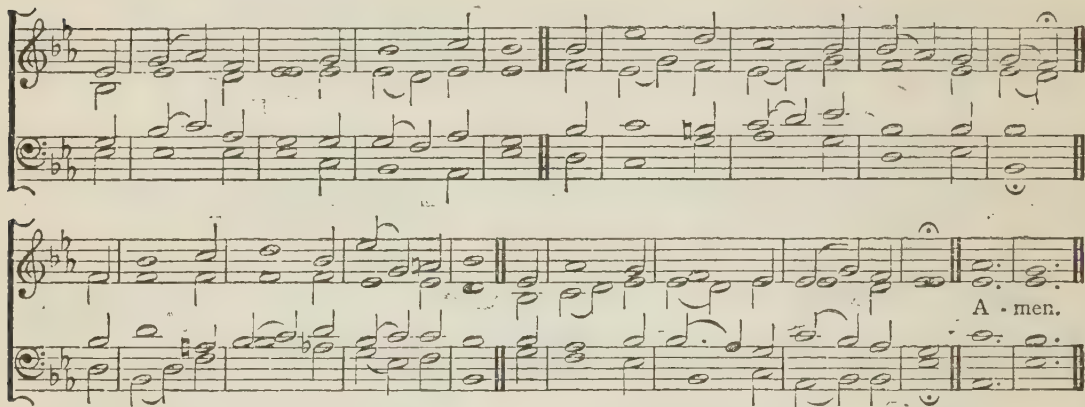
# The Administration of the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion.

"YE THAT MIND TO COME TO THE HOLY COMMUNION OF THE BODY AND BLOOD OF OUR SAVIOUR CHRIST, DRAW NEAR WITH FAITH, AND TAKE THIS HOLY SACRAMENT TO YOUR COMFORT."

## 375. ROCKINGHAM.

L.M.

MILLER.



"Come; for all things are now ready."—LUKE xiv. 17.

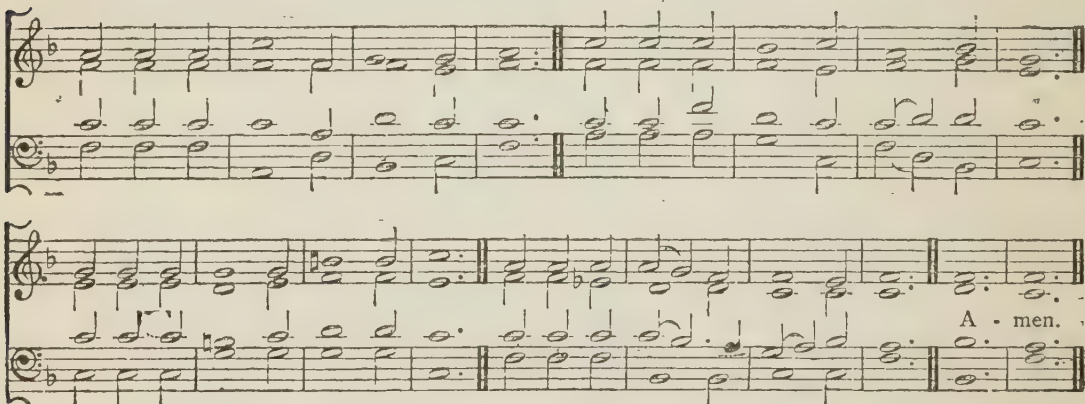
*mf* My God, and is thy table spread?  
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?  
*cr* Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them all thy sweetness know.  
*f* Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
*p* Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!  
*cr* Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

*mf* Why are its bounties all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts display'd?  
Was not for you the Victim slain?  
Are you forbid the children's bread?  
*cr* O let thy table honour'd be,  
And furnish'd well with joyful guests!  
*f* And may each soul salvation see  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.<sup>b</sup>

## 376. HESPERUS.

L.M.

H. BAKER.



"I am that bread of life."—JOHN vi. 48.

*f* Jesu, thou joy of loving hearts,  
Thou Fount of Life, thou Light of men  
*di* From the best bliss that earth imparts,  
*cr* We turn unfilled to thee again.  
*f* Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
*p* Thou savest those that on thee call;  
*cr* To them that seek thee, thou art good;  
*f* To them that find thee, All in All.  
*mf* We taste thee, O thou living Bread.  
And long to feast upon thee still;

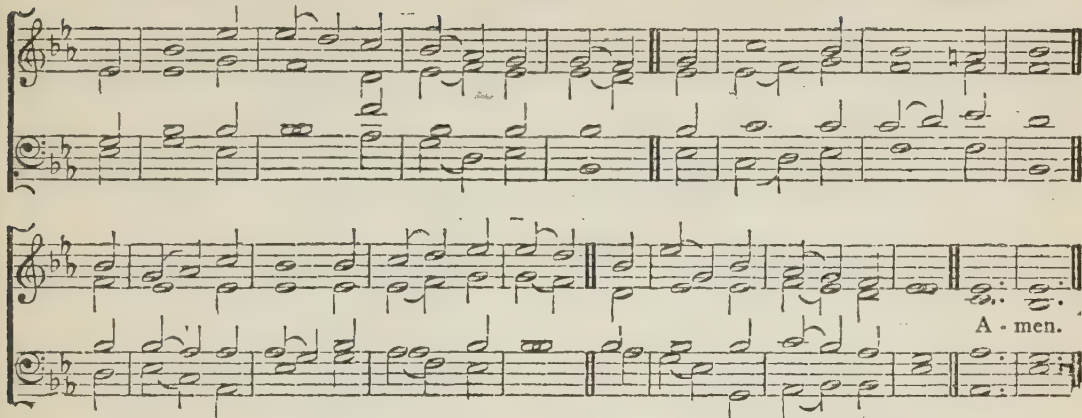
We drink of thee, the Fountain-head,  
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.  
*p* Our restless spirits yearn for thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast:  
*cr* Glad, when thy gracious smile we see;  
*f* Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.  
*mp* O Jesu, ever with us stay;  
Make all our moments calm and bright;  
*cr* Chase the dark night of sin away;  
*f* Shed o'er the world thy holy light.<sup>b</sup>

# Holy Communion.

377. ABRIDGE.

C.M.

SMITH



"This do in remembrance of me."—LUKE xxii. 19.

*mf* ACCORDING to thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
*p* I will remember thee.

*mf* Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be ;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
*f* And thus remember thee.

*mp* Can I Gethsemane forget ?  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
*f* And not remember thee ?

*mp* When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
*cr* O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,  
*p* I must remember thee.

*mf* Remember thee, and all thy pains,  
And all thy love to me ;  
*cr* Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember thee.

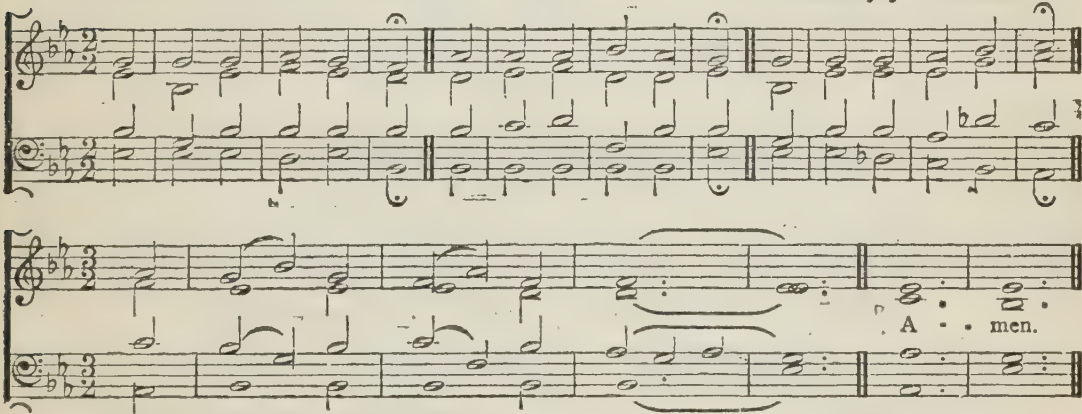
*p* And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
*cr* When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
Jesu, remember me.<sup>c</sup>

378. DOLOMITE CHANT.

6s.

Austrian Melody.

Harmonized by J. T. COOPER.



"The bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."—JOHN vi. 51.

*mp* I HUNGER and I thirst ;  
*cr* Jesu, my manna be ;  
*f* Ye living waters, burst  
Out of the rock for me.

*p* Thou bruised and broken Bread,  
*cr* My life-long wants supply ;  
*mf* As living souls are fed,  
O feed me, or I die.

*mp* Thou true life-giving Vine,  
Let me thy sweetness prove ;

*cr* Renew my life with thine,  
Refresh my soul with love.

*p* Rough paths my feet have trod,  
Since first their course began :  
*cr* Feed me, thou Bread of God ;  
*di* Help me, thou Son of Man.

*mf* For still the desert lies  
My thirsting soul before :  
*f* O living waters, rise  
Within me evermore.

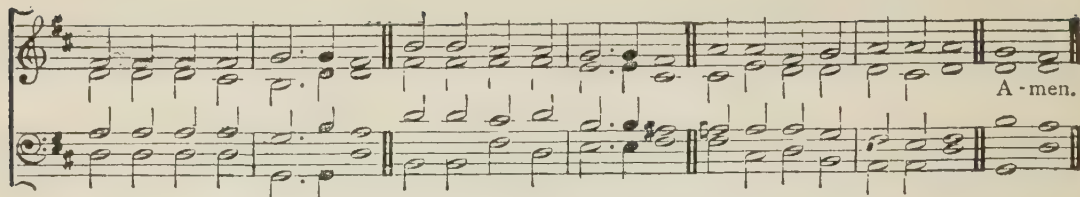


# Holy Communion.

379. ST. BASIL.

THREE 7S.

German Chorale.



*"To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—EPH. iii. 19.*

*mf* JESU, to thy table led,  
Now let every heart be fed  
With the true and living bread.

*p* While in penitence we kneel,  
Thy sweet presence let us feel,  
*cr* All thy wondrous love reveal.

*p* While on thy dear cross we gaze,  
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,  
*cr* Turn our sadness into praise.

*mp* When we taste the mystic wine,  
Of thine outpour'd blood the sign,  
Fill our hearts with love divine.

Draw us to thy wounded side,  
Whence there flow'd the healing tide;  
There our sins and sorrows hide.

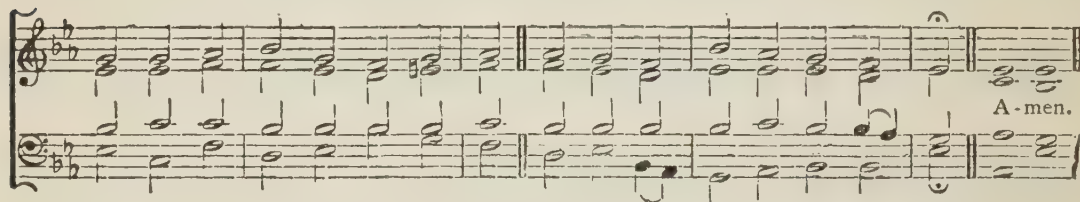
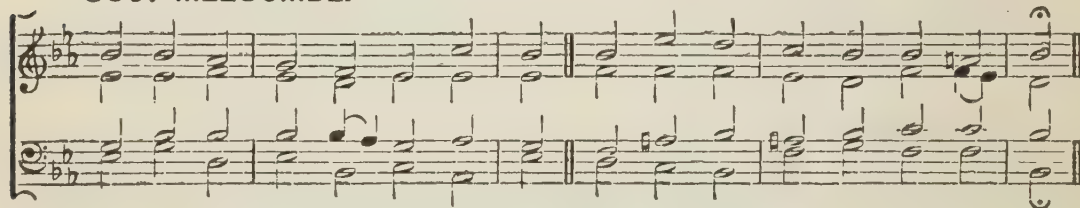
*cr* From the bonds of sin release,  
Cold and wavering faith increase,  
*dt* Lamb of God, grant us thy peace.

*p* Lead us by thy pierc'd hand  
*cr* Till around thy throne we stand  
*f* In the bright and better land.

380. MELCOMBE.

L.M.

S. WEBBE.



*"Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."—REV. v. 9.*

*mp* JESU, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
O wash me in thy cleansing blood;  
Give me to know thy love: then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take my poor heart, and let it be  
For ever closed to all but thee;  
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.

*cr* How blest are they who still abide  
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side,  
Who life and strength from thence derive,  
And by thee move, and in thee live.

*mf* How can it be, thou heavenly King,  
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?  
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

*f* Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,  
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;  
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell  
Thy love immense, unsearchable

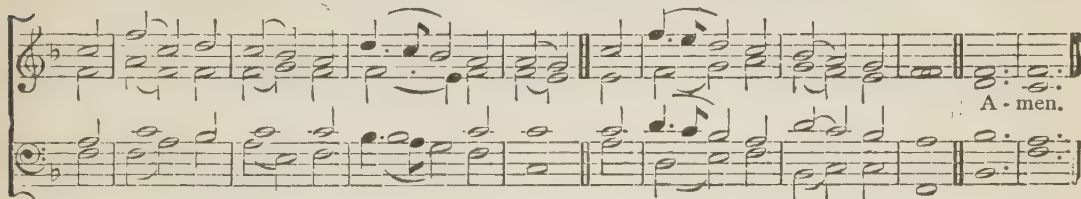
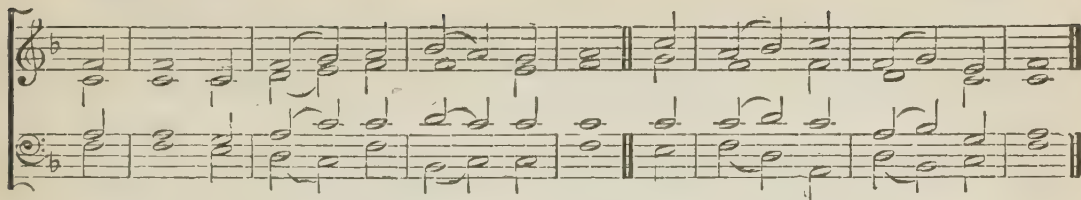
*mf* First born of many brethren thou,  
To thee, lo, all our souls we bow:  
To thee our hearts and hands we give:  
*p ef* Thine may we die: thine may we live.

# Holy Communion.

381. IRISH.

C.M.

SMITH.



*"That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us."—JOHN xvii. 21.*

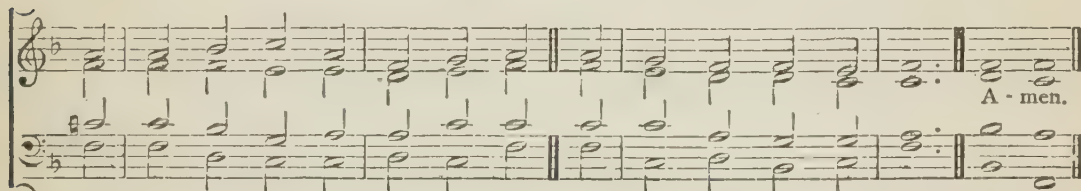
*mf* LORD JESUS, are we one with thee?  
*p* O height, O depth of love!  
*p* Thou one with us on Calvary,  
*f* We one with thee above.  
*mf* Such was thy love, that for our sake  
 Thou didst from heaven come down;  
*di* Our mortal flesh and blood partake,  
 In all our misery one.  
*p* Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,  
 Confess'd and borne by thee:

The sting, the curse, the wrath were thine  
*cr* To set thy members free.  
*f* Ascended now, in glory bright,  
 Still one with us thou art;  
 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height  
 Thy saints and thee can part.  
*mf* Ere long shall come that glorious day,  
 When, seated on thy throne,  
 Thou shalt to wondering worlds display,  
 That we in thee are one.<sup>c</sup>

382. ST. FLAVIAN.

C.M.

RAVENS-CROFT.



*"I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom."—MATT. xxvi. 29.*

*mf* THE hour is come; the feast is spread:  
*p* Behold my body given;  
 Behold my life-blood freely shed  
 To ransom souls for heaven.  
*mf* When of this cup I drink again,  
 In glory and with you.  
 No tears its perfect joy shall stain,  
 A joy for ever new.  
*cr* Ere then ten thousand thousand times  
 My table shall be spread,  
 And countless souls in distant climes  
 Be comforted and fed.

*f* Grace, mercy, peace, be multiplied  
 To those who commune there;  
 While seated by my Father's side  
 Their mansion I prepare.  
*p* But now these lips a different cup  
 For you must taste and drain,  
 And unrepiningly drink up  
 The dregs of bitter pain.  
*p* The griefs ye know not that are mine,  
*cr* Nor yet my glories see;  
*mp* But break the bread and drink the wine,  
 And thus remember me.<sup>c</sup>

# Holy Communion.

## 383. CÆNA DOMINI.

103.

SULLIVAN



*"The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?"—I COR. x. 16.*

*mp* COME take by faith the body of your Lord,  
And drink the holy blood for you outpour'd.

Saved by his body, hallow'd by his blood,  
With souls refresh'd we render thanks to God.

Salvation's Giver, Christ, the only Son,  
By his dear cross and blood the victory won.

*di* Offer'd was he for greatest and for least,  
Himself the Victim and himself the Priest.

*mf* Victims were offer'd by the law of old,  
Which in a type celestial mysteries told.

He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,  
Now gives his holy grace his saints to aid.

*mp* Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,  
And take the pledges of salvation here.

*mf* He, that in this world rules his saints, and shields,  
To all believers life eternal yields;

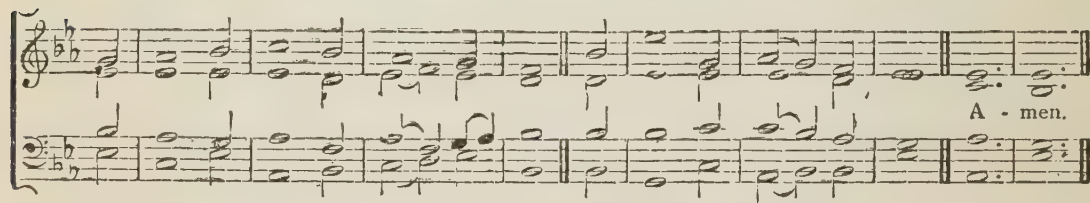
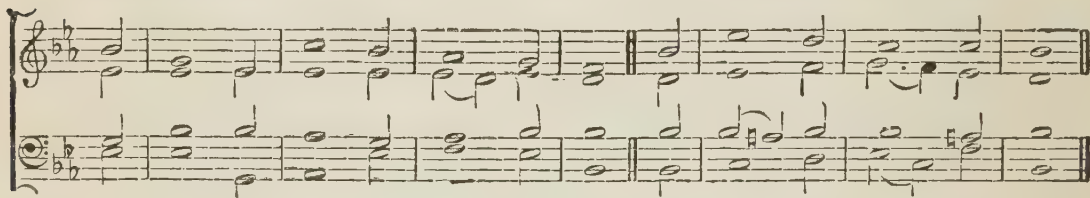
With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,  
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

O Judge of all, our only Saviour thou,  
In this thy feast of love be with us now.

## 384. BEDFORD.

C.M.

WHEAL'S



*"We will go into his tabernacles : we will worship at his footstool."—Ps. cxxxii. 7.*

*mp* O God, unseen, yet ever near,  
Thy presence may we feel ;  
And thus, inspired with holy fear,  
Before thy footstool kneel.

*cr* Here may thy faithful people know  
The blessings of thy love ;  
The streams that through the desert flow,  
The manna from above.

*mf* We come, obedient to thy word,  
To feast on heavenly food ;  
Our meat, the body of the Lord ;  
Our drink, his precious blood.

Thus would we all thy words obey,  
For we, O God, are thine ;  
And go rejoicing on our way,  
Renew'd with strength divine.

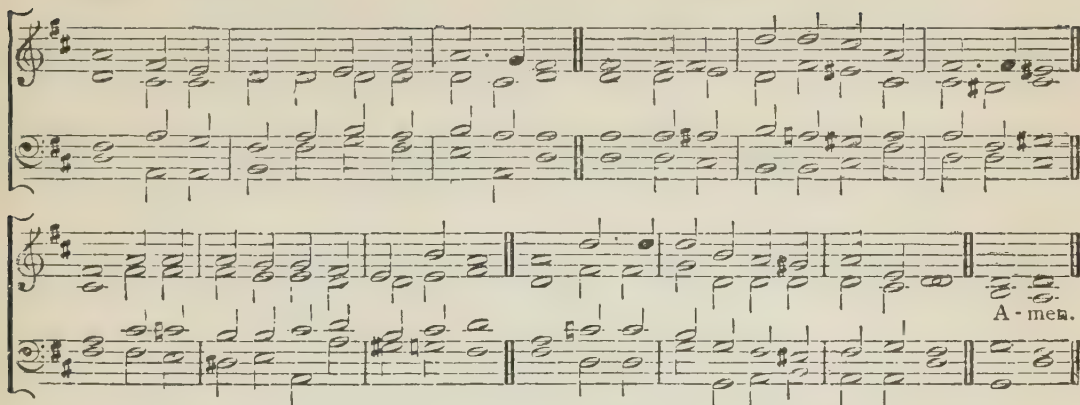


# Holy Communion.

385. DALKEITH.

IOS.

HEWLETT.



“This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them.”—LUKE xv. 2.

*mp* NOT worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs  
With trembling hand that from thy table fall,  
A weary heavy-laden sinner comes,  
To plead thy promise and obey thy call.

I am not worthy to be thought thy child,  
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;  
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled, -  
I only ask one reconciling word.

*cr* One word from thee, my Lord, one smile, one look,  
And I could face the cold rough world again;

*mf* And with that treasure in my heart could brook  
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.

*f* And is not mercy thy prerogative:

Free mercy,—boundless, fathomless, divine?

*di* Me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me forgive!

*cr* And thine the greater glory, only thine.

*p* I hear thy voice: thou bidst me come and rest.

I come, I kneel, I clasp thy pierced feet;

*cr* Thou bidst me take my place,—a welcome guest

Among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.

*mf* My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,

My prayer can only lose itself in thee:

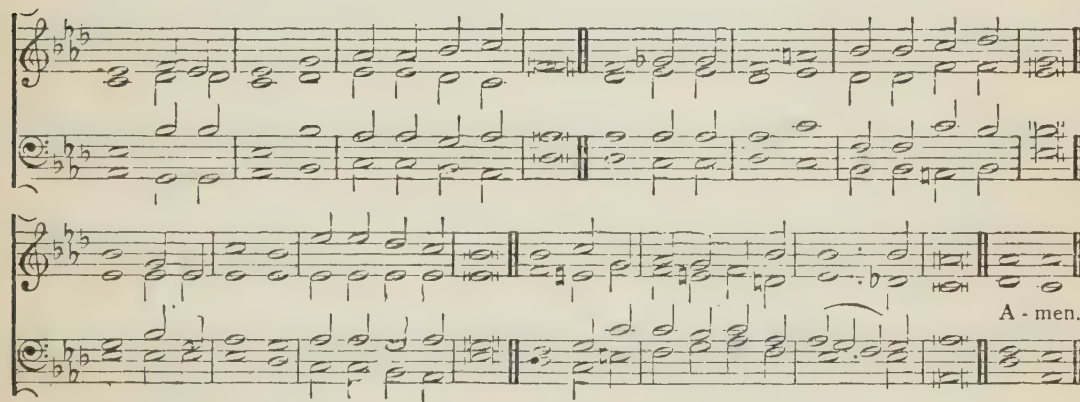
*p* Dwell thou for ever in my heart, and there,

*p* Lord, let me sup with thee: sup thou with me.

386. BEAUMARIS.

IOS.

GAUNTLETT.



“I will love him and will manifest myself to him.”—JOHN xiv. 21.

*mf* HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;  
Here faith can touch and handle things unseen;  
Here would I grasp with firmer hand thy grace,  
*p* And all my weariness upon thee lean.

*mf* Here would I feed upon the bread of God;  
Here drink with thee theoyal wine of heaven;  
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

I have no help but thine; nor do I need

Another arm save thine to lean upon;

*r* It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;  
My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

*p, f* Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness;

Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood;

*cr* Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—

Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord, my God

*mf* Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;

The feast, though not the love, is pass'd and gone,

The bread and wine remove, but thou art here—

Nearer than ever—still my shield and sun.

*di* Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;

*cr* Yet passing, points to the glad feast above;

*f* Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,

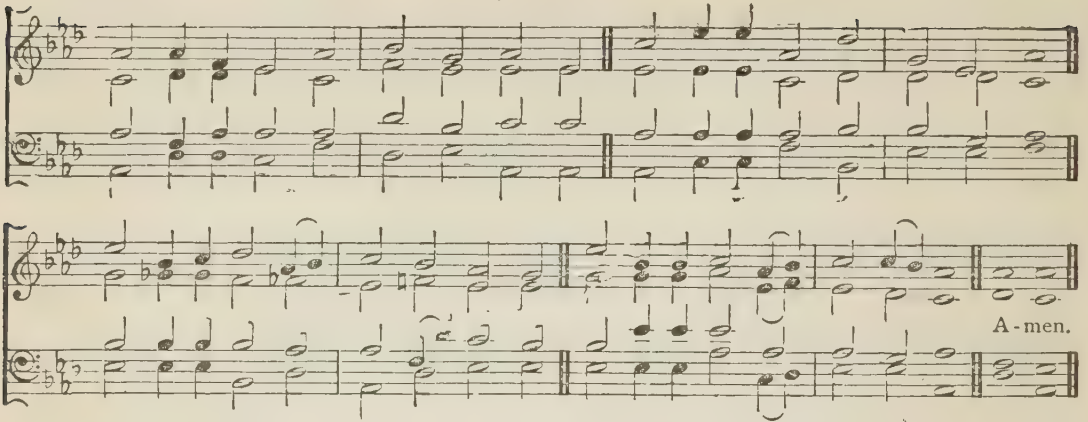
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

# Holy Communion.

## 387. CORPUS CHRISTI.

9s. 8s.

PUGET



*"My flesh is meat indeed, my blood is drink indeed."*—JOHN vi. 55.

*mp* BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,  
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,

*cr* By whom the words of life were spoken,

*p* And in whose death our sins are dead ;

*mp* Look on the heart by sorrow broken,

Look on the tears by sinners shed ;

*cr* And be thy feast to us the token

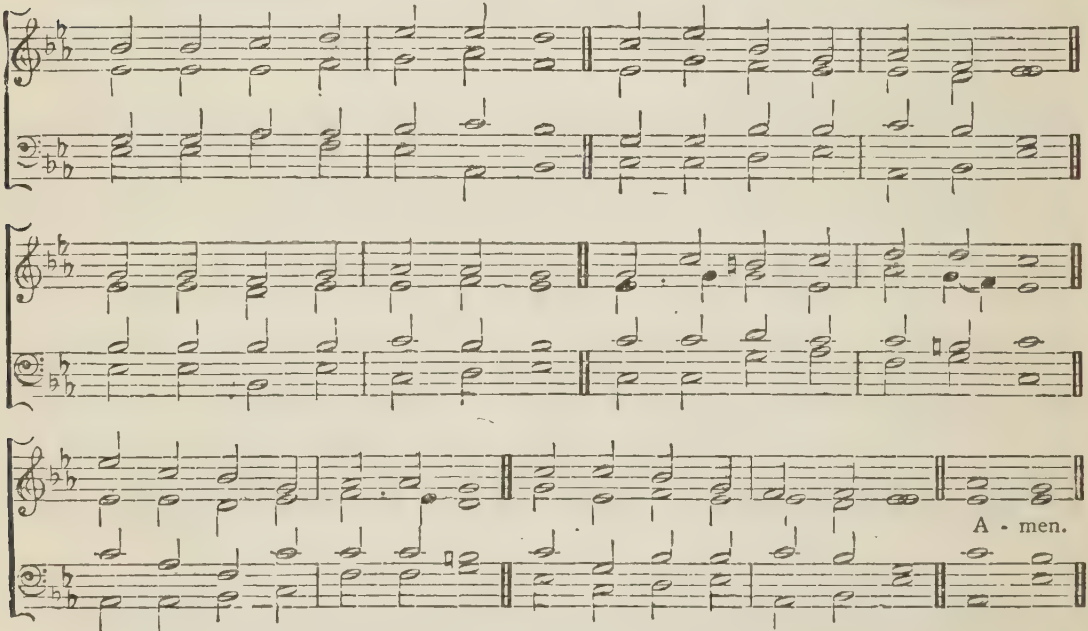
*f* That by thy grace our souls are fed.

This Hymn may also be sung to "Vox Domini," No. 69.

## 388. RATISBON.

SIX 7s.

WERNER.



*"Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life."*—JOHN vi. 54.

*mp* BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,  
For thy flesh is meat indeed ;

*cr* Ever may our souls be fed

With this true and living bread ;

Day by day with strength supplied

Through the life of him who died.

*mp* Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies

This blest cup of sacrifice ;

Lord, thy wounds our healing give :

To thy cross we look and live ;

*cr* Jesu, may we ever be

Grafted, rooted, built in thee.†

# Holy Communion.

389. AGNUS DEI.

P.M.

GAUNTLETT.

*Slow.*

*cres.*

*(Major.)*

*ritard.*

*pp*

A - men.

*\* Or thus :*

*etc.*

"Behold the Lamb of God."—JOHN i. 36.

*mp* LAMB of God, whose bleeding love  
We now recall to mind,  
Send the answer from above,  
And let us mercy find ;  
Think on us who think on thee ;  
And every struggling soul release ;  
*cr* O remember Calvary,  
*p* And bid us go in peace.

*mp* By thine agonizing pain  
And bloody sweat, we pray,  
By thy dying love to man,  
Take all our sins away :  
*cr* Burst our bonds and set us free ;  
From all iniquity release ;  
O remember Calvary,  
*p* And bid us go in peace.

*mf* Let thy blood, by faith applied,  
The sinner's pardon seal ;  
Speak us freely justified,  
And all our sickness heal :  
*p* By thy passion on the tree,  
*cr* Let all our griefs and troubles cease ;  
O remember Calvary,  
*p* And bid us go in peace.

*mf* Lord, we would not hence depart  
Till thou our wants relieve,  
Write forgiveness on our heart,  
And all thine image give.  
*cr* Still our souls shall cry to thee,  
Till perfected in holiness,  
*f* O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace. Amen,

This Hymn may also be sung to "Atonement," No. 478.



# Holy Communion.

390. ITALIAN CHORALE. D. 8s. 7s.

Arranged by C. J. VINCENT.

"Thou preparest a table before me."—Ps. xxiii. 5.

*mf* ISRAEL'S Shepherd, guide me, feed me,  
Through my pilgrimage below ;  
And beside the waters lead me,  
Where thy flock rejoicing go.  
O how sweet and comfortable  
In the wilderness to see  
Such provision, and a table  
Spread for sinners,—yes, for me.

*p* Symbols there of love receiving,  
In thy feast of bread and wine,  
*cr* Thankful, with a heart believing,  
I behold the Saviour mine.  
*p* In that bruised body broken,  
In the shedding of that blood,  
*r* What a gracious pledge and token,  
Lord, I have for every good.

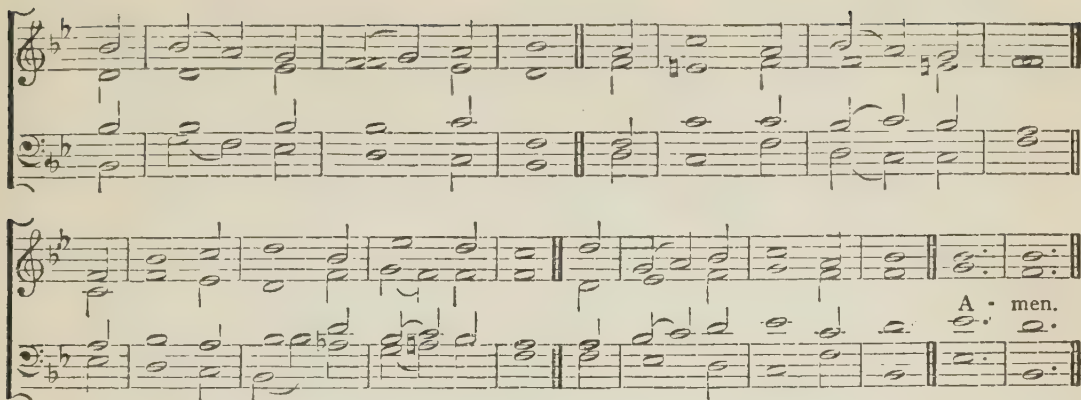
*mf* Come, my soul, temptation flying,  
Arm thee for the strife within ;  
Jesus, thy Redeemer, dying,  
Stamps an infamy on sin.  
Yield, my heart, no longer harden'd,  
Rouse thy every latent power ;  
Cleansed and wash'd, and freely pardon'd,  
Go in peace, and sin no more."

# Holy Communion.

391. AYNHOE.

S.M.

NARES.



“He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.”—SONG. ii. 4.

*mf* SWEET feast of love divine;  
’Tis grace that makes us free  
To feed upon this bread and wine,  
In memory, Lord, of thee.

Here every welcome guest  
Waits, Lord, from thee to learn  
The secrets of thy Father’s breast,  
And all thy grace discern.

*c* Here conscience ends its strife,  
And faith delights to prove  
The sweetness of the bread of life,  
The fulness of thy love.

*b* The blood that flow’d for sin  
In symbol here we see,  
And feel the blessed pledge within,  
That we are loved of thee.

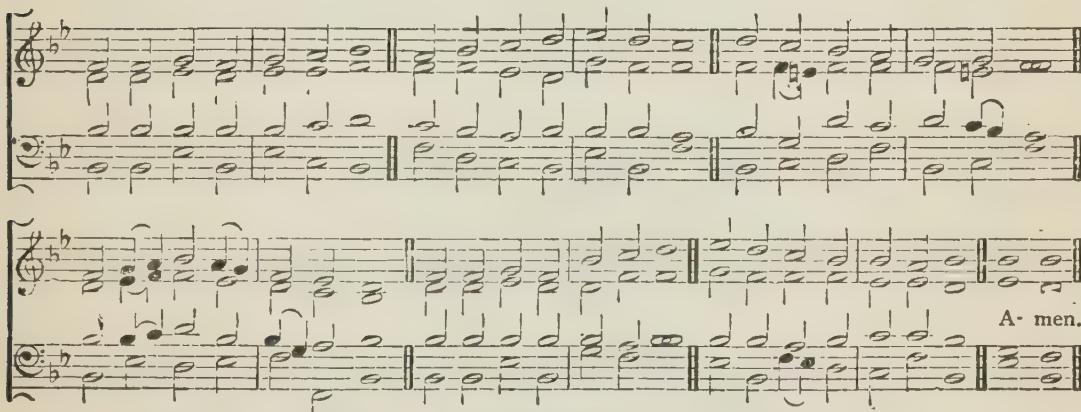
*mf* O, if this glimpse of love  
Is so divinely sweet,  
*cr* What will it be, O Lord, above,  
Thy gladdening smile to meet.

*f* To see thee face to face,  
Thy perfect likeness wear;  
And all thy ways of wondrous grace  
Through endless years declare.<sup>e</sup>

392. ST. JOHN.

SIX 7S.

CECIL



“Ye do shew the Lord’s death till he come.”—I COR. xi. 26.

*p, cr* TILL he come—O let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords;  
Let the little while between  
In their golden light be seen;  
, Let us think how heaven and home  
*de* Lie beyond that “Till he come.”

*b* When the weary ones we love  
Enter on their rest above,  
Seems the earth so poor and vast,  
All our life-joy overcast?

*de* Hush, be every murmur dumb;  
*cr* It is only till he come.

*mf* Clouds and conflicts round us press:  
Would we have one sorrow less?  
All the sharpness of the cross,  
All that tells the world is loss,  
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,  
*pp* Only whisper “Till he come.”

*mf* See, the feast of love is spread,  
Drink the wine, and break the bread:  
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord  
Call us round his heavenly board;

*b* Some from earth, from glory some,  
*cr* Sever’d only till he come.<sup>k</sup>

# Holy Communion.

## 393. EUCHARIST

8s. 6s. 8s.

DYKES.

*"We all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image."—2 COR. iii. 18.*

*mf* LORD, when before thy throne we meet,  
 Thy goodness to adore,  
 From heaven, the eternal mercy-seat,  
 On us thy blessing pour;  
 And make our inmost souls to be  
 An habitation meet for thee.

*p* The body for our ransom given,  
 The blood in mercy shed,  
*cr* With this immortal food from heaven,  
 Lord, let our souls be fed;  
 And as we round thy table kneel,  
 Help us thy quickening grace to feel.

*mf* Be thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh;  
 Accept the humble prayer,  
*p* The contrite soul's repentant sigh,  
 The sinner's heartfelt tear;  
*'* And let our adoration rise,  
 As fragrant incense, to the skies.

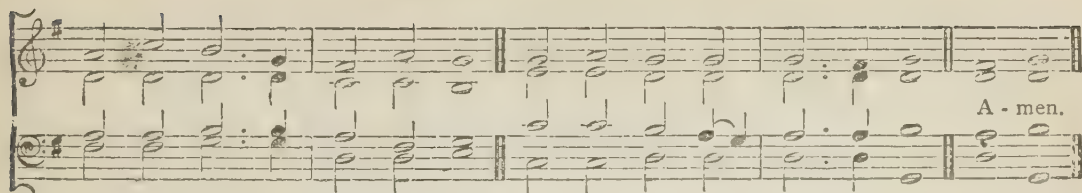
## 394. ST. BEES.

7s.

DYKES.



# Holy Communion.



*"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."—JOHN vi. 68.*

*mf* LORD, to whom except to thee  
Shall our wandering spirits go;  
Thee whom it is light to see,  
And eternal life to know?

*p* Awful is that life of thine  
Which the Spirit's breath inspires;  
And the food must be divine  
Which each new-born soul desires.

*mf* Israel on the heavenly seed  
Fed and died in days of yore;  
But the souls, that on thee feed,  
Never thirst nor hunger more.

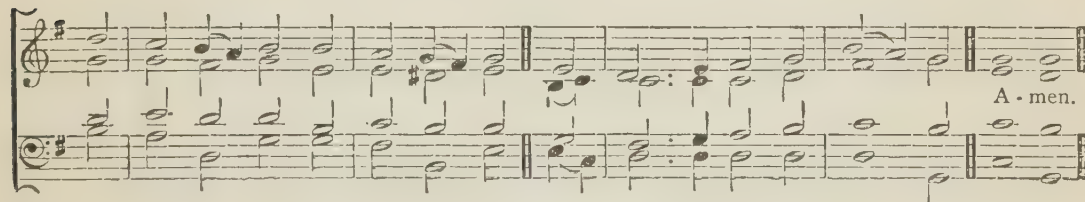
*mf* Lord, to whom except to thee  
Shall we go when ills betide?  
*c* Who except thyself can be  
Hope and help and strength and guide?

*mf* Who can cleanse the soul from sin,  
Hear the prayer, and seal the vow?  
Who can fill the void within,  
Blessèd Saviour, who but thou?

*f* Therefore evermore I'll give  
Laud and praise, my God, to thee;  
Evermore in thee I live,  
Evermore live thou in me.

## 395. DOMINUS REGIT ME. P.M.

DYKES.



*"The Lord is my Shepherd."—Ps. xxiii. 1.*

THE King of love my Shepherd is,  
Whose goodness faileth never;  
I nothing lack if I am his  
And he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow  
My ransom'd soul he leadeth,  
And, where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.

*p* Perverse and foolish oft I stray'd,  
*cr* But yet in love he sought me,  
*di* And on his shoulder gently laid,  
*f* And home, rejoicing, brought me.

*p* In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
*c* With thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy cross before to guide me.

*mf* Thou spread'st a table in my sight;  
Thy unction grace bestoweth;  
And oh, what transport of delight  
From thy pure chalice floweth!

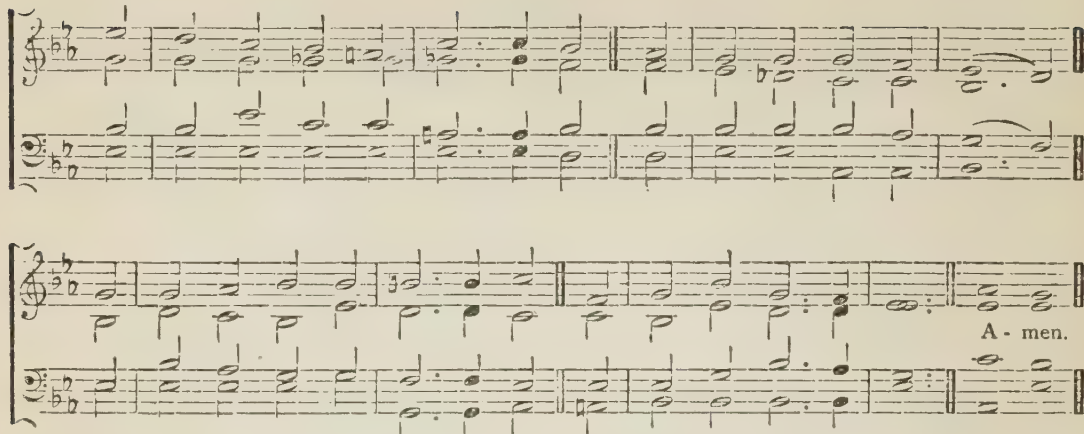
*f* And so through all the length of days  
Thy goodness faileth never:  
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise  
Within thy house for ever.

# Holy Communion.

## 396. HOLY TRINITY.

C.M.

J. BARNBY.



"It is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh."—SONG v. 2.

*mp* THE sun is set, the twilight's o'er,  
The night-dews fall like rain :  
A Prince stands at a suppliant's door,  
*cr* And knocks, and knocks again.  
*p* I slumber ; but my heart is moved  
With joy and holy fear :  
*cr* "Is it thy footstep, O beloved,  
Thy hand, thy voice, I hear ?"

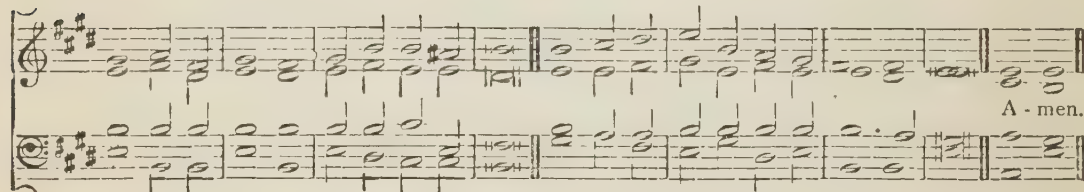
*mf* "'Tis I, thy Lord, who stand and wait,  
Beneath the darkening sky :  
Arise, unbar, unclothe the gate,  
Fear nothing ; it is I.

*mf* The bread of life is in my hand ;  
The wine of heaven I bring :  
Fulfil my tenderest last command :  
Thy Bridegroom is thy King.

Eat, drink ; and muse in loving trust,  
The while I sup with thee,  
*f* If this be heaven on earth, what must  
My bridal banquet be."c

## 397. HISPANIA.

IOS.



"Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock."—Ps. lxxx. 1.

<i>f</i> O KING of mercy, from thy throne on high Look down in love, and hear our humble cry.	<i>p</i> Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's Friend, <i>cr</i> Sweet fount of joy and blessings without end.
<i>mf</i> Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought sheep, Thy feeble wandering flock in safety keep.	<i>f</i> O come and cheer us with thy heavenly grace, Reveal the brightness of thy glorious face.
<i>p</i> O gentle Saviour, by thy death we live ; To contrite sinners life eternal give.	<i>mf</i> In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night, Be near our steps, and make our darkness light.
<i>cr</i> Thou art the Bread of heaven, on thee we feed ; Be near to help our souls in time of need.	<i>cr</i> Go where we go, abide where we abide, In life, in death, our comfort, strength, and Guide.

*mf* O lead us daily with thine eye of love,  
And bring us safely to our home above.

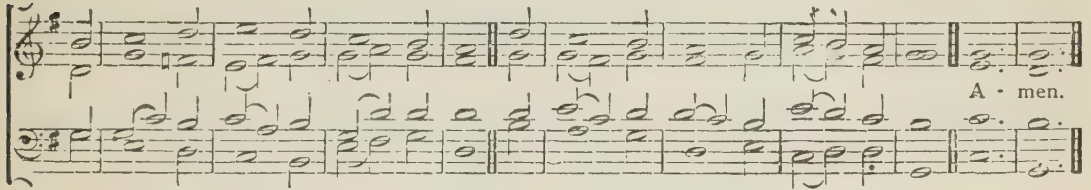
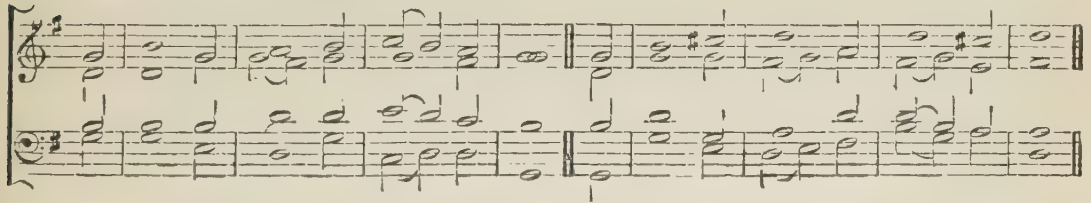
# Holy Baptism.

"I ACKNOWLEDGE ONE BAPTISM FOR THE REMISSION OF SINS."

## 398. ANGELS.

L.M.

O. GIBBONS.



"As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."—1 SAM. i. 28.

*mf* GOD of that glorious gift of grace  
By which thy people seek thy face,  
When in thy presence we appear,  
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near.

*cr* Confiding in thy truth alone,  
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,  
We lay the treasure thou hast given,  
To be received and rear'd for heaven.

*mf* Lent to us for a season, we  
Lend *him* for ever, Lord, to thee;  
Assured that, if to thee *he* live,  
We gain in what we seem to give.

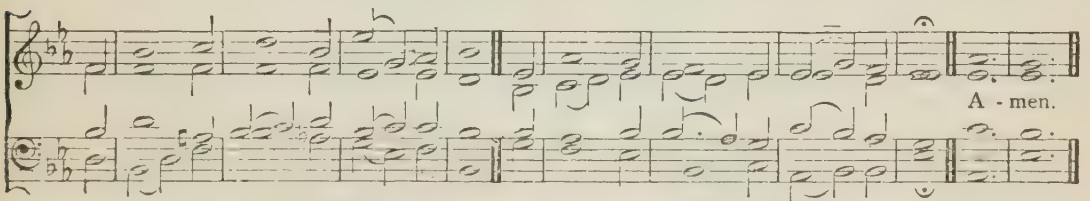
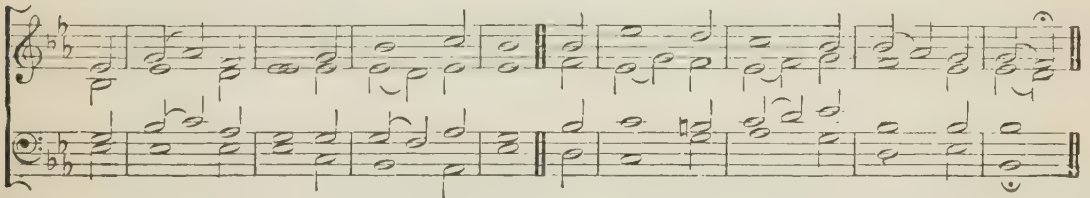
Large and abundant blessings shed,  
Warm as these prayers, upon *his* head;  
And on *his* soul the dews of grace,  
Fresh as these drops upon *his* face.

*mf* Make *him* and keep *him* thine own child,  
Meek follower of the Undeiled;  
Possessor here of grace and love,  
Inheritor of heaven above.<sup>a</sup>

## 399. ROCKINGHAM.

L.M.

MILLER.



"Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—MATT. xxviii. 19.

*mf* COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high.  
Baptizer of our spirits thou,  
The sacramental seal apply,  
And witness with the water now.

Pour forth thy energy divine,  
And sprinkle the atoning blood;  
May Father, Son, and Spirit join  
To seal this child a child of God.<sup>b</sup>

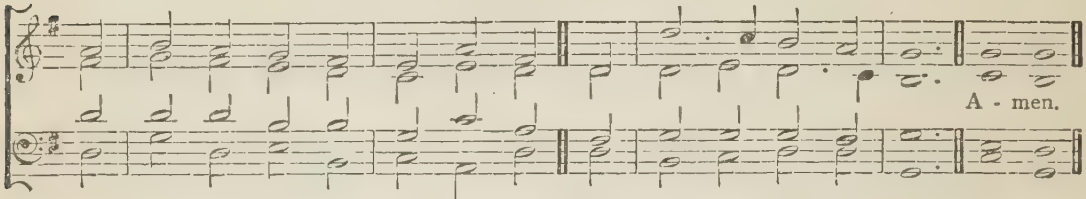
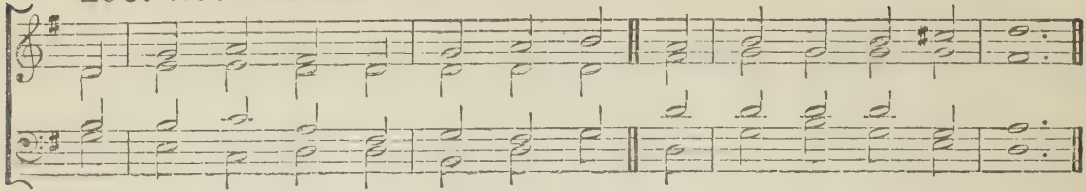


# Holy Baptism.

## 400. NOTTINGHAM.

C.M.

J. CLARKE.



"That he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier."—2 TIM. ii. 4.

In token that thou shalt not fear,  
Christ crucified to own;  
We print the cross upon thee here,  
And stamp thee his alone.

*mf* In token that thou shalt not blush  
To glory in his name,  
We blazon here upon thy front  
*r, p* His glory and his shame.

° *cr* In token that thou shalt not flinch,  
Christ's quarrel to maintain,

But 'neath his banner manfully  
Firm at thy post remain.

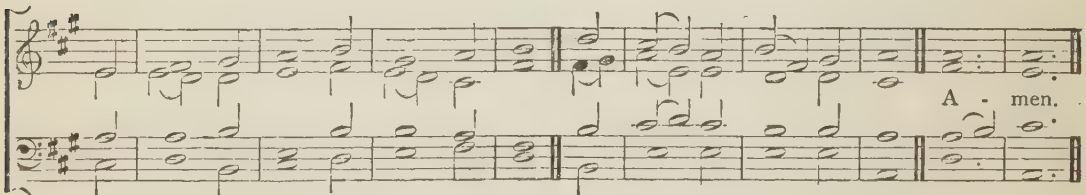
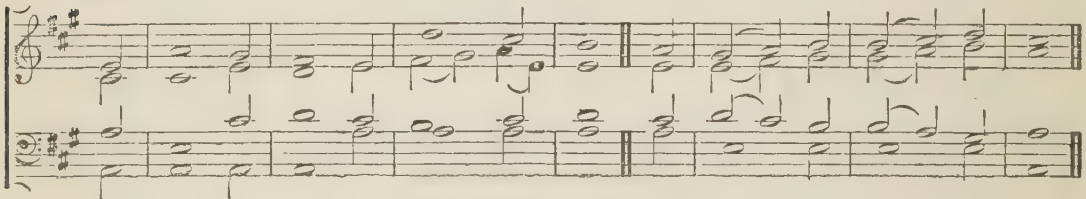
*mf* In token that thou too shalt tread  
The path he travell'd by,  
*cr* Endure the cross, despise the shame,  
And sit thee down on high.

*mf* Thus outwardly and visibly  
We seal thee for his own;  
*p* And may the brow that wears his cross  
Hereafter share his crown.°

## 401. EVANGELIST.

C.M.

Adapted from MENDELSSOHN.



° "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."—MARK x. 14.

*mf* JESU, we lift our souls to thee;  
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;  
And let these little infants be  
Baptized into thy death.

O let thine unction on them rest,  
Thy grace their souls renew;  
And write within their tender breast  
Thy name and nature too.

*cr* Thy faithful servants let them prove  
Girded with truth divine;  
Be sharers in thy dying love,  
And followers of thine.

*mf* Lord, plant us all into thy death.  
That we thy life may prove;  
° Partakers of thy cross beneath,  
And of thy crown above.°

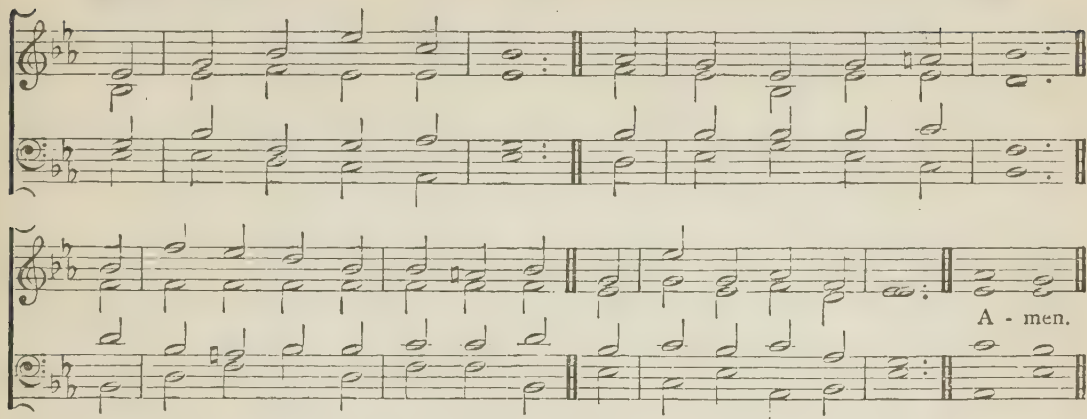
# Holy Baptism.

BAPTISM OF SUCH AS ARE OF RIPER YEARS.

## 402. MORAVIA.

S.M.

WEST.



"Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord."—ACTS xxii 16.

STAND, soldier of the cross,  
Thy high allegiance claim,  
And vow to hold the world but loss  
For thy Redeemer's name.

*p* Arise, and be baptized,  
And wash thy sins away :  
*cr* Thy league with God be solemnized,  
Thy faith avouch'd to-day.

*mf* Our heavenly country now,  
Our Lord and Master, thine,  
*di* Receive imprinted on thy brow  
*p* His passion's awful sign.

*mf* No more thine own, but Christ's,—  
With all the saints of old,  
Apostles, seers, evangelists,  
And martyr throngs enroll'd,—

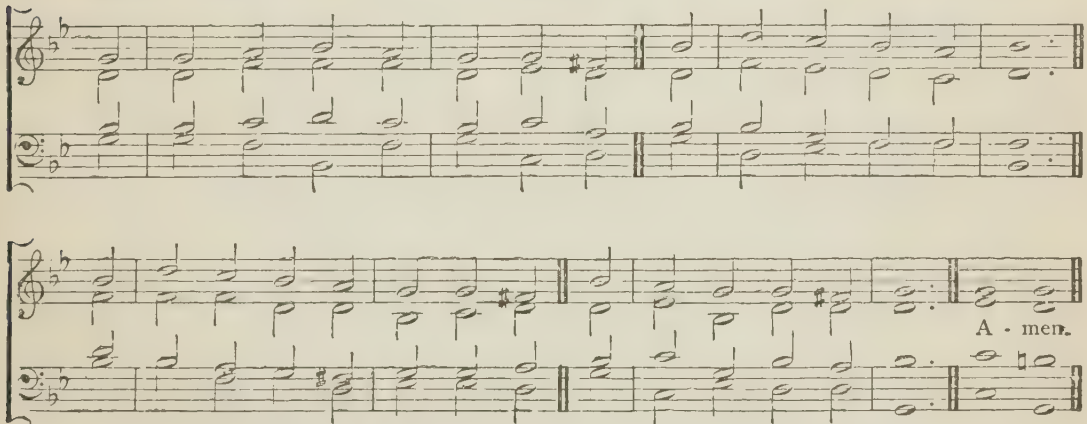
*cr* In God's whole armour strong,  
Front hell's embattled powers :  
The warfare may be sharp and long,  
The victory must be ours.

O bright the conquerors crown,  
The song of triumph sweet,  
*di* When faith casts every trophy down  
At our great Captain's feet.<sup>e</sup>

## 403. DUNDEE.

C.M.

KIRBY.



"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN i. 7.

*mp* For ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side ;  
This all my hope and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour died.

*mf* My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse and keep me clean.

*cr* Wash me, and make me thus thine own,  
Wash me, and mine thou art :  
Wash me, but not my feet alone ;  
My hands, my head, my heart.

*mf* The atonement of thy blood apply  
Till faith to sight improve ;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
*p* And all my soul be love.<sup>e</sup>

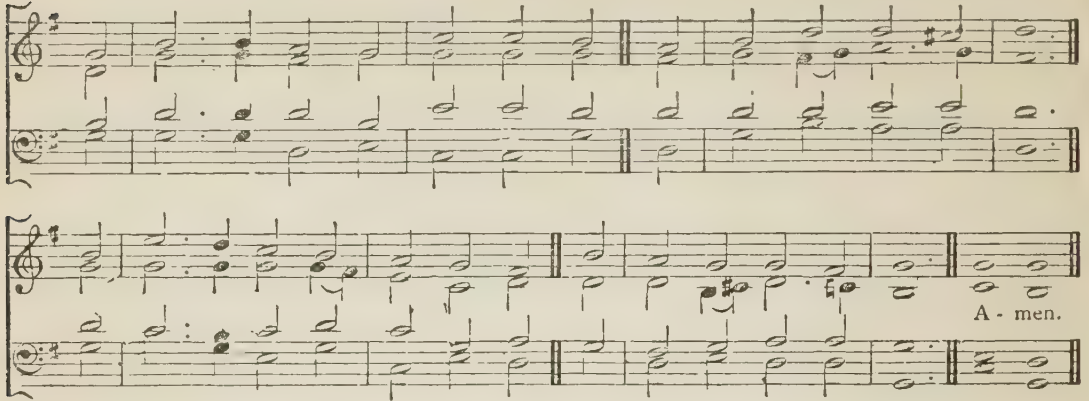
# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

"STEADFAST IN FAITH, JOYFUL THROUGH HOPE, AND ROOTED IN CHARITY."

## 404. WINCHESTER OLD.

C.M.

ALISON'S Psalter.



"The children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David."—MATT. xxi. 15.

- f* **HOSANNA!** raise the pealing hymn  
To David's Son and Lord;  
With Cherubim and Seraphim  
Exalt the incarnate Word.
- mp* **Hosanna!** Lord, our feeble tongue  
No lofty strains can raise:  
*cr* But thou wilt not despise the young,  
Who meekly chant thy praise.
- f* **Hosanna!** Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,  
How vast thy gifts, how free!  
Thy blood, our life; thy word, our feast;  
Thy name, our only plea.

*mf* **Hosanna!** Master, lo, we bring  
Our offerings to thy throne;  
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,  
But hearts to be thine own.

**Hosanna!** once thy gracious ear  
Approved a lisping throng;  
*cr* Be gracious still, and deign to hear  
Our poor but grateful song.

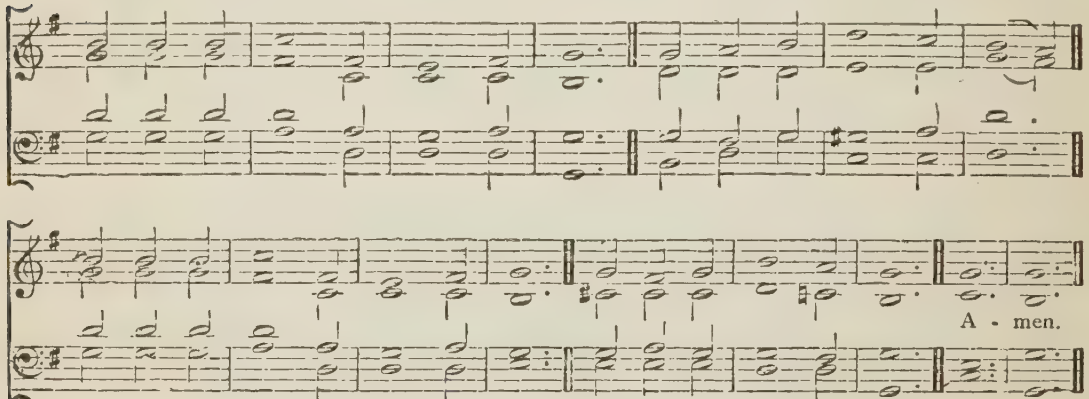
*mf* O Saviour, if, redeem'd by thee,  
Thy temple we behold,  
*f* Hosannas through eternity  
We'll sing to harps of gold.<sup>e</sup>

## AN INFANT'S MORNING HYMN.

## 405. EUNICE.

C.M.

Harmonized by B. TURNER.



"He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust."—Ps. xci. 4.

*mf* **THE** morning bright with rosy light  
Has waked me from my sleep;  
Father, I own thy love alone  
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day, I humbly pray,  
Be thou my guard and guide;

My sins forgive, and let me live,  
Lord Jesu, near thy side.

*ø* O make thy rest within my breast,  
Great Spirit of all grace;  
*cr* Make me like thee, then shall I be  
Prepared to see thy face.<sup>e</sup>



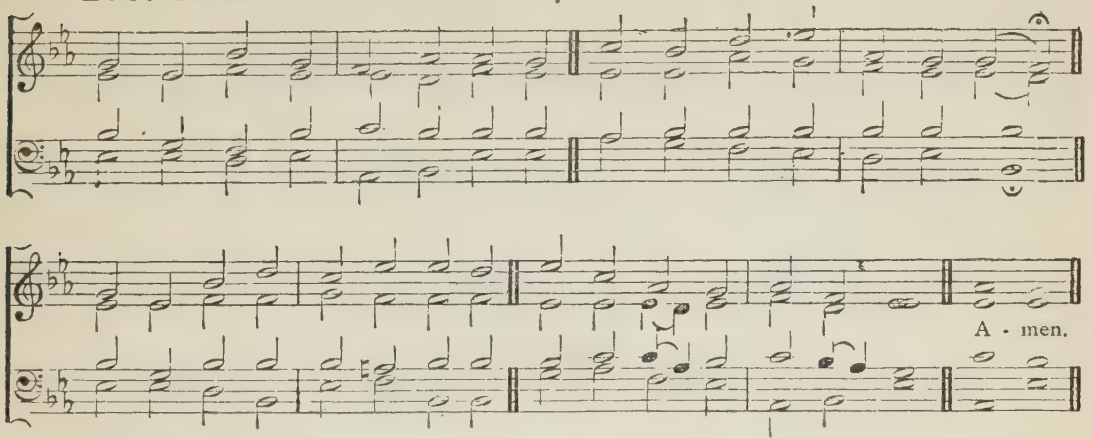
# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

AN INFANT'S EVENING HYMN.

406. SHARON.

8s. 7s.

BOYCE.



*"He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."*—ISA. xl. 11.

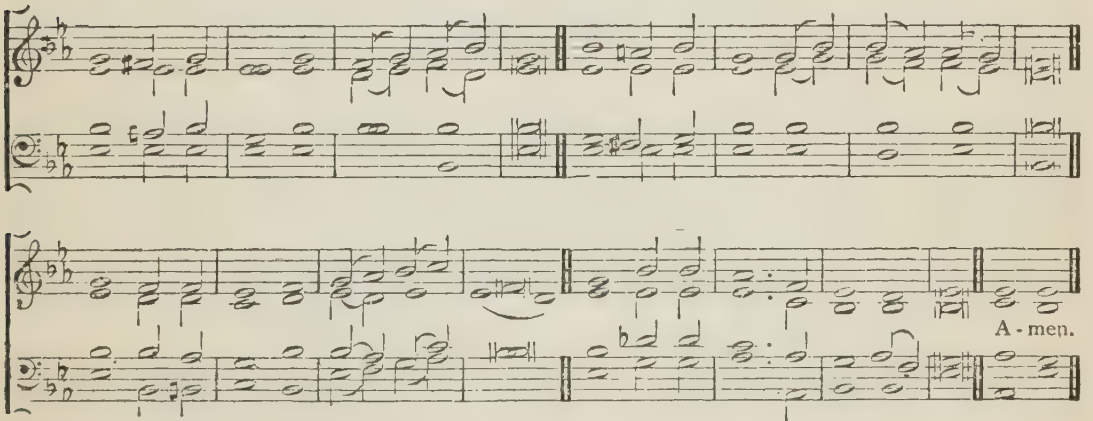
*mf* JESU, tender Shepherd, hear me,  
Bless thy little lamb to-night;  
*p* Through the darkness be thou near me,  
*cr* Keep me safe till morning light.  
*mf* Through this day thy hand has led me,  
And I thank thee for thy care;

Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,  
Listen to my evening prayer.

*p* Let my sins be all forgiven,  
*mf* Bless the friends I love so well;  
Take me, when I die, to heaven,  
Happy there with thee to dwell.*m*

407. HOLLY.

L.M.



*"God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father."*—GAL. iv. 6.

*mf* GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend  
To be my Father and my Friend;  
I a poor child, and thou so high,  
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?  
  
Art thou my Father? canst thou bear  
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?  
*cr* Or wilt thou listen to the praise  
That such a little one can raise?

*mf* Art thou my Father? let me be  
A meek, obedient child to thee;  
And try in word, and deed, and thought,  
To serve and please thee as I ought.

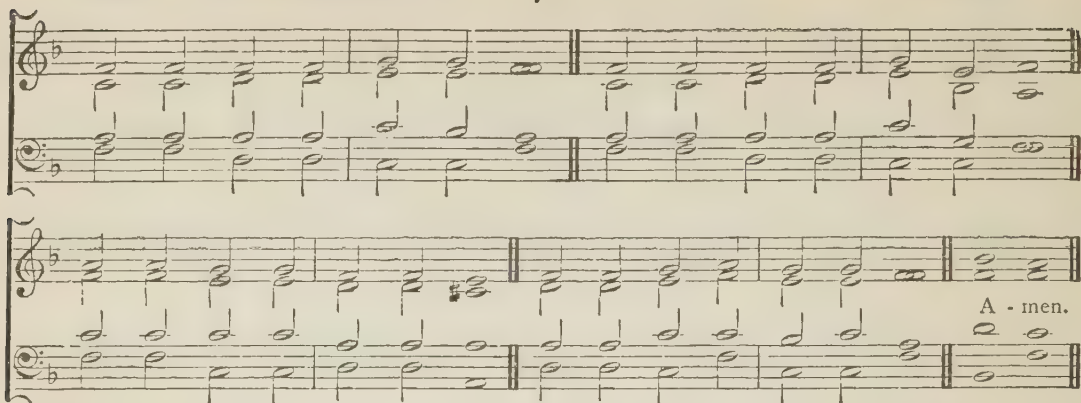
*cr* Art thou my Father? then at last,  
When all my days on earth are pass'd,  
Send down and take me in thy love  
To be thy better child above.*m*

# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

## 408. LYRA INNOCENTIS.

7s.

KILLICK.



"Jesus called a little child unto him."—MATT. xviii. 2.

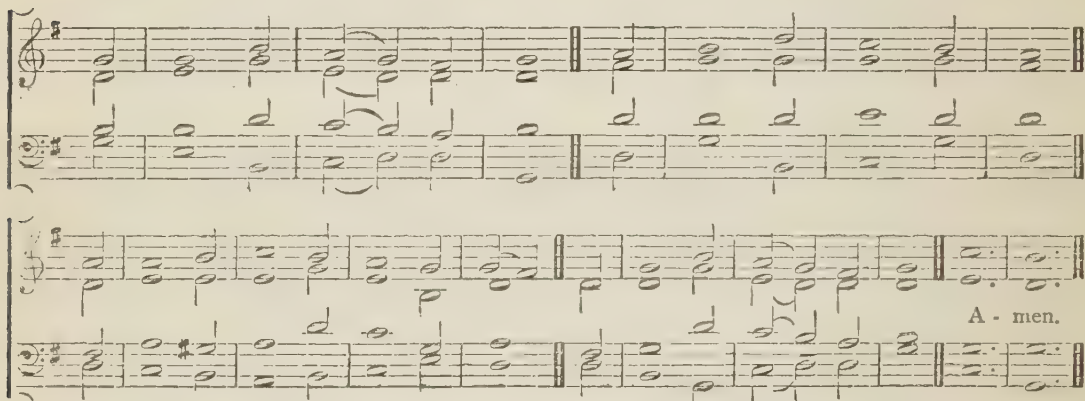
*mp* GENTLE Jesu, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to thee.  
*cr* Fain I would to thee be brought;  
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;  
Give me, dearest Lord, a place  
In the kingdom of thy grace.

*mf* Lamb of God, I look to thee;  
Thou shalt my example be;  
*di* Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,  
*p* Thou wast once a little child.  
Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,  
In thy gracious hands I am;  
*cr* Make me, Saviour, what thou art,  
Live thyself within my heart.

## 409. ST. ALBAN.

S M.

From CHOPE'S Hymn Book.



"He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost."—LUKE i. 15.

*mp* COME, Holy Spirit, come;  
O hear an infant's prayer:  
Stoop down, and make my heart thy home,  
And shed thy blessing there.  
*cr* Thy light, thy love impart,  
And let it ever be

A holy, humble, happy heart,  
A dwelling-place for thee.  
*mf* Let thy rich grace increase,  
Through all my early days,  
The fruits of righteousness and peace,  
To thine eternal praise.

## 410. RABENLEI.

6s. 5s.

F. R. HAVERGAL.



# Catechism: Hymns for Children.



"Who hath despised the day of small things?"—ZECH. iv. 10.

*mf* LITTLE drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
*cr* Make the mighty ocean  
And the beautiful land.

*mp* And the little moments,  
Humble though they be,  
*cr* Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

*mp* Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
*cr* Make our earth an Eden,  
Like the heaven above.

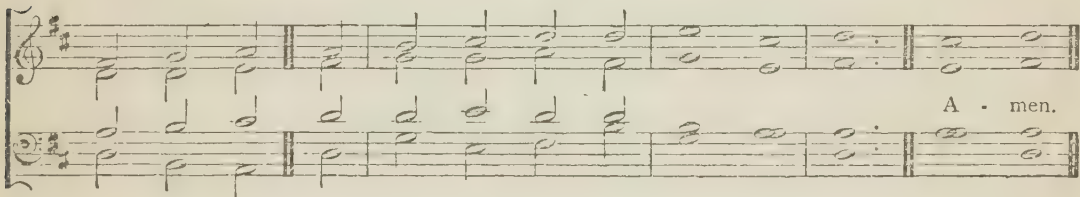
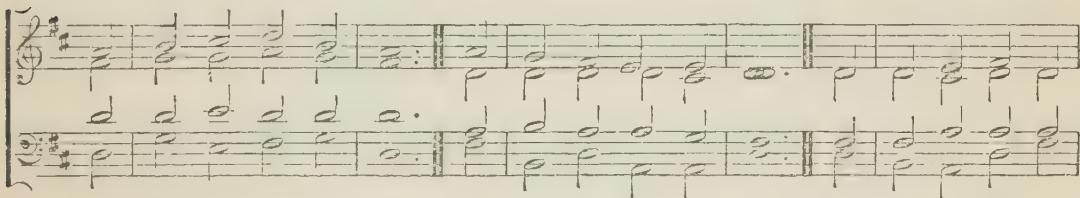
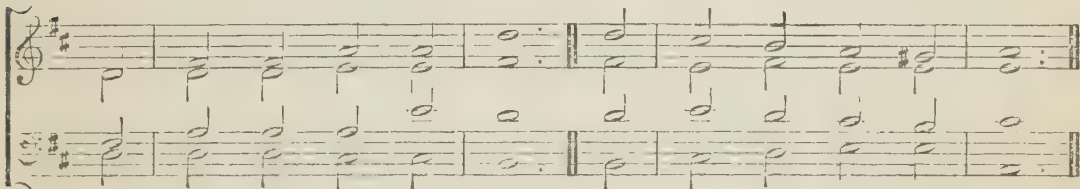
*p* So our little errors  
Lead the soul astray  
From the paths of virtue  
Into sin to stray.

*mf* Little seeds of mercy,  
Sown by youthful hands,  
*cr* Grow to bless the nations  
Far in heathen lands.

*f* Little ones in glory  
Swell the angels' song:  
*di* Make us meet, dear Saviour,  
*p* For their holy throng.

## 411. ST. JOHN (HAVERGAL). 6s. 8s.

HAVERGAL.



"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."—1 SAM. iii. 9.

*mf* WHEN little Samuel woke,  
And heard his Maker's voice,  
At every word he spoke  
How much did he rejoice!  
*p* O blessed happy child, to find  
The God of heaven so near and kind.

*mp* If God would speak to me,  
And say he was my friend,  
How happy I should be!  
O how would I attend!  
The smallest sin I then should fear,  
If God Almighty were so near.

*mf* And does he never speak?  
O yes; for in his word  
He bids me come and seek

The God that Samuel heard;  
In almost every page I see  
The God of Samuel calls to me.

And I beneath his care  
May safely rest my head;  
I know that God is there  
To guard my humble bed;  
And every sin I well may fear  
Since God Almighty is so near

Like Samuel let me say,  
Whene'er I read thy word,—  
*p* Speak, Lord, I would obey  
The voice that I have heard.  
*mf* And when I in thy house appear,  
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.



# Catechism : Hymns for Children.

## 412. EUDOXIA.

6s. 5s

GOULD.



"When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet."—PROV. iii. 24.

*mp* Now the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh,  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,  
Stars their watches keep,  
Birds, and beasts, and flowers  
Soon will be asleep.

*mf* Jesu, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose;  
*p* With thy tenderest blessing  
May mine eyelids close

*cr* Grant to little children  
Visions bright of thee;  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep blue sea.

*b* Comfort every sufferer  
Watching late in pain;  
*mf* Those who plan some evil  
From their sin restrain.

*p* Through the long night watches  
May thine angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Watching round my bed.

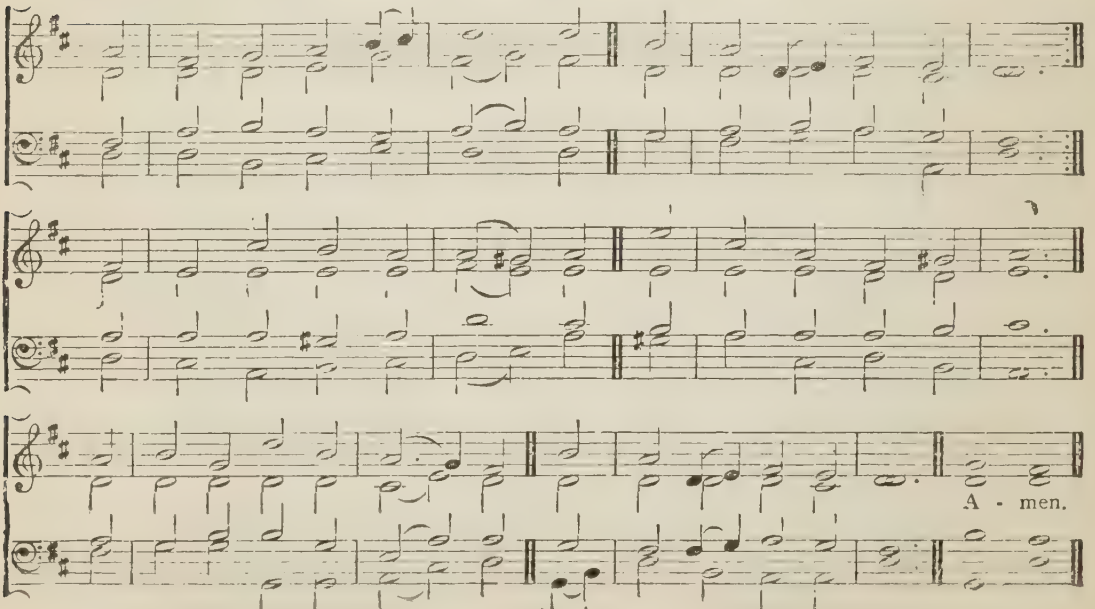
*cr* When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise  
*f* Pure, and fresh, and sinless  
In thy holy eyes.

*f* Glory to the Father,  
Glory to the Son,  
And to thee, blest Spirit,  
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

## 413. PARADISE.

7s. 6s.

F. WEBER.



# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor."—2 COR. viii. 9.

*mf* I LOVE to hear the story  
Which angel voices tell,  
*di* How once the King of glory  
Came down on earth to dwell.  
*p* I am both weak and sinful,  
*cr* But this I surely know,  
*f* The Lord came down to save me,  
Because he loved me so.

*mf* I'm glad my blessed Saviour  
Was once a child like me,  
To show how pure and holy  
His little ones might be ;

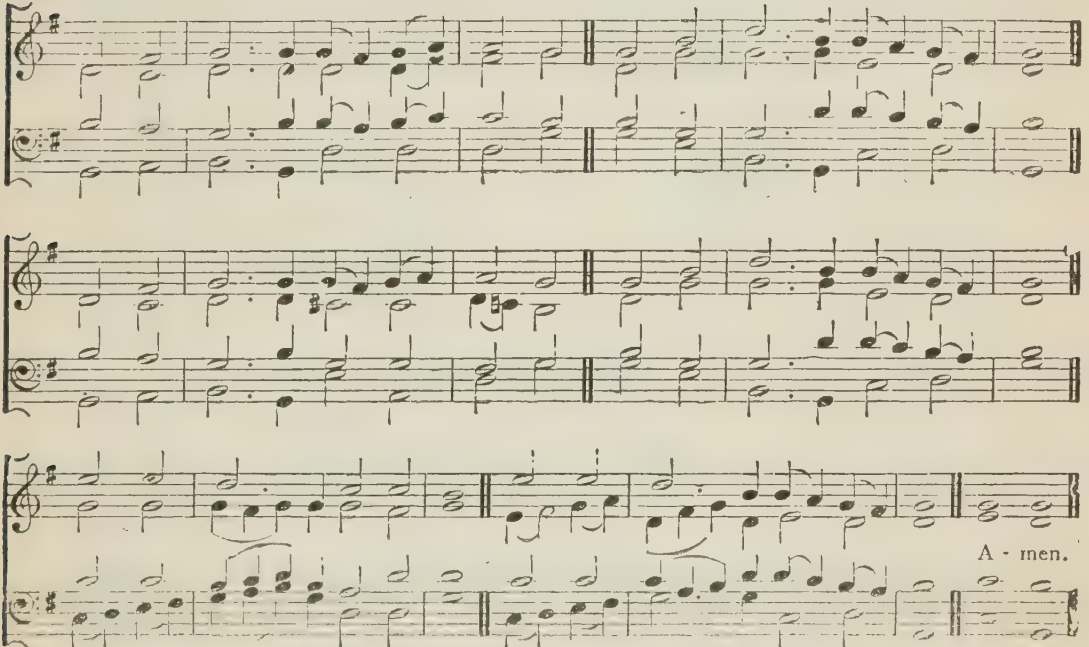
And if I try to follow  
His footsteps here below,  
He never will forget me,  
Because he loves me so.

To sing his love and mercy  
My sweetest songs I'll raise ;  
And though I cannot see him,  
I know he hears my praise ;  
For he has kindly promised  
That even I may go  
To sing among his angels,  
Because he loves me so.\*

414. IRBY.

8s. 7s. 7s.

GAUNTLETT



"The child Jesus."—LUKE ii. 43.

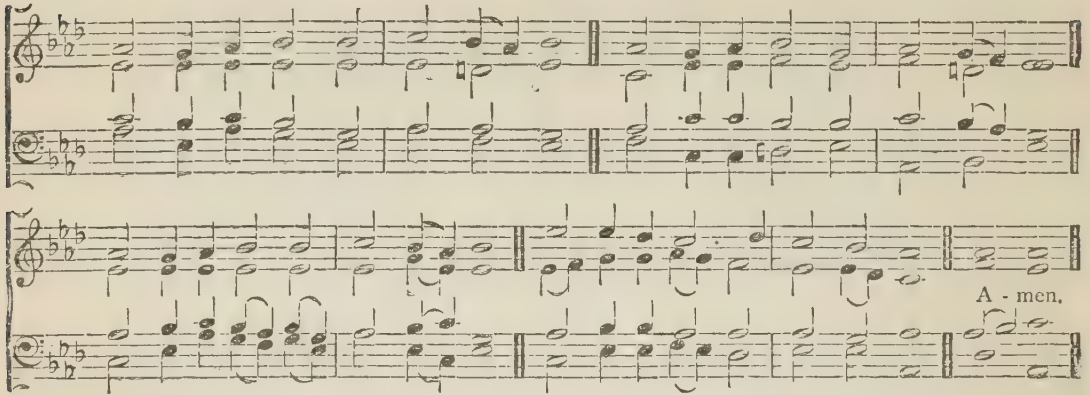
*mf* ONCE in royal David's city  
Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
*di* Where a mother laid her Baby  
In a manger for his bed :  
*mf* Mary was that mother mild,  
*p* Jesus Christ her little Child.  
*mf* He came down to earth from heaven  
*cr* Who is God and Lord of all,  
*p* And his shelter was a stable,  
And his cradle in a stall ;  
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.  
*mf* And, through all his wondrous childhood,  
He would honour and obey,  
Love, and watch the lowly maiden  
In whose gentle arms he lay :  
*p* Christian children all must be  
Mild, obedient, good as he.

*mf* For he is our childhood's pattern,  
Day by day like us he grew,  
*p* He was little, weak, and helpless,  
Tears and smiles like us he knew ;  
*cr* And he feelth for our sadness,  
And he shareth in our gladness.  
*f* And our eyes at last shall see him,  
Through his own redeeming love,  
For that Child so dear and gentle  
Is our Lord in heaven above ;  
And he leads his children on  
To the place where he is gone.  
*mf* Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
*cr* We shall see him ; but in heaven,  
*f* Set at God's right hand on high ;  
When like stars his children crown'd  
All in white shall wait around.\*

# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

## 415. COLOGNE.

L.M. Katolischen Kirchen Gesang Buch, 1623.



*"They found the babe lying in a manger."—LUKE ii. 16.*

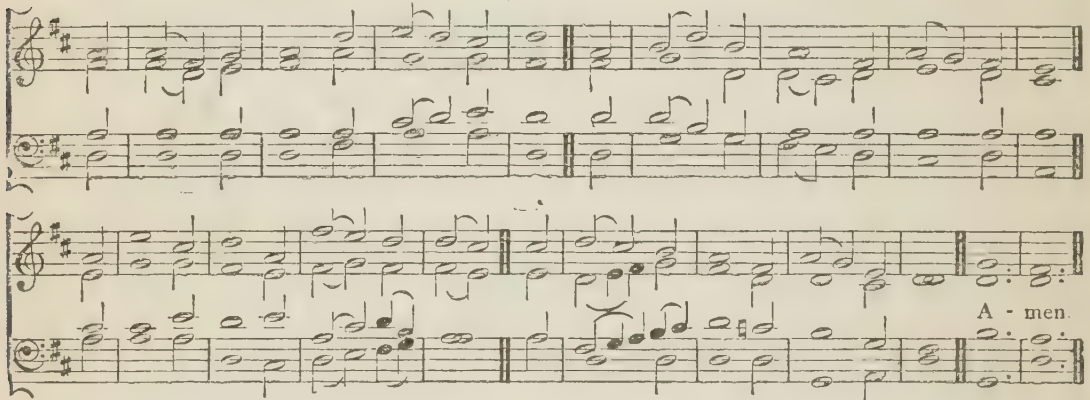
*mf* GIVE heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes ;  
Who is it in yon manger lies ?  
Who is this Child so young and fair ?  
The blessèd Christ-child lieth there.  
*p* Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,  
Make thee a bed, soft, undefiled,  
Within my heart, that it may be  
A quiet chamber, keep for thee.

*cr* My heart for very joy doth leap,  
My lips no more can silence keep ;  
I too must sing with joyful tongue,  
That sweetest ancient cradle-song :  
Glory to God in highest heaven,  
Who unto man his Son hath given ;  
While angels sing with pious mirth,  
A glad new year to all the earth.<sup>a</sup>

## 416. RUSSIA.

L.M.

Russian Melody.



*"Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God."—  
1 PET. iii. 18.*

*mf* JESUS, who lived above the sky,  
*di* Came down to be a man and die ;  
*cr* And in the Bible we may see  
How very good he used to be.  
*mf* He went about, he was so kind,  
To cure poor people who were blind ;  
And many who were sick and lame,  
He pitied them and did the same.  
And more than that, he told them too  
The things that God would have them do ;  
*mp* And was so gentle and so mild,  
He would have listen'd to a child.  
*p* But such a cruel death he died,  
He was hung up and crucified ;

And those kind hands that did such good,  
They nail'd them to a cross of wood,  
And so he died : and this is why  
He came to be a man and die ;  
*cr* The Bible says he came from heaven,  
That we might have our sins forgiven.  
*p* He knew how wicked man had been,  
And knew that God must punish sin ;  
So out of pity Jesus said,  
He'd bear the punishment instead.  
*mf* Now God will pardon those who pray,  
And strive from sin to turn away ;  
O may we early seek his face,  
And share the riches of his grace.<sup>a</sup>

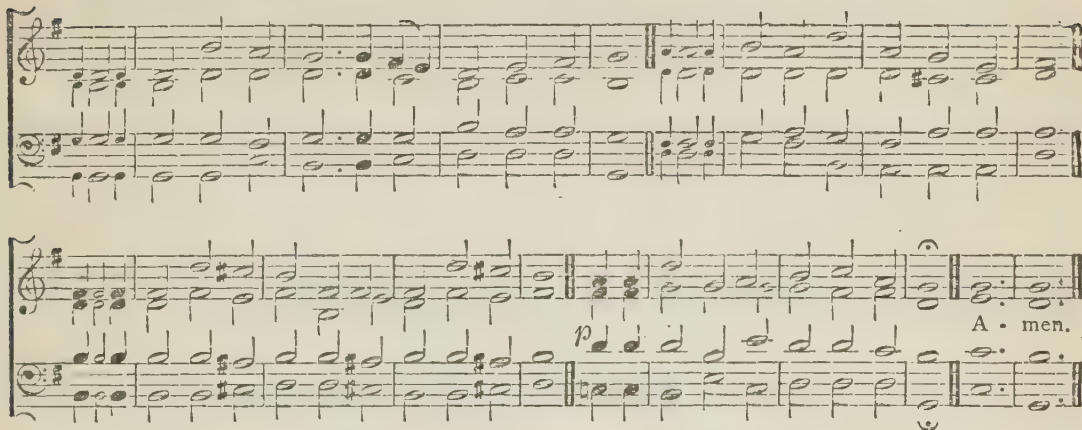


# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

417. ROSSLYN.

P.M.

CUPP.



*"Of such is the kingdom of God."*—LUKE xviii. 16.

*mf* I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold;  
I should like to have been with him then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on *my* head,  
That his arm had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen his kind look when he  
♯ "Let the little ones come unto *me*." [said,

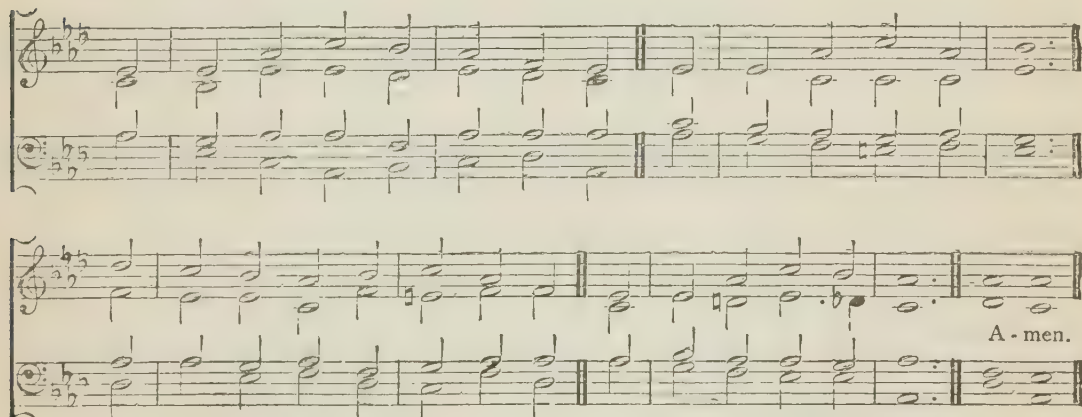
*mf* Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in his love,  
And if I now earnestly seek him below,  
♯ I shall see him and hear him above:

*f* In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare  
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

418. EVAN I.

C.M.

HAVERGAL.



*"He shall grow up before him as a tender plant."*—ISA. liii. 2.

*mf* WHEN Jesus left his Father's throne,  
He chose an humble birth;  
*di* Like us, unhonour'd and unknown,  
He came to dwell on earth.

*mf* Like him may we be found below,  
In wisdom's path of peace;  
♯ Like him in grace and knowledge grow,  
As years and strength increase.

*mf* Sweet were his words and kind his look,  
When mothers round him press'd;  
Their infants in his arms he took,  
And on his bosom bless'd.

Safe from the world's alluring harms,  
Beneath his watchful eye,  
Thus in the circle of his arms  
May we for ever lie.

♯ When Jesus into Salem rode,  
The children sang around;  
For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strow'd  
Their garments on the ground.

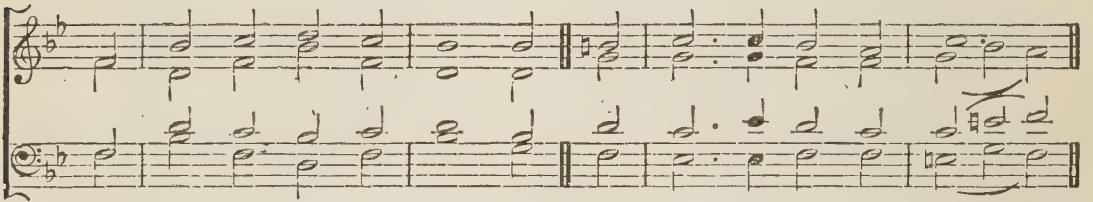
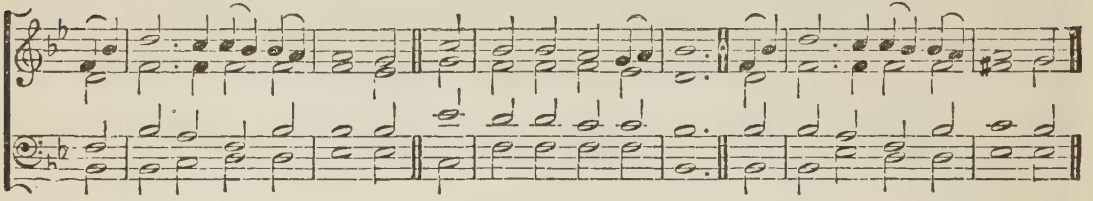
*f* Hosanna our glad voices raise,  
Hosanna to our King!  
*di* Should we forget our Saviour's praise,  
The stones themselves would sing.<sup>o</sup>

# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

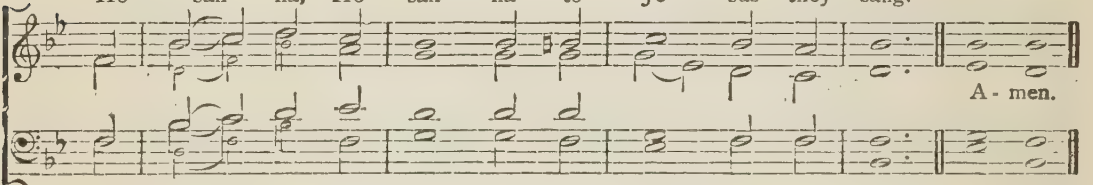
419. MEHUL.

P.M.

Adapted from MEHUL.



Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to Je - sus they sang.



A - men.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."—MATT. xxi. 16.

WHEN, his salvation bringing,  
To Zion Jesus came,  
The children all stood singing  
Hosanna to his name.

*mf* Nor did their zeal offend him,  
But, as he rode along,

*cr* He let them still attend him,  
And smiled to hear their song ;  
Hosanna to Jesus they sang.

*mf* And since the Lord retaineth

His love for children still ;  
Though now as King he reigneth  
On Zion's heavenly hill :

*cr* We'll flock around his banner,  
Who sits upon the throne,

† And cry aloud, Hosanna  
To David's royal Son :  
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

*mf* For should we fail proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise,  
The stones, our silence shaming,  
Would their Hosannas raise.

But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words ?

⁂ No, while our hearts are tender,  
They too shall be the Lord's.

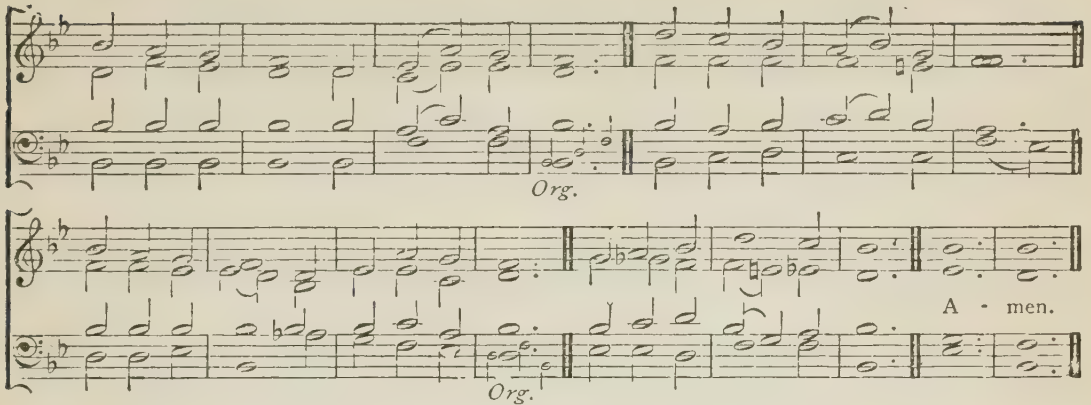
⁂ Hosanna to Jesus, our King !

# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

## 420. SAWLEY.

C.M.

WALCH.



"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—ROM. v. 8.

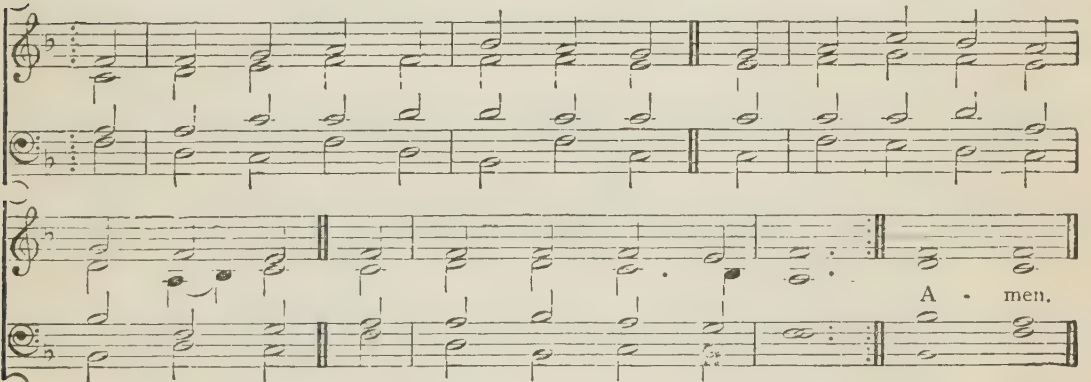
*mf* THERE is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
*p* Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
*cr* Who died to save us all.  
  
*p* We may not know, we cannot tell,  
What pains he had to bear,  
*cr* But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffer'd there.  
  
*mf* He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,

*cr* That we might go at last to heaven,  
*p* Saved by his precious blood.  
  
*mf* There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin,  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in.  
  
' Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved,  
And we must love him too,  
And trust in his redeeming blood,  
And try his works to do.<sup>c</sup>

## 421. BRIDEHEAD.

8. 8. 6.

TROYTE.



"Jesus called a little child unto him."—MATT. xviii. 2.

*mf* AND is it true, as I am told,  
That there are lambs within the fold  
Of God's beloved Son?  
That Jesus Christ, with tender care,  
Will in his arms most gently bear  
The helpless little one?  
  
*mp* May I, a little straying lamb,  
Come now to Jesus as I am,  
Though goodness I have none?  
May I be folded to his breast,  
As birds within the parent nest,  
And be his little one?  
  
*p* Yes, he can do all this for me,  
Who died for sinners on the tree,  
In his great grief alone;

*cr* For, having put their sins away,  
He now rejoices day by day  
To cleanse the little one.  
  
*mf* Others there are who love me too;  
But who with all their love could do  
What Jesus Christ has done?  
Then, if he teaches me to pray,  
I'll surely go to him and say,  
Lord, keep thy little one.  
  
Thus by this gracious Shepherd fed,  
And by his mercy gently led  
Where living waters run;  
My greatest pleasure will be this  
That I'm a little lamb of his  
Who loves the little one.

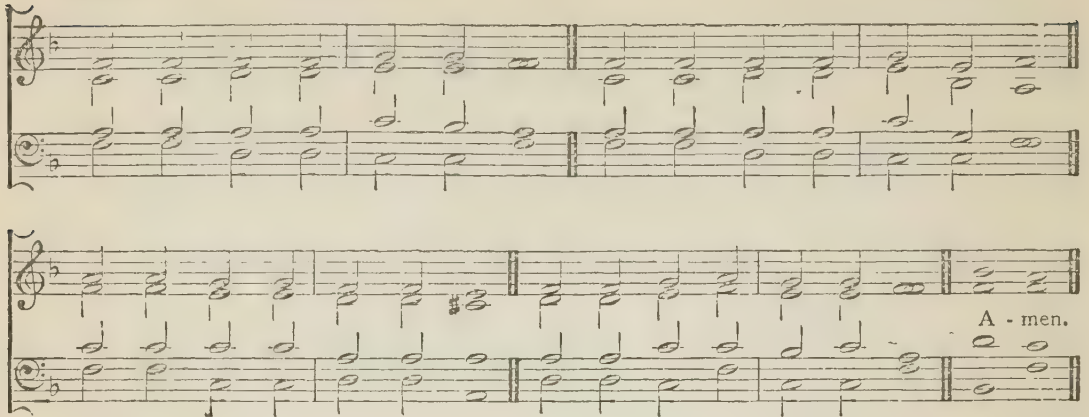


# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

## 422. LYRA INNOCENTIS.

7s.

KILLICK.



"I will strengthen that which was sick."—EZEK. xxxiv. 16.

*mf* Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so:  
Little ones to him belong,  
*p, f* They are weak, but he is strong.  
*p* Jesus loves me. He, who died  
*cr* Glory's gate to open wide,  
*mf* He will wash away my sin:  
Let his little one come in.

*p* Jesus loves me, loves me still,  
Though I'm very weak and ill:  
*cr* From his shining throne on high,  
He will watch me where I lie.  
*mf* Jesus loves me; he will stay  
Close beside me all the way,  
And, when suffering days are past,  
Take me to his home at last.

## 423. ST. LAMBERT.

6s. 5s.

CHOPE.



"Ye shall know the truth; and the truth shall make you free."—JOHN viii. 32.

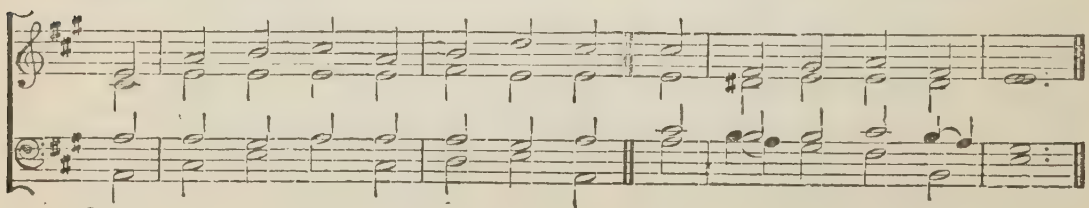
*p* Jesu, meek and gentle,  
*cr* Son of God Most High;  
*p* Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear thy children's cry.  
*mp* Pardon our offences,  
Loose our captive chains,  
Break down every idol  
Which our soul detains.  
*my* Give us holy freedom,  
Fill our hearts with love;

Draw us, holy Jesu,  
To the realms above.  
*cr* Lead us on our journey,  
Be thyself the way  
Through terrestrial darkness  
To celestial day.  
*p* Jesu, meek and gentle,  
*cr* Son of God Most High;  
*p* Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear thy children's cry. Amen.

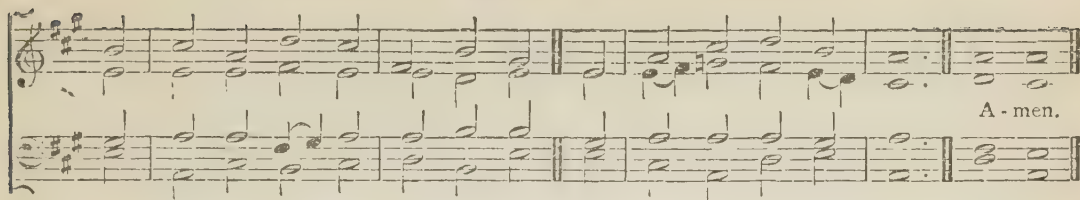
## 424. ST. JAMES.

C.M.

COURTEVILLE.



# Catechism: Hymns for Children.



"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life."—MATT. vii. 14.

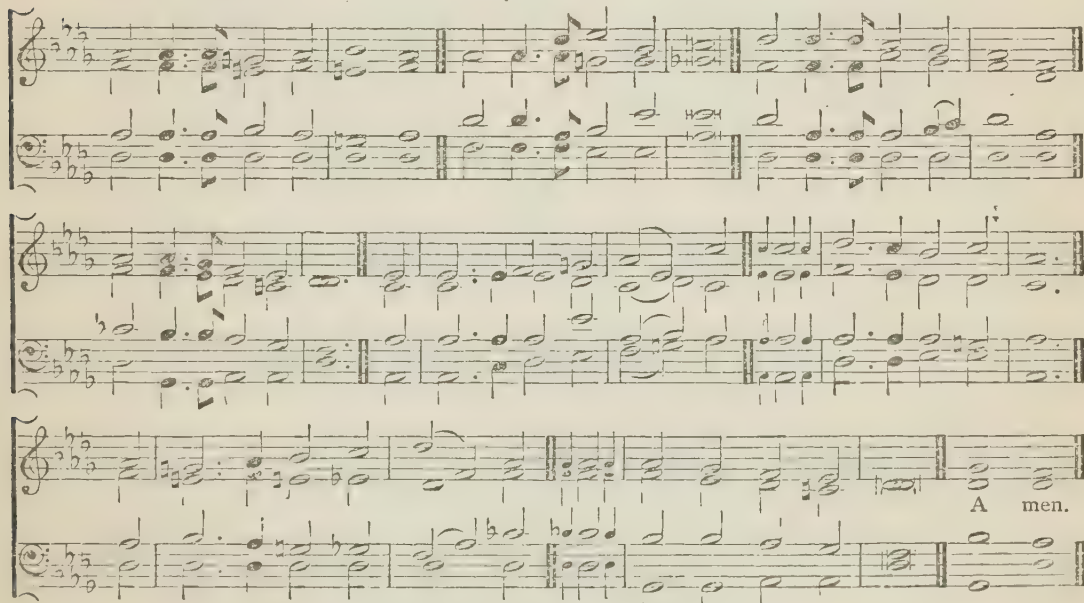
*mf* THERE is a path that leads to God,  
All others go astray;  
Narrow but pleasant is the road,  
And Christians love the way.  
It leads straight through this world of sin,  
And dangers must be pass'd;  
*cr* But those who boldly walk therein  
Will get to heaven at last.  
*mf* How shall an infant pilgrim dare  
This dangerous path to tread?  
For on the way is many a snare  
For youthful travellers spread.  
*p* While the broad road, where thousands go,  
Lies near and opens fair;

And many turn aside, I know,  
To walk with sinners there.  
*mf* But lest my feeble steps should slide,  
Or wander from thy way,  
Lord, condescend to be my guide,  
And I shall never stray.  
Then I may go without alarm,  
And trust his word of old,  
*p* "The lambs, he'll gather with his arm,  
And lead them to the fold."  
*cr* Thus I may safely venture through  
Beneath my Shepherd's care;  
*f* And keep the gate of heaven in view,  
Till I shall enter there.<sup>c</sup>

425. ALPHA.

7s. 6s.

H. J. LESLIE.



"Pray without ceasing."—1 THESS. v. 17.

*mf* So, when the morning shineth;  
Go, when the noon is bright;  
Go, when the eve declineth;  
Go, in the hush of night;  
Go with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly cares away,  
*p* And in thy chamber kneeling  
Do thou in secret pray.  
*mf* Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee;  
Pray too for those who hate thee,

If any such there be:  
Then for thyself in meekness,  
A blessing humbly claim,  
And link with each petition  
Thy great Redeemer's name.  
Or, if 'tis here denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy thoughts come o'er  
thee,  
When friends are round thy way,  
Even then the silent pleading

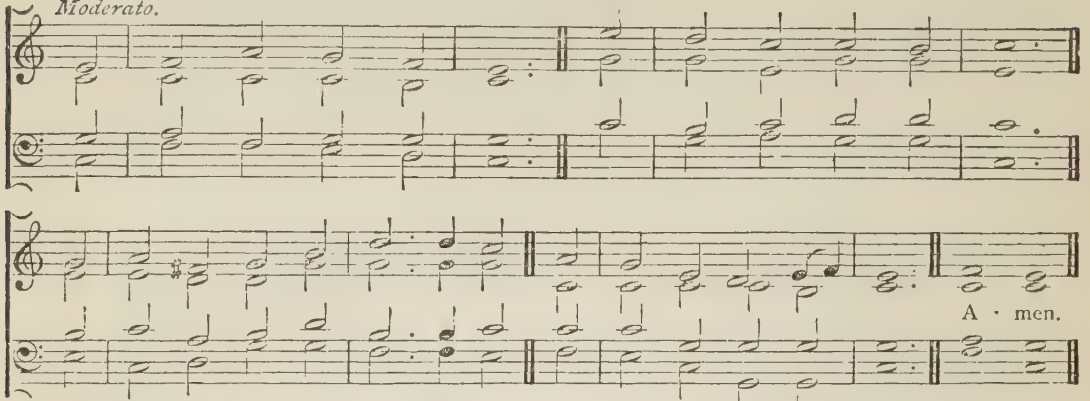
Of thy spirit raised above  
*cr* Will reach his throne of glory,  
Who is mercy, truth, and love.  
*f* O, not a joy or blessing  
With this can we compare;  
The power that he has given us  
To pour our souls in prayer;  
*p* Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
Before his footstool fall,  
*cr* And remember in thy gladness  
His grace who gives thee all.<sup>c</sup>

# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

## 426. ST. GEORGE (GAUNTLETT). S.M.

GAUNTLETT

*Moderato.*



"The first of the firstfruits of the land thou shalt bring into the house of the Lord thy God."—  
EXOD. xxiii. 19.

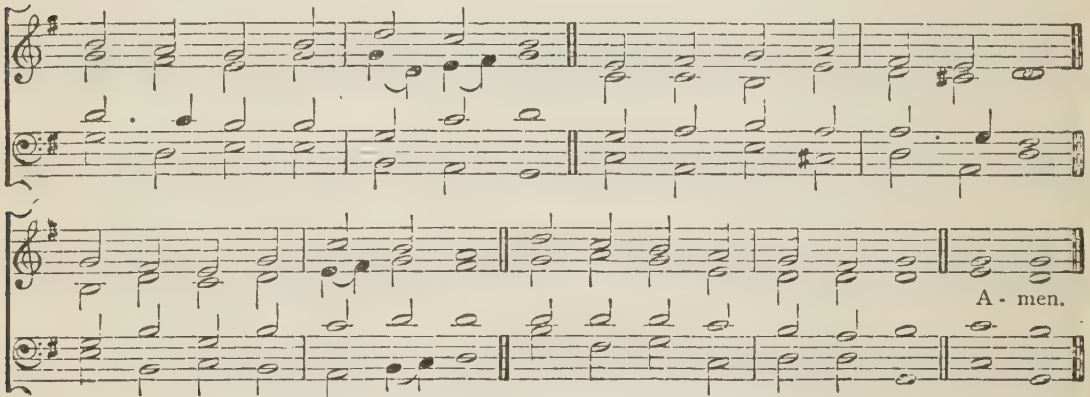
*mf* FAIR waved the golden corn,  
In Canaan's pleasant land,  
*cr* When full of joy, some shining morn,  
Went forth the reaper-band.  
, To God, so good and great,  
Their cheerful thanks they pour  
Then carry to his temple-gate  
The choicest of their store.  
*mf* For thus the holy word,  
Spoken by Moses, ran—  
"The first ripe ears are for the Lord,  
The rest he gives to man."

Like Israel, Lord, we give  
Our earliest fruits to thee,  
*cr* And pray that, long as we shall live,  
We may thy children be.  
*mf* Thine is our youthful prime,  
And life and all its powers;  
*p* Be with us in our morning time,  
And bless our evening hours.  
*cr* In wisdom let us grow,  
As years and strength are given,  
*f* That we may serve thy church below,  
And join thy saints in heaven.<sup>e</sup>

## 427. VIENNA.

7s.

German Chorale.



"My Father, thou art the guide of my youth."—JER. iii. 4.

*mf* GOD of mercy, throned on high,  
Listen from thy lofty seat;  
*p* Hear, O hear our feeble cry;  
Guide, O guide our wandering feet.  
*mf* Young and erring travellers, we  
All our dangers do not know;  
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,  
Hardly feel the tempest blow.  
*p* Jesu, lover of the young,  
Cleanse us with thy blood divine;  
*cr* Ere the tide of sin grow strong,  
Save us, keep us, make us thine.

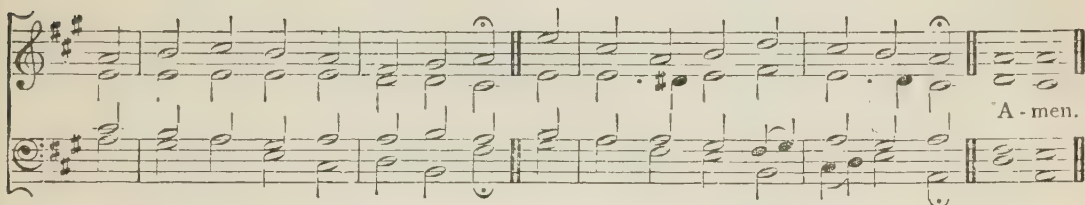
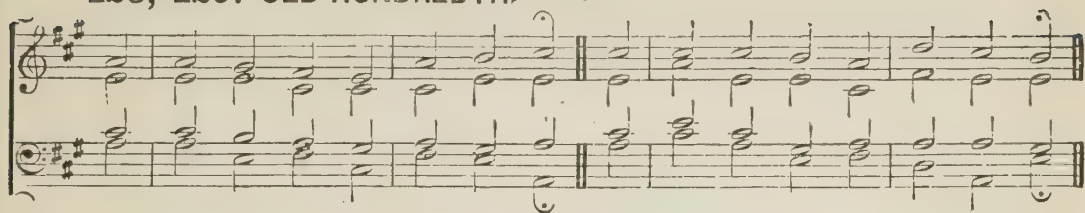
*mf* When perplex'd in danger's snare,  
Thou alone our guide canst be;  
When oppress'd with woe and care,  
Whom have we to trust but thee?  
*cr* Let us ever hear thy voice,  
Ask thy counsel every day;  
, Saints and angels will rejoice,  
If we walk in wisdom's way.  
Saviour, give us faith, and pour  
Hope and love on every soul;  
Hope, till time shall be no more;  
Love, while endless ages roll.<sup>e</sup>



# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

GRACE BEFORE AND AFTER MEAT.

## 428, 429. OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.



*"He blessed and brake, and gave the loaves to his disciples."*—MATT. xiv. 19.

*"Every creature of God is good, if it be received with thanksgiving."*—1 TIM. iv. 4.

428. *mf* **B**E present at our table, Lord,  
Be here and everywhere adored;  
*cr* These creatures bless, and grant that we  
May feast in paradise with thee.<sup>a</sup>

429. *f* **W**E thank thee, Lord, for this our food  
For life, and health, and every good;  
*di* May manna to our souls be given,  
*cr* The bread of life sent down from heaven.<sup>a</sup>

SUNDAY SCHOOL OPENING HYMN.

## 430. FRANCONIA.

S M

German Chorale



*"Draw nigh to God; and he will draw nigh to you."*—JAMES iv. 8.

*mf* **W**E come, Lord, to thy feet  
On this thy holy day:  
O come to us, while here we meet  
To learn, and praise, and pray.

*p* Our many sins forgive,  
The Holy Spirit send;  
And teach us to begin to live  
The life that knows no end.

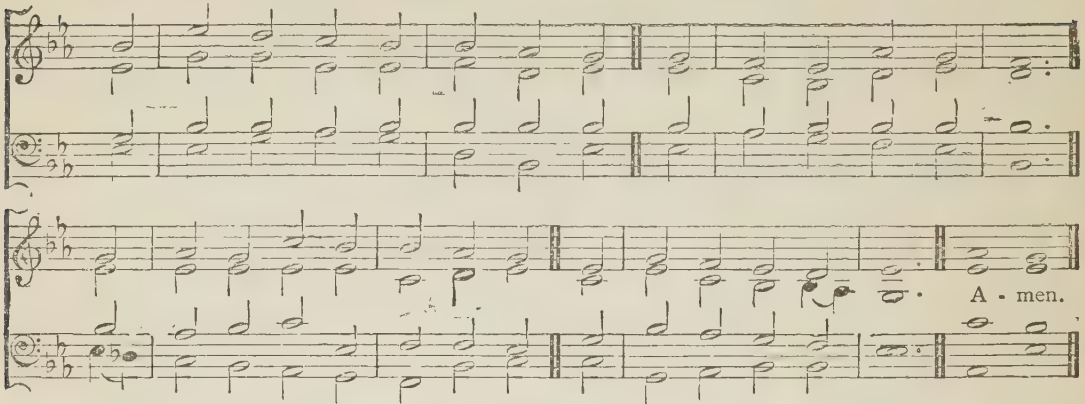
*mf* Lord, fill our hearts with love,  
Our teachers' labours own;  
*cr* That we and they may meet above,  
To sing before thy throne.<sup>c</sup>

# Catechism : Hymns for Children.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CLOSING HYMN.

## 431. ST. PETER (REINAGLE). C.M.

REINAGLE.



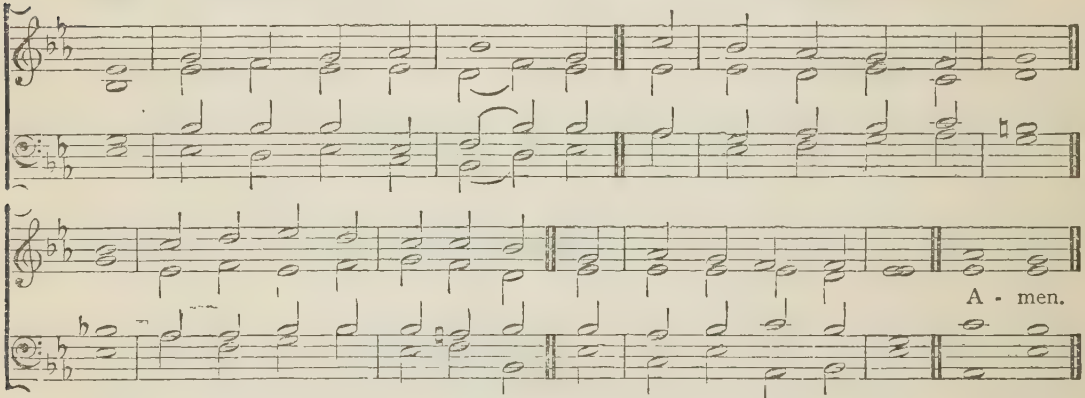
"Other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit."—MATT. xiii. 8.

\* O LORD, our hearts would give thee praise,  
Ere now our school we end ;  
For this thy day, the best of days,  
7 Jesu, the children's Friend.  
*mf* Lord, graft thy word in every heart,  
Our souls from sin defend,

*di* That we from thee may ne'er depart,  
*p* Jesu, the children's Friend.  
*mf* Lord, bless our homes and give us grace,  
Thy Sabbaths so to spend,  
*cr* That we in heaven may find a place,  
With thee, the children's Friend.\*

## 432. GOLDBACH (Part I). 7. 6. 8. 6.

Harmonized by HAVERGAL.



"Learn of me, for I am meek."—MATT. xi. 29.

*mf* I want to be like Jesus,  
So lowly and so meek ;  
For no one mark'd an angry word,  
That ever heard him speak.

I want to be like Jesus,  
So frequently in prayer ;  
*p* Alone upon the mountain top,  
He met his Father there.

*mf* I want to be like Jesus ;  
I never, never find  
'That he, though persecuted, was  
To any one unkind.

I want to be like Jesus,  
Engaged in doing good ;  
So that of me it may be said,  
"She hath done what she could."

I want to be like Jesus,  
Who sweetly said to all,  
"Let little children come to me :"  
I would obey the call.

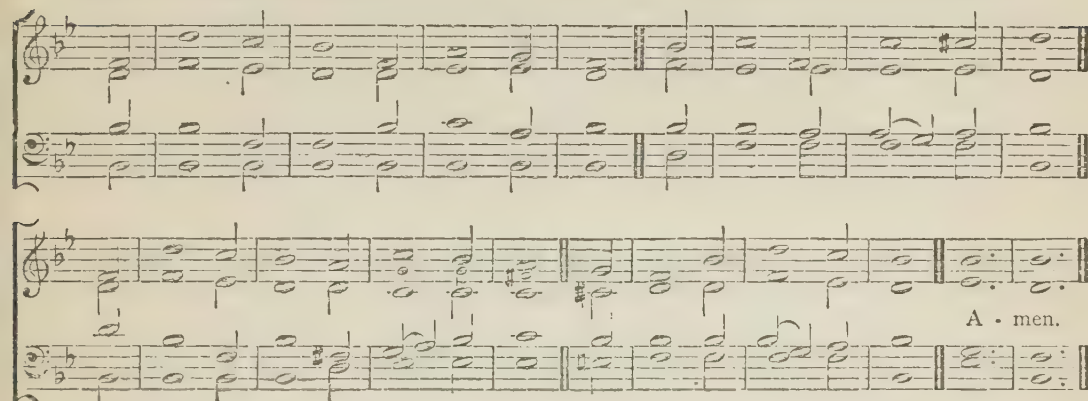
*p* But oh, I'm not like Jesus,  
As any one may see ;  
*cr* O gentle Saviour, send thy grace,  
And make me like to thee.

# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

## 433. HOLY CROSS.

C.M.

Adapted from MENDELSSOHN.



"The child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him."—LUKE ii. 40.

*mf* By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod;  
Whose secret heart with influence sweet  
Is upward drawn to God.

*di* By cool Siloam's shady rill  
*p* The lily must decay;

The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,  
Must shortly fade away.

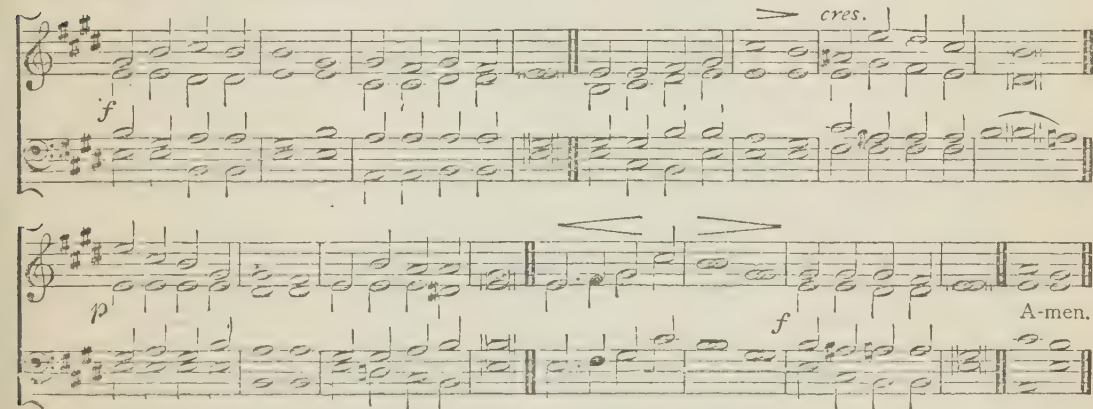
*cr* O thou, whose infant feet were found  
Within thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,  
Were all alike divine;

*mf* Dependent on thy bounteous breath,  
We seek thy grace alone,  
*c* In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still thine own.<sup>e</sup>

## 434. KIRKBRADDAN.

I I S.

WALKER.



"I am the Good Shepherd."—JOHN x. II.

*J* Jesus is our Shepherd, wiping every tear:  
Folded in his bosom, what have we to fear?  
Only let us follow whither he doth lead,  
To the thirsty desert or the dewy mead.

*J* Jesus is our Shepherd, well we know his voice;  
How its gentlest whisper makes our hearts rejoice;  
Even when he chideth, tender is its tone:  
None but he shall guide us; we are his alone.

Jesus is our Shepherd; for the sheep he bled;  
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood he shed;

*cr* Then on each he setteth his own secret sign: [mine.]  
"They that have my Spirit, these," saith he, "are

*mf* Jesus is our Shepherd; guarded by his arm,  
Though the wolves may ravine, none can do us harm:  
*p* When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful  
*cr* We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb. [gloom,

*mf* Jesus is our Shepherd; with his goodness now  
And his tender mercy he doth us endow.  
*f* Let us sing his praises with a gladsome heart,  
Till in heaven we meet him, never more to part.

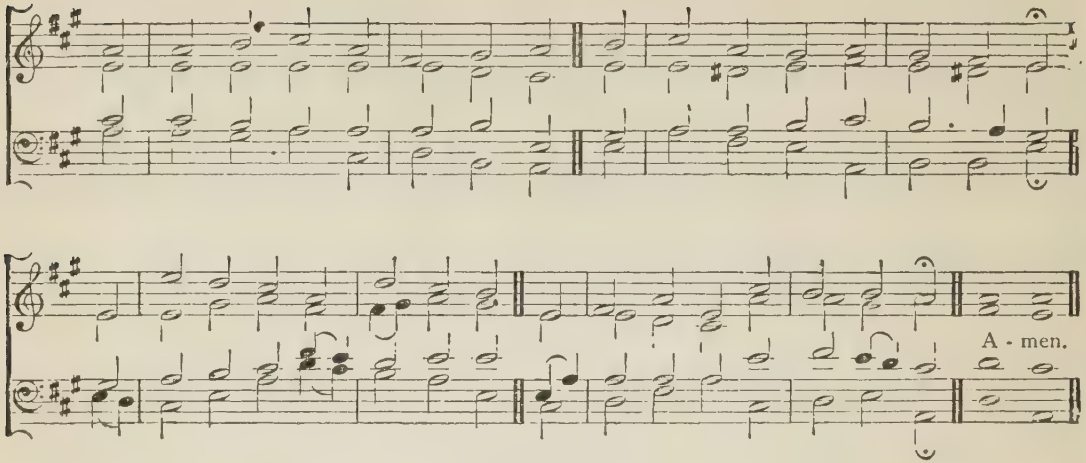


# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

435. ELY.

L.M.

TURTON



"The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."—Ps. cxviii. 5.

*f* YES. God is good : in earth and sky.  
From ocean-depths and spreading wood,  
Ten thousand voices seem to cry  
God made us all, and God is good.

The sun that keeps his trackless way.  
And downward pours his golden flood,  
Night's sparkling hosts. all seem to say  
In accents clear- that God is good.

*mf* 'The merry birds prolong the strain,  
Their song with every spring renew'd :

*p* And balmy air. and falling rain.  
Each softly whispers. God is good.

*f* I hear it in the rushing breeze "  
The hills that have for ages stood,

*ff* The echoing sky and roaring seas,  
All swell the chorus. God is good

*f* Yes. God is good, all nature says,  
By God's own hand with speech endued  
And man, in louder notes of praise,  
Should sing for joy that God is good.

*mf* For all thy gifts we bless thee, Lord ;  
But chiefly for our heavenly food :  
Thy pardoning grace, thy quickening word,  
*cr* These prompt our song that God is good.†

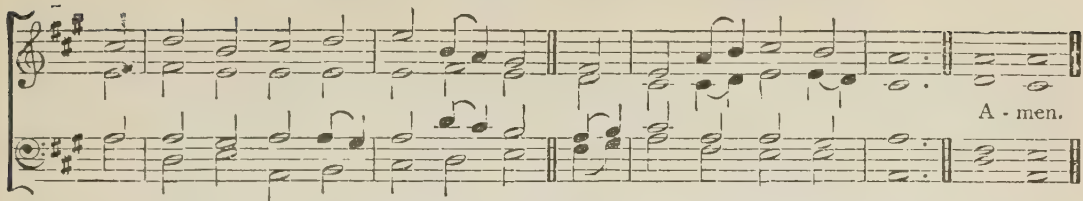
436. ST. STEPHEN.

C.M.

JONES.



# Catechism: Hymns for Children.



"O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!"—Ps. viii. 9.

*t* I SING the almighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.

*mf* Lord, how thy wonders are display'd  
Where'er I turn my eye;  
If I survey the ground I tread  
Or gaze upon the sky.

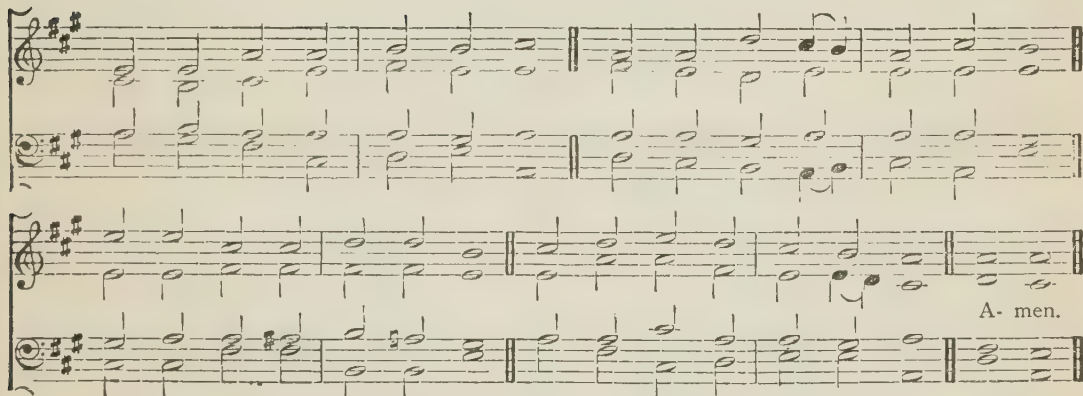
*f* There's not a plant nor flower below  
But makes thy glories known;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow  
By order from thy throne.

*mf* His hand is my perpetual guard;  
He keeps me with his eye:  
Why should I, then, forget the Lord  
Who is for ever nigh?<sup>e</sup>

437. HART.

7s.

HART.



"O how I love thy law!"—Ps. cxix. 97.

*mf* HOLY Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine;  
Mine, to tell me whence I came;  
Mine, to teach me what I am.

*f* Mine, to chide me when I rove;  
*cr* Mine, to show a Saviour's love;  
*mf* Mine art thou to guide my feet;  
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

*f* Mine, to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless  
*cr* Mine, to show by living faith  
Man can triumph over death.

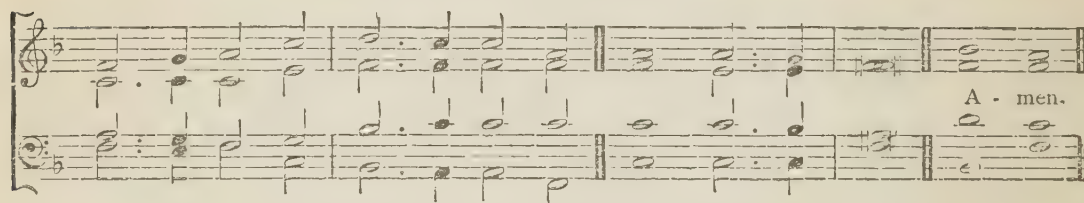
*f* Mine, to tell of joys to come,  
Light and life beyond the tomb:  
Holy Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine.<sup>s</sup>

# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

438. CARITAS.

8s. 4s.

BEATY.



"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. xviii. 24.

*mf* ONE there is above all others,

O how he loves !

His is love beyond a brother's,

O how he loves !

*p* Earthly friends may fail or leave us,

One day soothe, the next day grieve us,

*cr* But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,

O how he loves !

*mf* 'Tis eternal life to know him,

O how he loves !

*di* Think, O think how much we owe him,

O how he loves !

*p* With his precious blood he bought us,

In the wilderness he sought us,

*cr* To his fold he safely brought us,

O how he loves !

*f* We have found a friend in Jesus,

O how he loves !

'Tis his great delight to bless us,

O how he loves !

How our hearts delight to hear him

Bid us dwell in safety near him :

Why should we distrust or fear him ?

O how he loves !

*p* Through his name we are forgiven,

O how he loves !

*cr* Backward shall our foes be driven,

O how he loves !

*f* Best of blessings he'll provide us,

Nought but good shall e'er betide us,

*f* Safe to glory he will guide us.

O how he loves ! \*

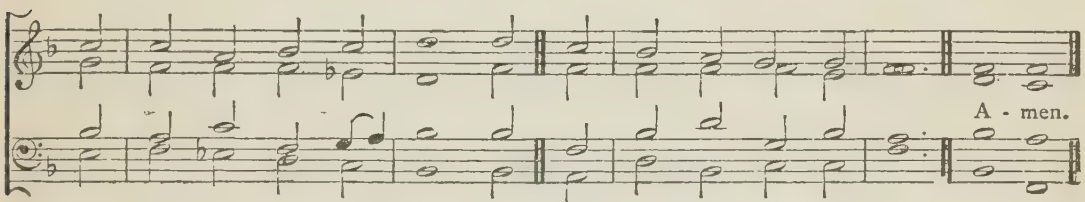
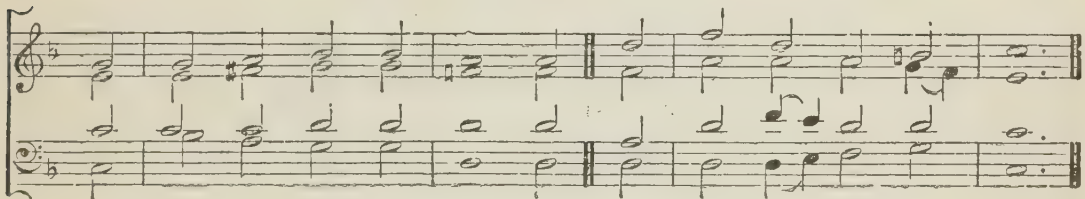
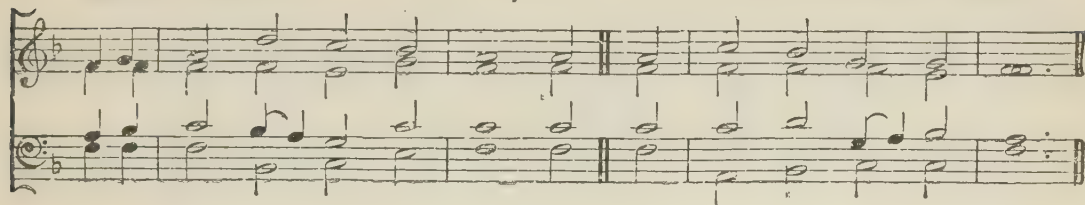


# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

439. MUNICH.

7s. 6s.

German Chorale.



"All are yours, and ye are Christ's."—I COR. iii. 22, 23.

*mf* THERE'S a Friend for little children  
Above the bright blue sky;  
A Friend who never changeth,  
Whose love can never die.

*p* Unlike our friends by nature,  
Who change with changing years,

*f* This Friend is always worthy  
The precious name he bears.

*mp* There's a rest for little children  
Above the bright blue sky:  
For those who love the Saviour,  
And Abba Father cry.

*di* A rest from every trouble,  
From sin and danger free,

*p* Where every little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.

*mf* There's a home for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,

*f* Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy;

*di* No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare,

*f* For every one is happy,  
Nor can be happier there.

*cr* There's a crown for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And all who look to Jesus  
Shall wear it by-and-by.

*f* A crown of brightest glory,  
Which he will then bestow

*mf* On those who found his favour,  
And loved him here below.

*f* There's a song for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A song that will not weary,  
Though sung continually.

*mf* A song which even angels  
Can never, never sing,  
They know not Christ as Saviour,  
But worship him as King.

*f* There's a robe for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A harp of sweetest music,  
A palm of victory.

All, all above is treasured,  
And found in Christ alone:

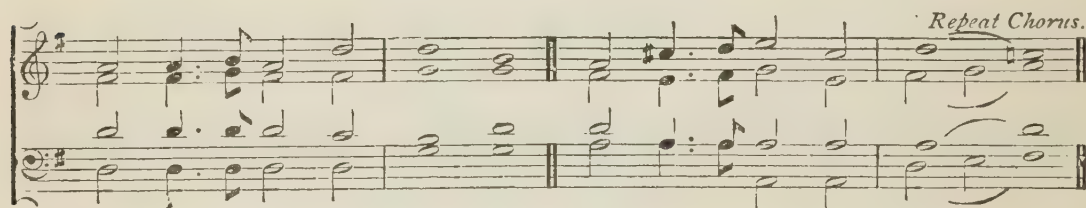
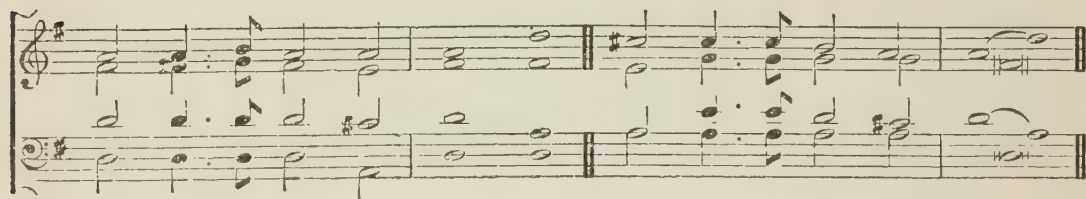
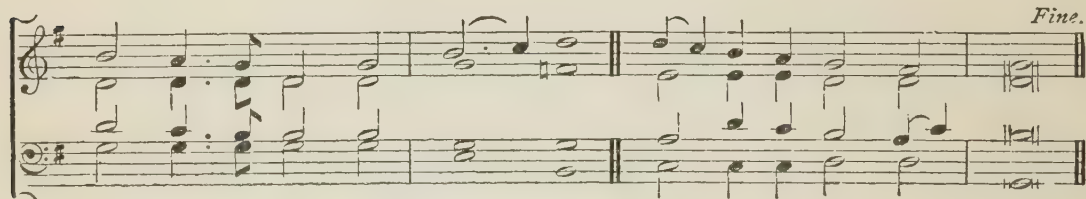
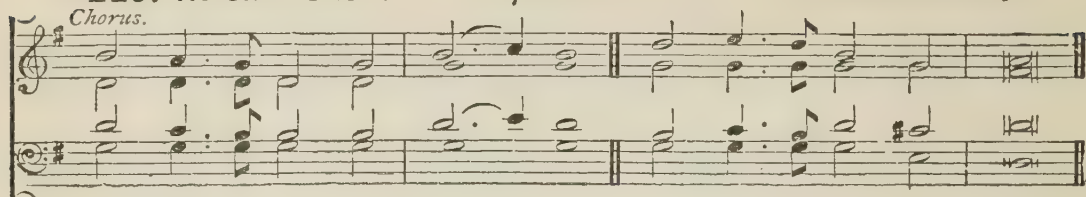
*p* O, come, dear little children,  
That all may be your own.

# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

## 440. IN SINU JESU.

7s. 6s.

American Melody.



"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—DUET. xxxiii. 27.

*mp* SAFE in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on his gentle breast,  
*cr* There by his love o'ershadow'd  
Sweetly my soul shall rest.  
*p* Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,  
Borne in a song to me,  
*cr* Over the fields of glory,  
Over the jasper sea.  
*mf* Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on his gentle breast,  
There by his love o'ershadow'd  
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

*mp* Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe from corroding care,  
Safe from the world's temptations,  
Sin cannot harm me there;

Free from the blight of sorrow,  
Free from my doubts and fears,  
*cr* Only a few more trials,  
Only a few more tears.  
*mf* Safe in the arms, &c.  
*mp* Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
Jesus has died for me,  
*f* I'm on the Rock of Ages  
Ever my trust shall be.  
*mp* Here let me wait with patience—  
Wait till the night is o'er,  
*cr* Wait till I see the morning  
Break on the golden shore.  
*mf* Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on his gentle breast,  
There by his love o'ershadow'd  
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

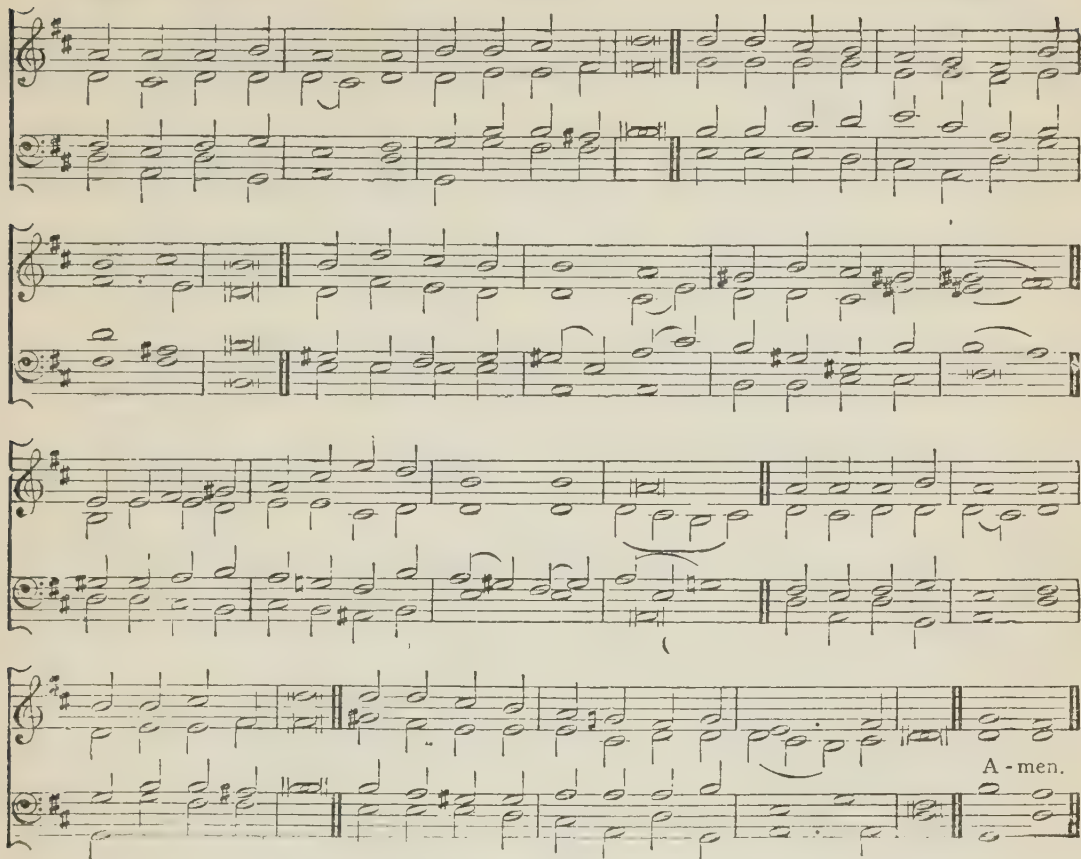
This Hymn may also be sung to "Munich," No. 439.

# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

441. NISSI.

I IS.

BARNBY.



"Lead me into the land of uprightness."—Ps. cxliii. 10.

- f* BRIGHTLY gleams our banner, pointing to the sky,  
Waving on Christ's soldiers to their home on high!  
Marching through the desert, gladly thus we pray,  
Still, with hearts united, singing on our way—  
Brightly gleams our banner, pointing to the sky,  
Waving on Christ's soldiers to their home on high!
- mf* Jesu, Lord and Master, at thy sacred feet,  
Here with hearts rejoicing, see thy children meet.  
*p* Often have we left thee, often gone astray;  
Keep us, mighty Saviour, in the narrow way.  
Brightly gleams, &c.
- mf* Pattern of our childhood, once thyself a child,  
Make our childhood holy, pure, and meek, and mild.  
*di* In the hour of danger whither can we flee,  
*p* Save to thee, dear Saviour, only unto thee?  
Brightly gleams, &c.
- mf* All our days direct us in the way we go,  
*f* Lead us on victorious over every foe:  
*di* Bid thine angels shield us when the storm-clouds lower,  
*p* Pardon, Lord, and save us in the last dread hour.  
Brightly gleams, &c.
- f* Then with saints and angels may we join above,  
Offering prayers and praises at thy throne of love;  
*cr* When the march is over, then comes rest and peace,  
*f* Jesus in his beauty, songs that never cease.  
Brightly gleams our banner, pointing to the sky,  
Waving on Christ's soldiers to their home on high!



# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

## 442. REJOICING.

P.M.

Harmonized by STEWART.

"There shall be one fold and One Shepherd."—JOHN x. 16.

*mp* HERE we suffer grief and pain,  
Here we meet to part again ;  
*mf* In heaven we part no more.  
*f* O, that will be joyful !  
Joyful, joyful, joyful !  
O, that will be joyful !  
When we meet to part no more.  
*mf* All who love the Lord below,  
When they die to heaven will go,  
And join with saints above,  
*f* O, that will be joyful, &c.  
*mf* Little children will be there,  
Who have sought the Lord by prayer  
From every Sunday school  
*f* O, that will be joyful, &c.

*mf* Teachers, too, will meet above,  
Pastors, parents, whom we love,  
Shall meet to part no more.  
*f* O, that will be joyful, &c.  
*f* O, how happy we shall be !  
For our Saviour we shall see  
Exalted on his throne.  
O, that will be joyful, &c.  
There we all shall sing for joy,  
And eternity employ  
In praising Christ the Lord.  
O, that will be joyful !  
Joyful, joyful, joyful !  
O, that will be joyful !  
When we meet to part no more.

## 443. LOIS.

7s. 3s.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

"Over Jordan."—JOSHUA iii. 17.

*mf* O, THEY'VE reach'd the sunny shore  
Over there ;

*cr* They will never hunger more ;  
All their pain and grief is o'er  
Over there.

*mf* O, they need no lamp at night  
Over there ;  
For their day is always bright,  
And their Saviour is their light  
Over there.

O, the streets are shining gold  
Over there ;

*f* And the glory is untold ;  
'Tis our Saviour's blessed fold  
Over there.

*p* O, they feel no chilling blast  
Over there ;

For their winter time is past,  
*cr* And the summers always last  
Over there.

*mf* O, they've done the weary fight  
Over there ;  
*cr* Jesus saved them by his might ;  
And they walk with him in white  
Over there.

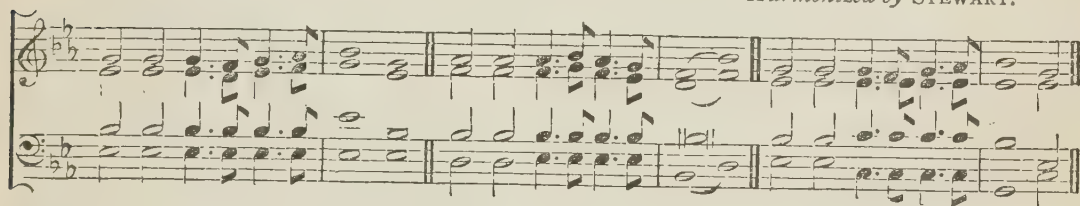
*p* O, they never shed a tear  
Over there ;  
*cr* For their Lord is always near,  
And with him is endless cheer  
Over there.

*f* O, we'll join the happy band  
Over there ;  
*di* But we wait our Lord's command,  
*cr* Till we see his beckoning hand  
Over there.

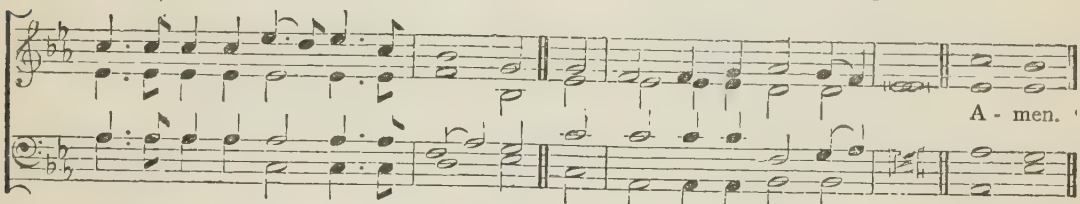
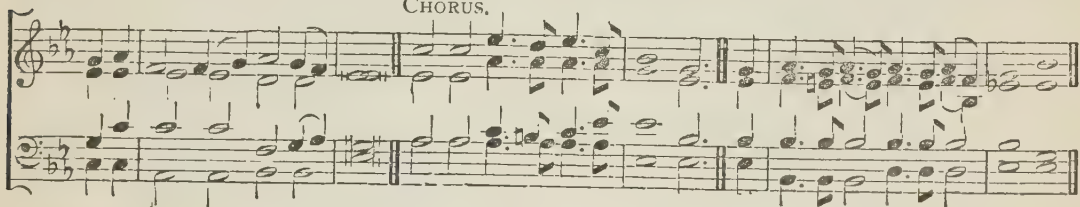
444. BOSTON.

P.M.

Harmonized by STEWART.



CHORUS.



A - men.

"A pure river of water of life, clear as crystal."—REV. xxii. 1.

*mf* SHALL we gather at the river  
Where bright angel feet have trod ;  
With its crystal tide for ever  
Flowing by the throne of God ?

*f* Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, beautiful river ;  
Gather with the saints at the river,  
That flows by the throne of God.

*mf* On the margin of the river,  
Guided by our Shepherd King,  
We will walk and worship ever,  
His dear footsteps following.

*f* Yes, we'll gather, &c.

*p* There beside the tranquil river,  
Mirror of the Saviour's face,

*cr* Happy hearts, no more to sever,  
Sing of glory and of grace.

*f* Yes, we'll gather, &c.

*p* But before we gain the river  
Lay we every burden down ;  
Jesu, here from sin deliver

*cr* Those whom there thy grace will crown.

*f* Yes, we'll gather, &c.

*cr* Soon we'll reach the crystal river ;  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;  
Soon our golden harpstrings quiver  
With the melody of peace.

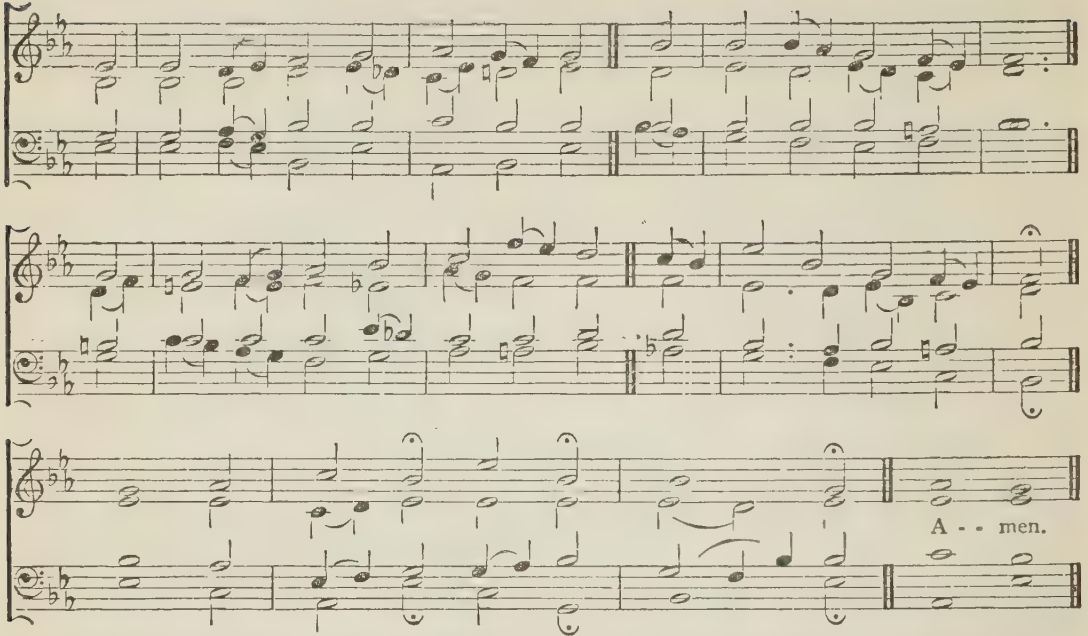
*f* Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, beautiful river ;  
Gather with the saints at the river  
That flows by the throne of God.

# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

## 445. ST. CLEMENT.

P.M.

CUFF.



*"They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—REV. vii. 14.*

AROUND the throne of God in heaven  
Thousands of children stand ;  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band.  
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white  
See every one array'd :  
Dwelling in everlasting light,  
And joys that never fade,  
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

*mf* What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
*cr* Where all is peace, and joy, and love :  
How came those children there,  
Singing, Glory, glory, glory ?

*p* Because the Saviour shed his blood  
To wash away their sin,  
Bathed in that precious purple flood,  
Behold them white and clean,  
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

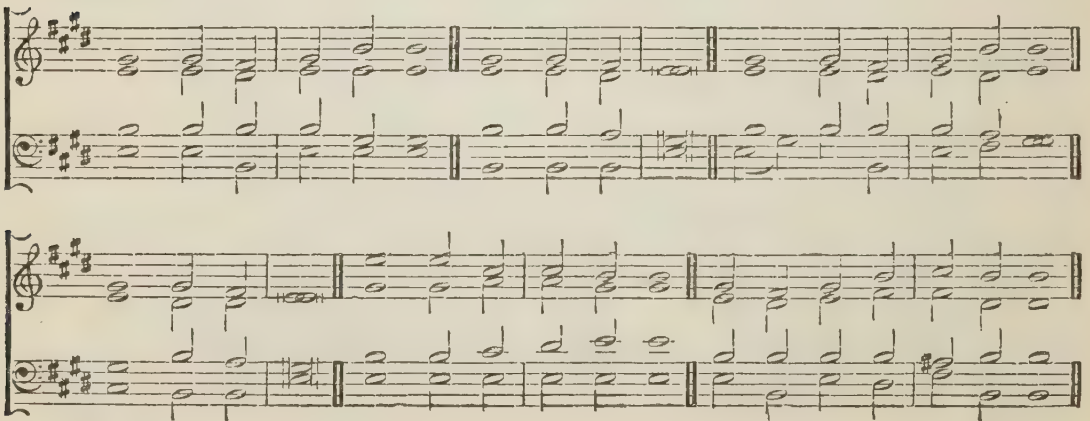
*mf* On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved his name ;  
*cr* So now they see his blessèd face,  
And stand before the Lamb :  
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

*p* And is that fountain flowing yet ?  
Bless'd Saviour, lead us there ;  
*cr* That we those happy ones may meet,  
*f* And in their praises share,  
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

## 446. HAPPY LAND.

P.M.

Telugu Melody.





# Catechism: Hymns for Children.

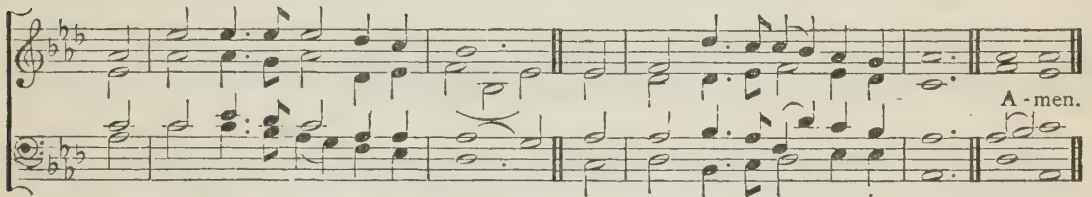


"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us."—  
NUM. x. 29.

*mf* THERE is a happy land,  
Far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand,  
Bright, bright as day;  
*cr* O how they sweetly sing,  
Worthy is our Saviour King,  
Loud let his praises ring,  
*f* Praise, praise for aye.  
*mf* Come to this happy land,  
Come, come away:  
Why will ye doubting stand?  
Why still delay?

*cr* O we shall happy be,  
When from sin and sorrow free;  
Lord, we shall live with thee,  
Blest, blest for aye.  
*f* Bright in that happy land  
Beams every eye;  
*p* Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
*cr* On then to glory run,  
*ff* Be a crown and kingdom won;  
And bright above the sun  
Reign, reign for aye.

## 447. REALMS OF THE BLEST. P.M.



"They desire a better country."—HEB. xi. 16.

*mf* WE speak of the realms of the blest,  
Of that country so bright and so fair;  
And oft are its glories confess'd;  
*p* But what must it be to be there?  
*mf* We speak of its pathways of gold,  
Of its walls deck'd with jewels most rare,  
Its wonders and pleasures untold;  
*p* But what must it be to be there?  
*mp* We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care,  
From trials without and within;  
*p* But what must it be to be there?

*f* We speak of its anthems of praise,  
With which we can never compare  
*di* The sweetest on earth we can raise;  
*p* But what must it be to be there?  
*f* We speak of its service of love,  
Of the robes which the glorified wear,  
The church of the First-born above;  
*p* But what must it be to be there?  
*mp* Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,  
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;  
*cr* And shortly we also shall know,  
And feel what it is to be there.

# Confirmation.

"LET THY FATHERLY HAND, WE BESEECH THEE, EVER BE OVER THEM."

448. ARNE.

SIX 8s.

Adapted from ARNE.

"Thou hast avouched the Lord this day to be thy God."—DEUT. xxvi. 17.

*mf* LORD, shall thy children come to thee?

A boon of love divine we seek:

*mp* Brought to thine arms in infancy,

Ere heart could feel, or tongue could speak,

*cr* Thy children pray for grace, that they

May come themselves to thee to-day.

*mf* Lord, shall we come? and come again,

Oft as we see yon table spread,

*p* And, tokens of thy dying pain,

The wine pour'd out, the broken bread?

*cr* Bless, bless, O Lord, thy children's prayer,

That they may come and find thee there.

*mf* Lord, shall we come? not thus alone,

At holy time, or solemn rite,

*cr* But every hour till life be flown,

Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,

Come to thy throne of grace, that we

*f* In faith, hope, love, confirm'd may be.

*mf* Lord, shall we come? come yet again?

Thy children ask one blessing more

To come, not now alone;—but then

When life, and death, and time are o'er,

*f* Then, then to come, O Lord, and be

Confirm'd in heaven, confirm'd by thee.

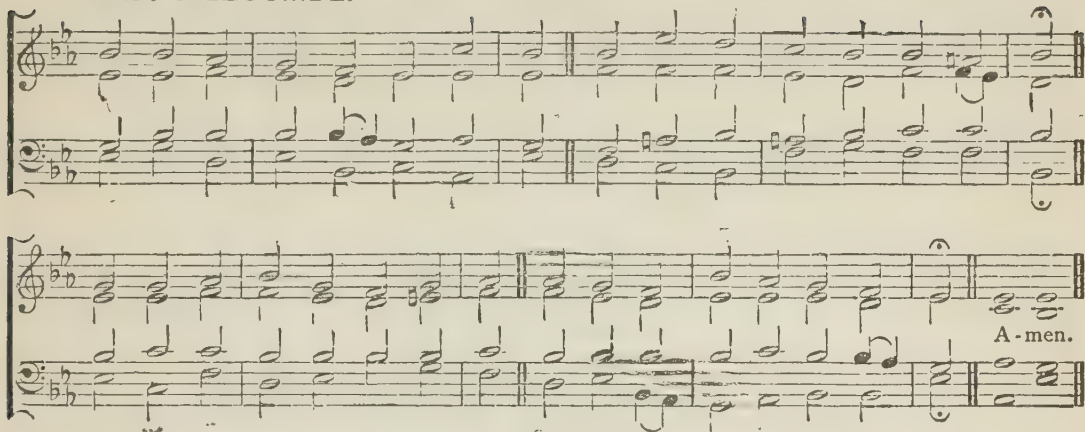
This Hymn may also be sung to "St. Matthias," No. 25.

# Confirmation.

## 449. MELCOMBE.

L.M.

S. WEBBE.



*"My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed."—Ps. lvii. 7.*

*mf* O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God :  
*f* Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To him who merits all my love :  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.

*p* Now rest my long-divided heart,  
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest :  
*mf* O who with earth would grudge to part,  
When call'd with angels to be bless'd ?

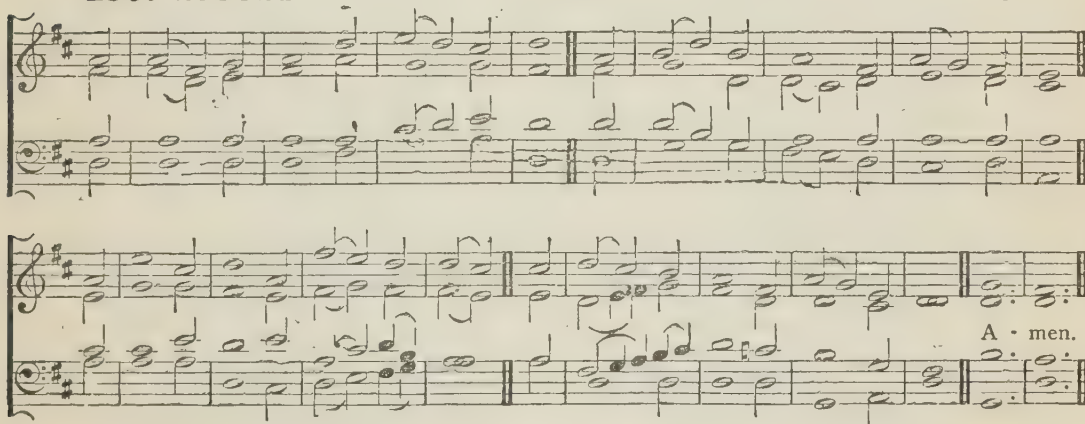
*cr* High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renew'd shall daily hear ;

*di* Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
*p* And bless in death a bond so dear.<sup>b</sup>

## 450. RUSSIA.

L.M.

Russian Melody.



*"I am not ashamed, for I know whom I have believed."—2 TIM. i. 12.*

*mf* JESUS, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?  
*cr* Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days ?

*mf* Ashamed of Jesus,—of that Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?  
*di* No, when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.

*mf* Ashamed of Jesus ? Yes, I may  
*p* When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

*cr* Till then—nor is the boasting vain—  
*f* Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;  
*mf* And O may this my portion be,  
That Saviour not ashamed of me.<sup>a</sup>

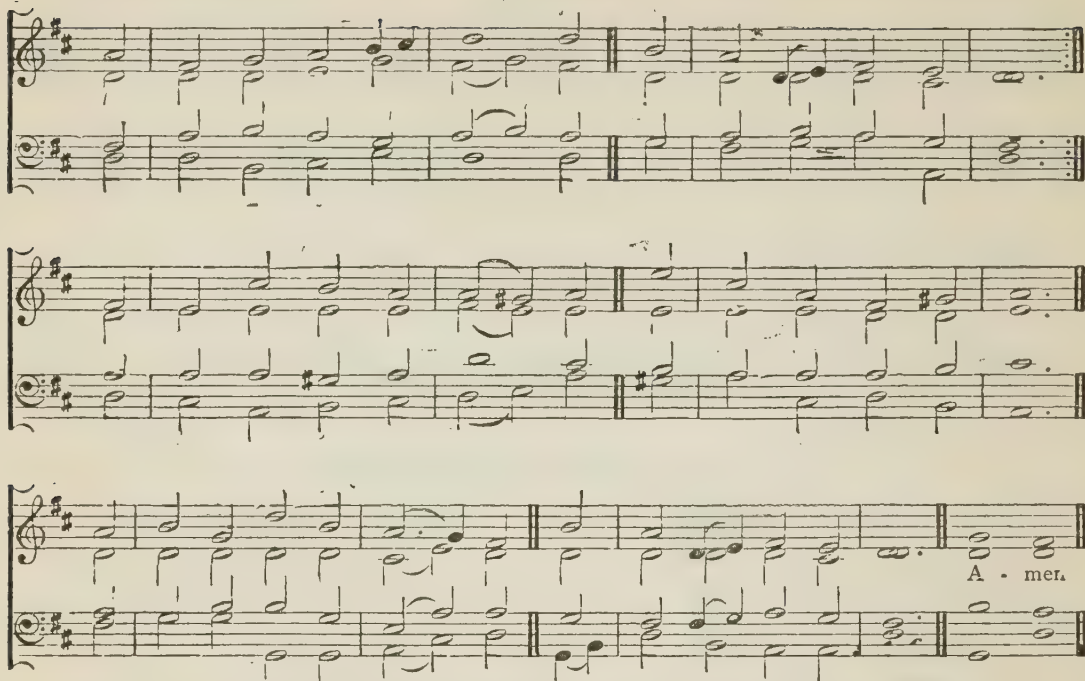


# Confirmation.

## 451. PARADISE.

7s. 6s.

F. WEBER.



"If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be."—  
JOHN xii. 26.

*mf* O JESUS, I have promised  
To serve thee to the end;  
Be thou for ever near me,  
My Master and my Friend;

*f* I shall not fear the battle  
If thou art by my side,  
Nor wander from the pathway  
If thou wilt be my Guide.

*mf* O let me feel thee near me;  
The world is ever near;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear;

*di* My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within;  
*cr* But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,  
And shield my soul from sin.

*p* O let me hear thee speaking  
In accents clear and still,  
Above the storms of passion,  
The murmurs of self-will;

*cr* O speak to re-assure me,  
To hasten, or control;  
O speak, and make me listen,  
Thou Guardian of my soul.

*mf* O Jesus, thou hast promised  
To all who follow thee,  
That where thou art in glory  
There shall thy servant be;  
And, Jesus, I have promised  
To serve thee to the end;  
O give me grace to follow,  
My Master and my Friend.

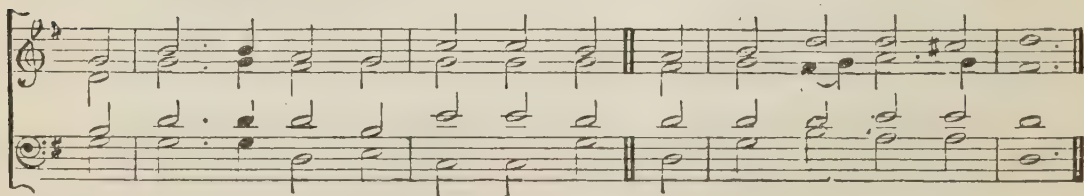
*p* O let me see thy footmarks  
And in them plant mine own:  
My hope to follow duly  
Is in thy strength alone.

*cr* O guide me, call me, draw me,  
Uphold me to the end;  
*f* And then in heaven receive me,  
My Saviour and my Friend.<sup>s</sup>

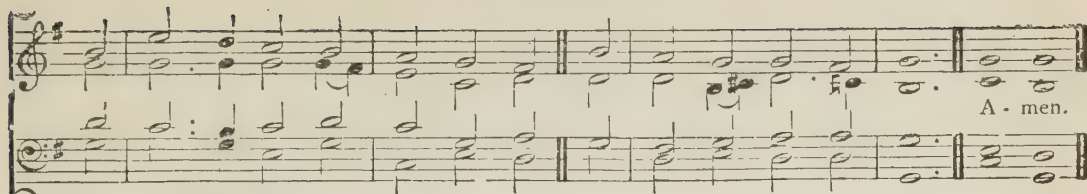
## 452. WINCHESTER OLD.

C.M.

ALISON'S Psalter.



# Confirmation.



"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God."—PHIL. iii. 14.

*f* AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on :  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

*mf* A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey :

*cr* Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

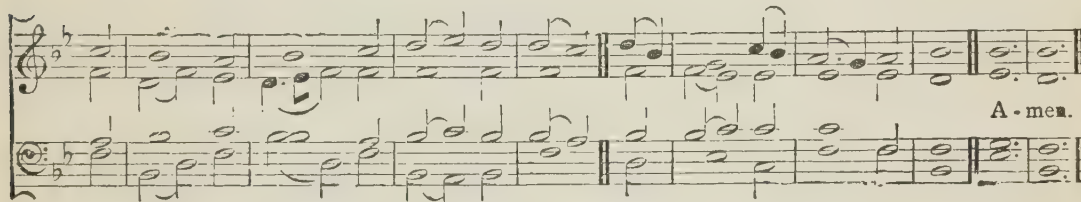
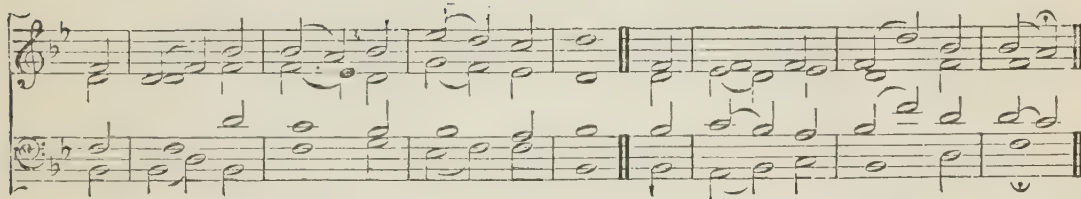
*f* 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye

*mf* Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,  
Have I my race begun :  
And crown'd with victory, at thy feet  
I'll lay my honours down.<sup>e</sup>

## 453. WILTSHIRE.

C.M.

G. SMART.



"I am thine : save me."—Ps. cxix. 94.

*mf* "THINE—thine for ever"—blessèd bond  
That knits us, Lord, to thee :

*cr* May voice, and heart, and soul respond  
Amen, so let it be.

*mf* When this world strikes its dulcet harp,  
And earth our heaven appears,

*f* Be "Thine for ever," clear and sharp,  
God's trumpet in our ears.

*mp* When sin in pleasure's soft disguise  
Would work us deadliest harm,

*p* May "Thine for ever" from the skies  
Steal down, and break the charm.

*mf* When Satan flings his fiery darts  
Against our weary shield,

*f* May "Thine for ever" in our hearts  
Forbid us faint or yield.

*mf* Thine all along the flowery spring,

*cr* Along the summer prime,

*di* Till autumn fades in welcoming

*p* The silver frost of time.

*ff* "Thine, thine for ever,"—body, soul,  
Henceforth devote to thee,

While everlasting ages roll :

Amen, so let it be.<sup>e</sup>

[To be sung after the benedictory prayer, "Defend, O Lord, this thy servant with thy heavenly grace,  
that he may continue thine for ever," &c.]

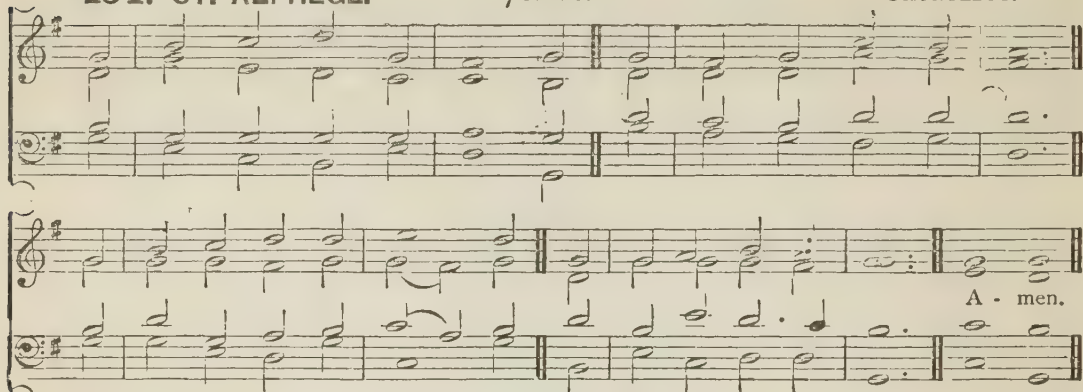
# Matrimony.

"WHICH HOLY ESTATE CHRIST ADORNED AND BEAUTIFIED WITH HIS PRESENCE."

## 454. ST. ALPHEGE.

7s. 6s.

GAUNTLETT.



"God blessed them."—GEN. i. 28.

*mf* THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,  
That earliest wedding day,  
The primal marriage blessing,  
It hath not pass'd away.  
Still in the pure espousal  
Of Christian man and maid,  
The Holy Three are with us,  
The threefold grace is said:  
For dower of blessed children,  
For love and faith's sweet sake,  
For high mysterious union  
Which nought on earth may break.

*p* Be present, awful Father,  
*cr* To give away this bride,  
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam  
Out of his own pierced side.

*p* Be present, gracious Saviour,  
*cr* To join their loving hands,  
As thou didst bind two natures  
In thine eternal bands.

*p* Be present, Holiest Spirit,  
*cr* To bless them as they kneel;  
As thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,  
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

*mf* O spread thy pure wing o'er them,  
Let no ill power find place,

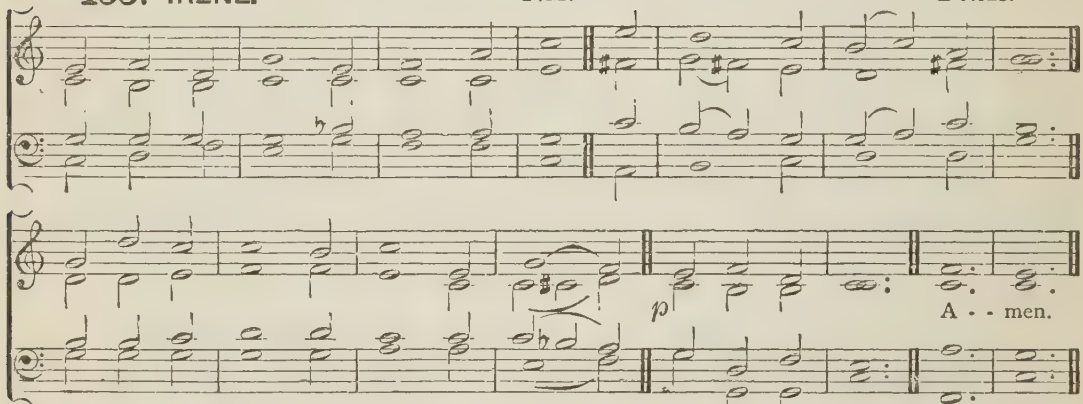
*cr* When onward to thine altar  
The hallow'd path they trace,

*f* To cast their crowns before thee  
In perfect sacrifice,  
Till to the home of gladness  
With Christ's own bride they rise.<sup>s</sup>

## 455. IRENE.

P.M.

DYKES.



"Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him."—Ps. xxxvii. 7.

*mp* REST in the Lord—from harp above  
The music seems to thrill—  
*cr* Rest in his everlasting love,  
*p* Rest and be still.

*mb* And thou, whose trustful hand is given  
Avouching here thy spouse,  
Rest, for a Father seals in heaven  
His children's vows.

Rest, for the Heavenly Bridegroom here  
Is standing by your side,  
And in this union draws more near  
His mystic bride.

*mf* Rest thou, who claimest for thine own  
Thy chosen bride to-day,  
Affianced in his faith alone  
Thy bride for aye.

*mf* Rest ye, who cluster round them both  
To mingle praise and prayers;  
Your God affirms the plighted  
Your God and theirs. [troth, *p*

*mp* Rest in the Lord—thrice Holy Dove,  
In us thy word fulfil—  
Rest in his everlasting love,  
Rest and be still.<sup>u</sup>



# Matrimony.

456. MENDELSSOHN.

TEN 7S.

MENDELSSOHN.

"Being heirs together of the grace of life."—1 PET. iii. 7.

*mp* ERE the words of peace and love  
Breathed on earth are borne above,  
While their echo, soft and clear,  
Lingers on the tranced ear,—

*cr* Catch upon your lips the strain,  
Swell the notes of prayer again,  
Prayer with benedictions fraught,  
Passing words and passing thought :

*f* Co-eternal Three in One,  
*p* Seal the nuptial benison.

*mf* Blessings from the earth beneath,  
Fruits and flowers in woven wreath ;  
Balmy dews that heaven distils  
On the everlasting hills ;  
Angel wings, a guard of light  
O'er the peaceful home by night ;

*cr* Angels' steps to tend the way  
Onward, heavenward, day by day :

*f* Co-eternal Three in One,  
*p* Seal the nuptial benison.

*mp* Hear our prayer : this union be  
Ratified, O God, by thee ;

*cr* This another link entwined  
Hearts and homes and heaven to bind  
In that mystic chain of love,  
Holding us, but held above ;

*mf* Knitting all that world to this,  
Eden's bloom to glory's bliss :

*f* Co-eternal Three in One,  
*p* Seal the nuptial benison.

*f* Three in One, and One in Three,  
Blessedness is blessing thee ;  
While we pour in chant and hymn  
Full hearts, flowing o'er the brim,—  
Water by thy power benign  
Blushing as celestial wine,—  
Till within the golden gates,  
Where the Lamb his bridal waits,  
We with all the white-robed throngs  
Sing the heavenly Song of Songs.

[To be sung after the blessing, "Almighty God, who at the beginning did create our first parents," &c.]

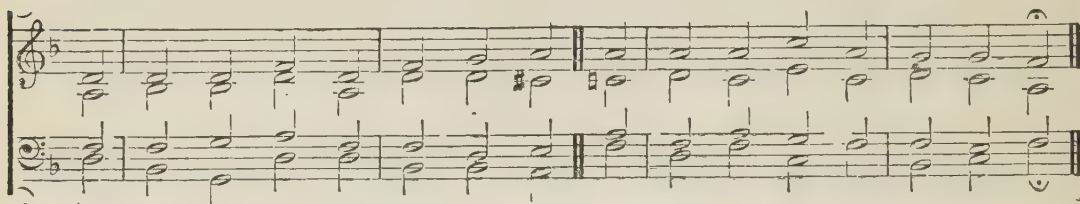
# The Visitation of the Sick.

"O SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD, WHO BY THY CROSS AND PRECIOUS BLOOD HAST REDEEMED US, SAVE US AND HELP US, WE HUMBLY BESEECH THEE, O LORD."

## 457. SAXONY.

L.M.

Moravian Chorale.



"I cried unto God with my voice, and he gave ear unto me."—Ps. lxxvii. 1.

*mp* GOD of my life, to thee I call ;  
Afflicted at thy feet I fall :  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?—  
*cr* Where but with thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor?

*mp* Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
*cr* Does not the word still fix'd remain,  
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

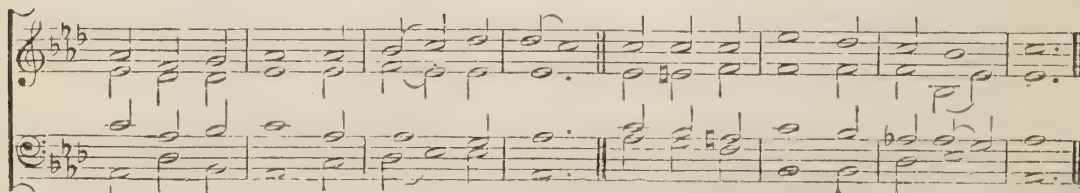
*mp* That were a grief I could not bear,  
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer ;  
*cr* But a prayer-hearing, answering God  
Supports me under every load.

*p* Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
*cr* Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;  
*f* And he is safe, and must succeed,  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.<sup>a</sup>

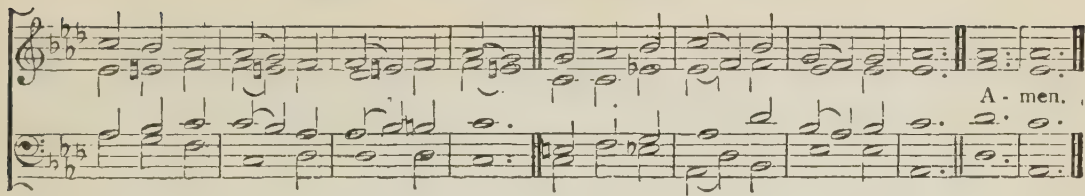
## 458. CANONBURY.

L.M.

POPE.



# The Visitation of the Sick.



*'I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.'*—Ps. xvii 15.

*mp* LORD, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove  
My faith, my patience, and my love ;  
*cr* I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.

*p* This life's a dream, an empty show,  
*cr* But the bright world to which I go  
Hath joys substantial and sincere :  
When shall I wake, and find me there ?

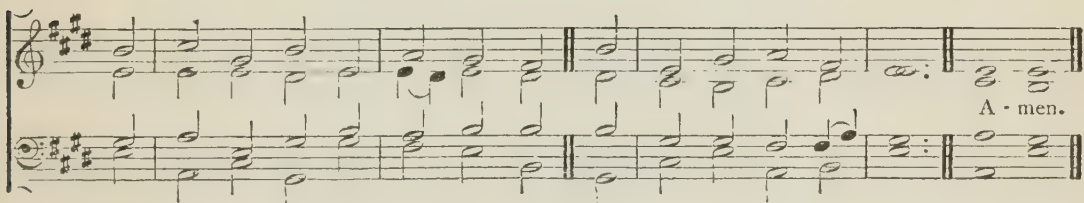
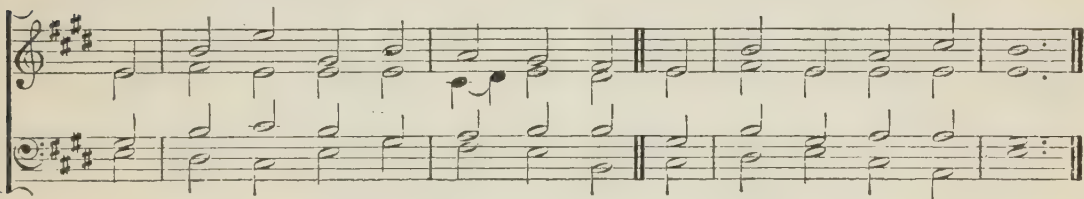
*mf* O glorious hour ! O bless'd abode ,  
I shall be near and like my God ;  
*dt* And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

*p* My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
*cr* Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
*f* Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.<sup>a</sup>

## 459. ST. DAVID.

C.M.

RAVENSCROFT.



*"My meditation of him shall be sweet."*—Ps. civ. 34.

*mp* WHEN langour and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
*cr* 'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to fly away :

*mp* Sweet to look inward and attend  
The whispers of his love ;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above :

Sweet to look back, and see my name  
In life's fair book set down ;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal joys my own :

*p* Sweet to reflect how grace divine  
My sins on Jesus laid ;  
Sweet to remember that his blood  
My debt of sufferings paid :

*mf* Sweet in his righteousness to stand,  
Which saves from second death ;  
Sweet to experience, day by day  
His Spirit's quickening breath :

Sweet in the confidence of faith  
To trust his firm decrees ;  
*p* Sweet to lie passive in his hand,  
And know no will but his :

*cr* Sweet to rejoice in lively hope  
That, when my change shall come,  
Angels will hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home.

*mf* If such the sweetness of the stream,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from thee ?

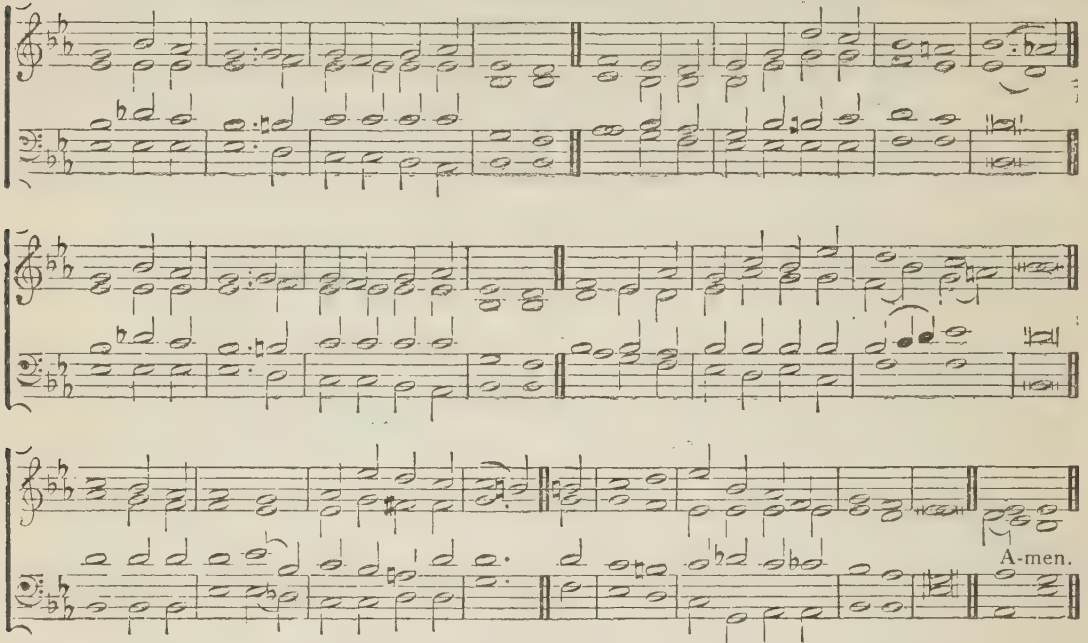


# The Visitation of the Sick.

460. CONSOLATOR.

I IS. IGS.

M. L. BRADSHAW.



*Lord, thou knowest all things.*"—JOHN xxi. 17.

*mp* Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow

Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest ;

Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,

Blessings implored, and sins to be confess'd ;

*cr* We come before thee at thy gracious word,

And lay them at thy feet : thou knowest, Lord.

*p* Thou knowest all the past ; how long and blindly

On the dark mountains the lost wanderer stray'd ;

*cr* How the good Shepherd follow'd, and how kindly

He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid ;

And heal'd the bleeding wounds, and sooth'd the pain,

*mf* And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

*mp* Thou knowest all the present ; each temptation,

Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;

All to each one assign'd of tribulation,

Or to belovèd ones, than self more dear ;

All pensive memories, as we journey on,

Longings for vanish'd smiles and voices gone.

*mf* Thou knowest all the future ; gleams of gladness

By stormy clouds too quickly overcast ;

*di* Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,

*p* And the dark river to be cross'd at last.

O what could hope and confidence afford

To tread that path ; but this, thou knowest, Lord.

*mp* Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing ;

As Man, our mortal weakness thou hast proved :

On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,

O Saviour, thou hast wept, and thou hast loved ;

And love and sorrow still to thee may come,

And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

*cr* Therefore we come, thy gentle call obeying,

And lay our sins and sorrows at thy feet ;

*mf* On everlasting strength our weakness staying,

Clothed in thy robe of righteousness complete :

*f* Then rising and refresh'd we leave thy throne,

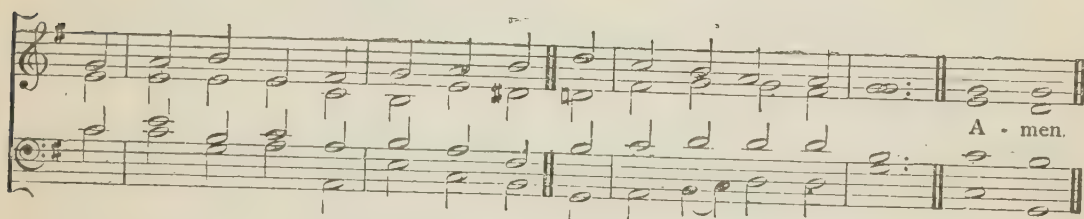
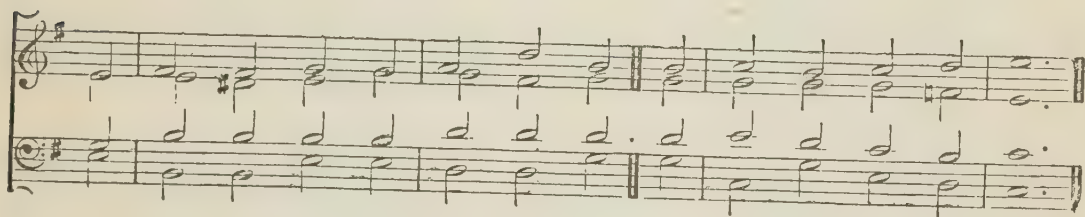
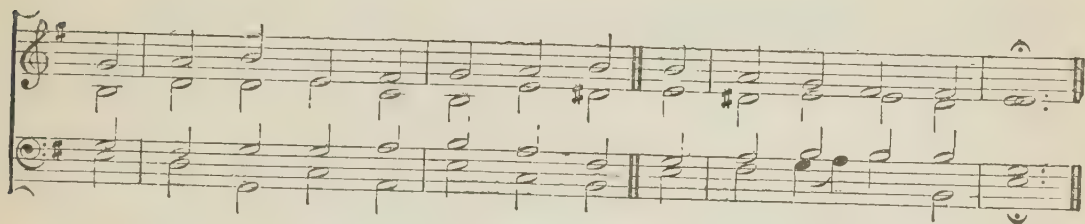
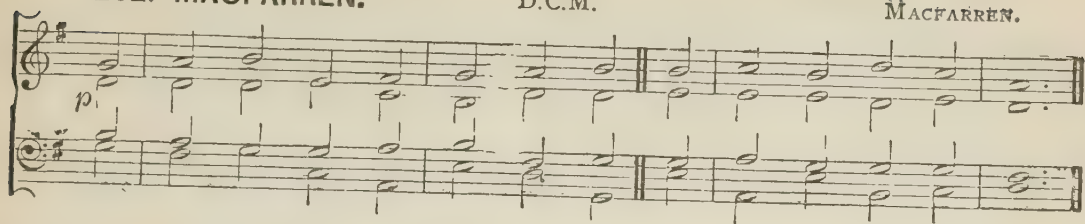
And follow on to know as we are known.

# The Visitation of the Sick.

461. MACFARREN.

D.C.M.

MACFARREN.



"Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. xxxii. 7.

*mf* Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord,

In thee I put my trust,  
Encouraged by thy holy word,  
A feeble child of dust.

*di* I have no argument beside,  
I urge no other plea,

*p* And 'tis enough my Saviour died,  
My Saviour died for me.

*mp* When storms of fierce temptation beat,  
And furious foes assail,  
My refuge is the mercy-seat,  
My hope within the veil.  
From strife of tongues and bitter words  
My spirit flies to thee :

*cr* Joy to my heart the thought affords,  
*p* My Saviour died for me

*mp* 'Mid trials, heavy to be borne,

When mortal strength is vain,  
A heart with grief and anguish torn,  
A body rack'd with pain,—

*cr* Ah ! what could give the sufferer rest,  
Bid every murmur flee,

But this, the witness in my breast,  
*p* My Saviour died for me.

*pp* And when thine awful voice commands  
This body to decay,  
And life in its last lingering sands  
Is ebbing fast away,—

*cr* Then, though it be in accents weak,  
And faint and tremblingly,

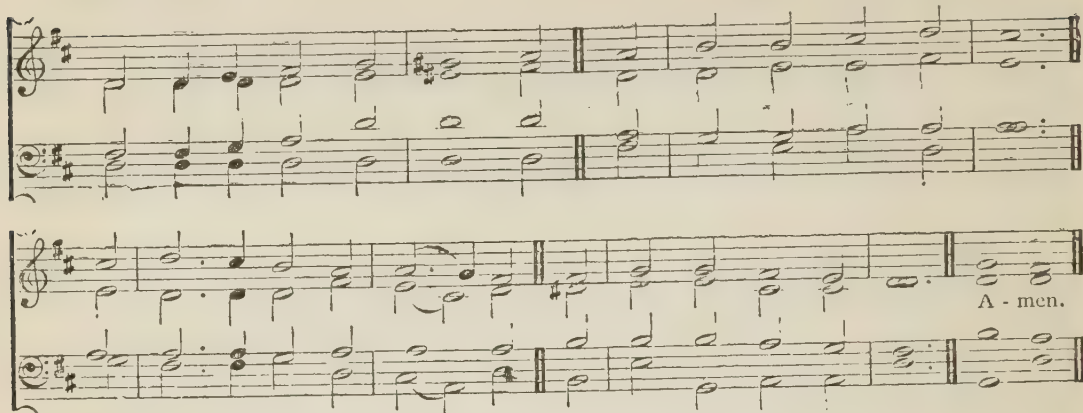
*mf* O give me strength in death to speak,  
*p* My Saviour died for me.

# The Visitation of the Sick.

462. GOSPEL.

7s. 6s.

American Melody.  
Harmonized by J. T. COOPER.



"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."—EPH. iii. 19.

*mf* Tell me the old, old story  
Of unseen things above,  
*cr* Of Jesus and his glory,  
Of Jesus and his love.  
*mf* Tell me the story simply,  
As to a little child,  
For I am weak and weary,  
And helpless and defiled.

*mf* Tell me the story slowly,  
That I may take it in :  
That wonderful redemption,  
God's remedy for sin.  
Tell me the story often,  
For I forget so soon ;  
*di* The early dew of morning  
Has pass'd away at noon

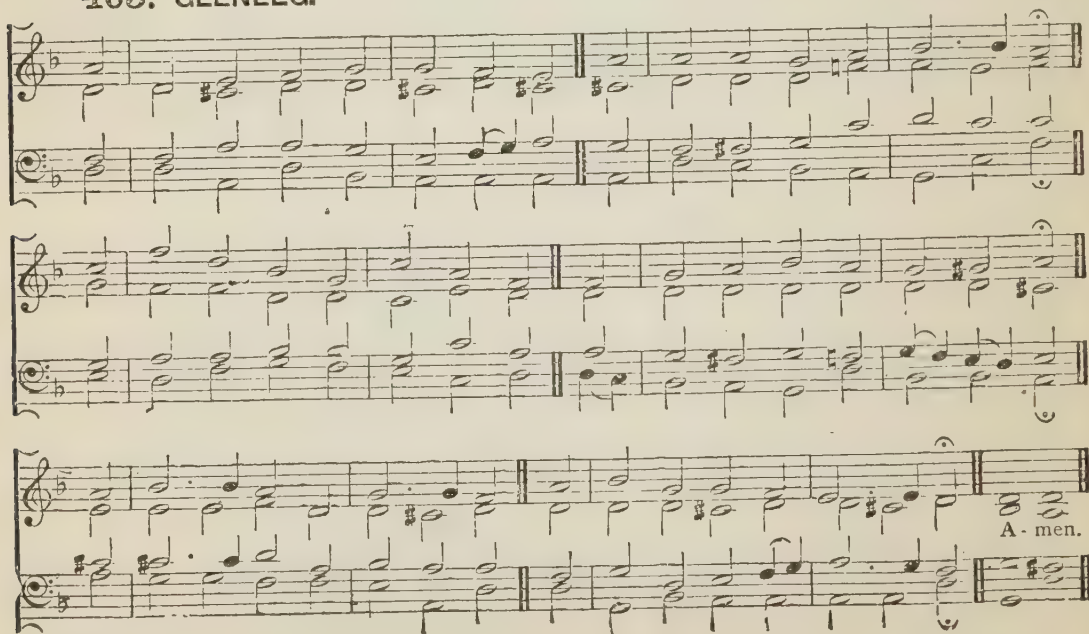
*mp* Tell me the story softly,  
With earnest tones and grave ;  
Remember, I'm the sinner  
Whom Jesus came to save.  
*mf* Tell me that story always,  
If you would really be,  
In any time of trouble,  
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story,  
When you have cause to fear  
That this world's empty glory  
Is costing me too dear.  
*cr* Yes, and when that world's glory  
Is dawning on my soul,  
Tell me the old, old story :  
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

463. GLENELG.

SIX 8s.

HEWLETT.





# The Visitation of the Sick.

"The Lord will be with thee: he will not fail thee."—DEUT. xxxi. 8.

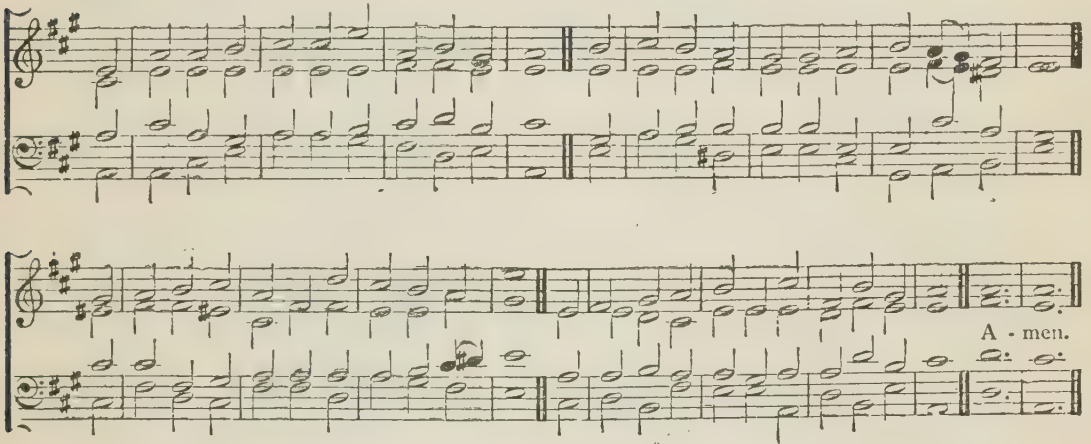
*mp* WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On him I lean, who not in vain  
Experienced every human pain;  
*cr* He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.  
*mp* If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do,  
*cr* Still he, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.  
*mp* If vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And sore dismay'd my spirit dies;  
Still he, who once vouchsafed to bear

*p* The sickening anguish of despair,  
*cr* Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.  
*mp* When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while;  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.  
*mf* And O, when I have safely pass'd  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed, for thou hast died;  
*cr* Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

464. HANOVER.

104TH M.

CROFT,



"There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest."—JOB iii. 17

*mf* MY rest is in heaven, my rest is not here;  
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?  
Be hush'd, my dark spirit,—the worst that can come  
But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,  
And building my hopes in a region like this;  
I look for a city which hands have not piled,  
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,  
I would not lie down upon roses below;  
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,

*p* Till I find them for ever on Jesus his breast.

*mp* Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy;

*cr* One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;

*f* And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,  
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

*mf* Let trial and danger my progress oppose,  
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;

*f* Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,  
A home with my God will make up for it all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand.

I march on in haste through an enemy's land;

The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,

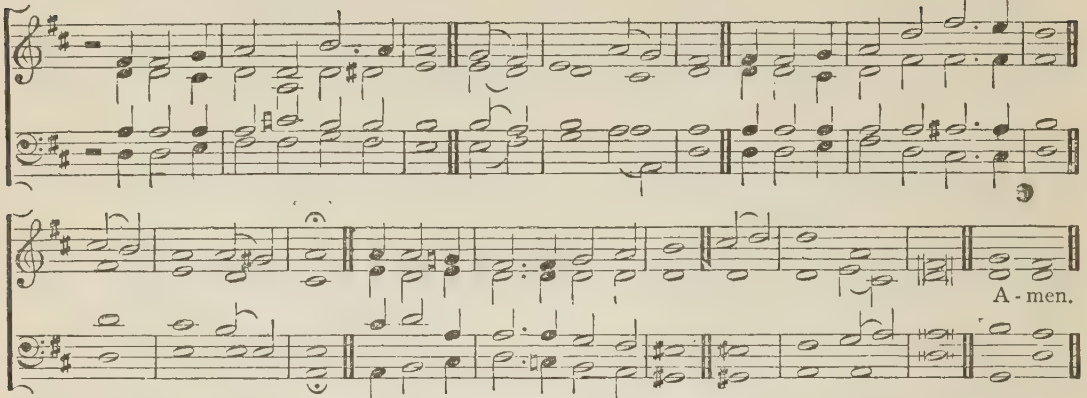
And I smoothe it with hope, and I cheer it with song.

# The Visitation of the Sick.

465. WATTON.

8s. 4s.

CUFF.



"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."—Ps. xxiii. 6.

*f* My God, I thank thee, who hast made  
The earth so bright;  
So full of splendour and of joy,  
Beauty and light;  
So many glorious things are here,  
Noble and right.

*mf* I thank thee too that thou hast made  
Joy to abound;  
So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
Circling us round,

*di* That in the darkest spot of earth  
*cr* Some love is found.

*p* I thank thee more that all our joy  
Is touch'd with pain;  
That shadows fall on brightest hours;  
That thorns remain;

*cr* So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
And not our chain.

*mf* For thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon  
Our weak heart clings,  
Hast given us joys, tender and true,  
Yet all with wings;

*f* So that we see, gleaming on high,  
Diviner things.

*mf* I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept  
The best in store;  
We have enough, yet not too much  
To long for more:

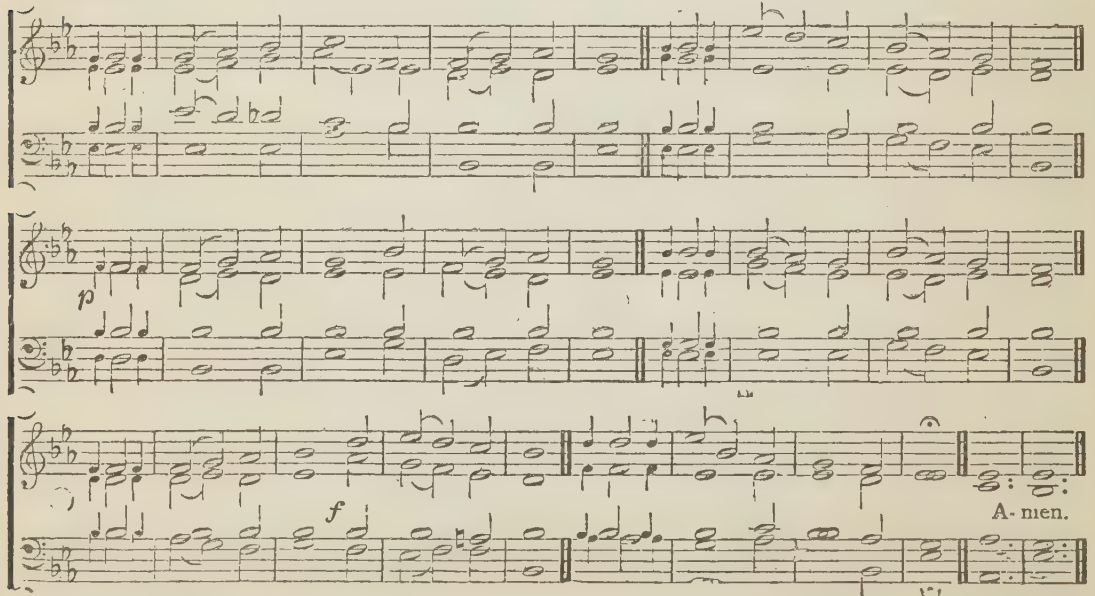
*mp* A yearning for a deeper peace,  
Not known before.

*mf* I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
Though amply blest,  
Can never find, although they seek,  
A perfect rest,—

*di* Nor ever shall, until they lean  
*p* On Jesus' breast.

466. WEYMOUTH.

P.M.



# The Visitation of the Sick.

"My soul is even as a weaned chud."—Ps. cxxxi. 2.

*mf* FATHER, I know that all my life  
Is portion'd out for me ;  
And the changes that are sure to come  
I do not fear to see :

*di* But I ask thee for a present mind,  
Intent on pleasing thee.

*mp* I ask thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And wipe the weeping eyes ;  
And a heart at leisure from itself  
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know ;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

*mf* Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoe'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate ;

*di* And a work of lowly love to do  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

*cr* So I ask thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life  
While keeping at thy side ;

*mf* Content to fill a little space,  
If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask  
In my cup of blessing be ;  
I would have my spirit fill'd the mora  
With grateful love to thee ;

*di* More careful,—not to serve thee much,—  
But to please thee perfectly.

*p* There are briars besetting every path  
That call for patient care,  
There is a cross in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer '—

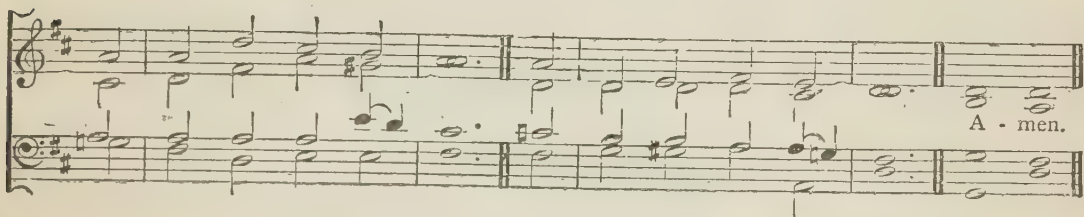
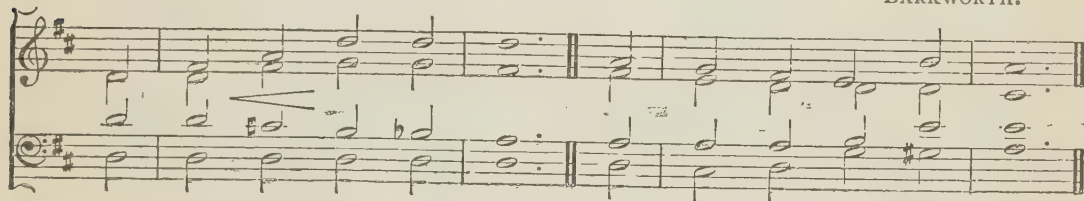
*cr* But a lowly heart that leans on thee  
Is happy anywhere.

*f* In a service which thy love appoints  
There are no bonds for me,  
For my inmost heart is taught the truth  
That makes thy children free ;  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty.

## 467. VIA CRUCIS.

6s.

BARKWORTH.



"Make thy way straight before my face."—Ps. v. 8.

*mp* THY way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be :  
Lead me by thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best ;  
Winding or straight, it leads  
Right onward to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;  
I would not, if I might ;

*cr* Choose thou for me, my God ;  
So shall I walk aright.

*mf* The kingdom that I seek  
Is thine : so let the way

That leads to it be thine,  
*di* Else I must surely stray.

*mp* Take thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to thee may seem ;  
Choose thou my good and ill.

Choose thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health ;  
Choose thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.

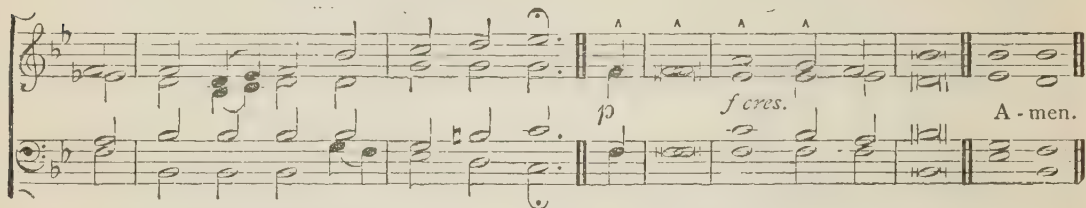
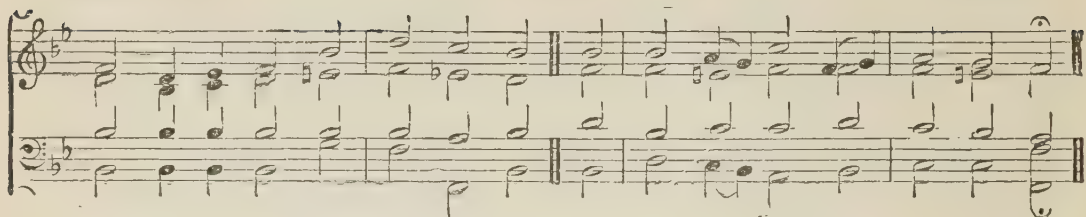
*mf* Not mine, not mine the choice  
In things or great or small ;  
*f* Be thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom, and my all.

# The Visitation of the Sick.

468. IVER.

8s. 6.

WADK.



"Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."—MATT. xiv. 27.

*mf* Toss'd with rough winds, and faint with fear,

Above the tempest, soft and clear,

*di* What still small accents greet mine ear?—

*p. cr* 'Tis I; be not afraid.

*mp* 'Tis I, who wash'd thy spirit white;

'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;

*cr* 'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light:

'Tis I; be not afraid.

*mf* These raging winds, this surging sea,

Have spent their deadly force on me;

They bear no breath of wrath to thee:

'Tis I; be not afraid.

*p* This bitter cup, I drank it first;

To thee it is no draught accurst;

The hand that gives it thee is pierced:

'Tis I; be not afraid.

*mf* Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,

Mine arms are underneath thy head,

*cr* My blessing is around thee shed:

'Tis I; be not afraid.

*mf* When on the other side thy feet

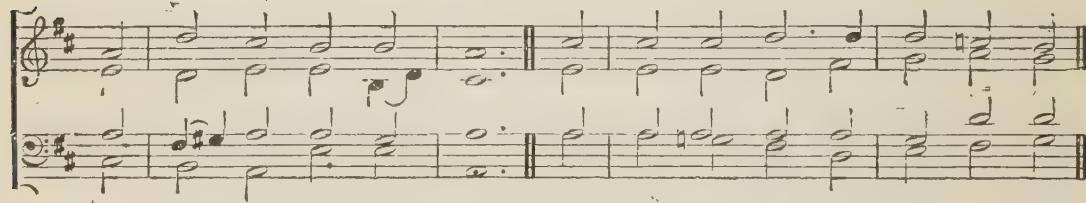
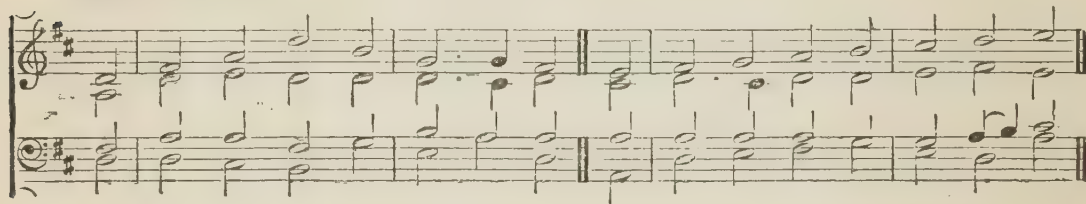
Shall rest, 'mid thousand welcomes sweet

*f* One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,

'Tis I; be not afraid.<sup>2</sup>

469. MAGDALEN COLLEGE. 8. 8. 6.

HAYES





# The Visitation of the Sick.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 PET. v. 7.

*mf* O LORD, how happy should we be  
If we could cast our care on thee,  
If we from self could rest;  
And feel at heart that One above  
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
Is working for the best.

*mp* How far from this our daily life,  
How oft disturb'd by anxious strife,  
By sudden wild alarms;

*cr* O could we but relinquish all  
Our earthly props, and simply fall  
On thine almighty arms!

*mp* Could we but kneel and cast our load,  
Even while we pray, upon our God,

*cr* Then rise with lighten'd cheer;

*mf* Sure that the Father, who is nigh  
To still the famish'd raven's cry,  
Will hear in that we fear.

*mp* We cannot trust him as we should;  
So chafes weak nature's restless mood  
To cast its peace away;

*cr* But birds and flowerets round us preach,  
All, all the present evil teach  
Sufficient for the day.

*mf* Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours  
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;  
Make them from self to cease,

Leave all things to a Father's will,  
And taste, before him lying still,

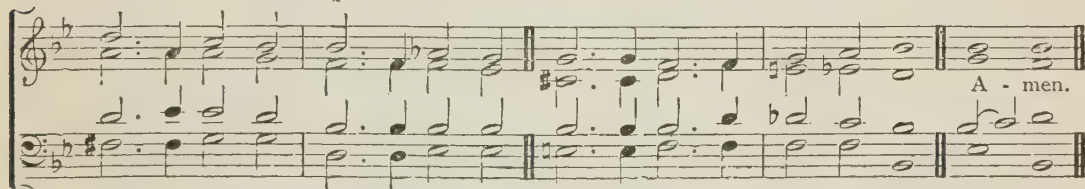
*di* Even in affliction, peace.

This Hymn may also be sung to "Bridehead," No. 421.

## 470. ST. JUDE.

P.M.

C. J. VINCENT.



"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."—GAL. ii. 20.

*mp* O, THE bitter shame and sorrow,  
That a time could ever be,  
When I let the Saviour's pity  
Lead in vain, and proudly answer'd,  
"All of self, and none of thee."

*p* Yet he found me; I beheld him  
Bleeding on th' accursèd tree,  
Heard him pray: "Forgive them, Father"  
And my wistful heart said faintly,  
"Some of self and some of thee."

*cr* Day by day his tender mercy,  
Healing, helping, full and free,  
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,  
Brought me lower, while I whisper'd,

*p* "Less of self, and more of thee."

*f* Higher than the highest heavens,  
Deeper than the deepest sea,  
Lord, thy love at last hath conquer'd;  
Grant me now my soul's petition,  
"None of self, and all of thee."

# The Visitation of the Sick.

471. WORDSWORTH.

SIX IOS.

"The Lord is my portion, saith my soul."—LAM. iii. 24.

*mp* LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,  
Far did I rove, and found no certain home,  
At last I sought them in his sheltering breast,  
Who opes his arms, and bids the weary come :  
*cr* With him I found a home, a rest divine,  
And I since then am his, and he is mine.

*mf* The good I have is from his stores supplied ;  
The ill is only what he deems the best ;  
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside ;  
And poor without him, though of all possess'd  
Changes may come ; I take, or I resign ;  
Content, while I am his, while he is mine.

*cr* Whate'er may change, in him no change is seen ;  
*f* A glorious sun that wanes not nor declines ;  
Above the clouds and storms he walks serene,  
And sweetly on his people's darkness shines :  
*di* All may depart, I fret not, nor repine,  
While I my Saviour's am, while he is mine.

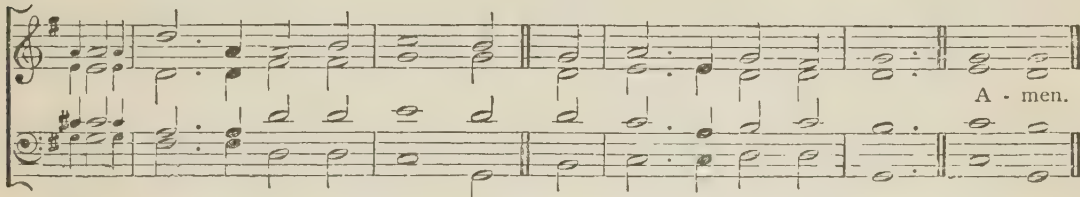
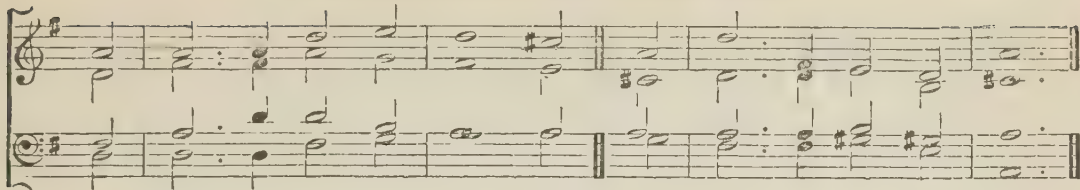
*mf* While here, alas, I know but half his love,  
But half discern him, and but half adore ;  
*cr* But when I meet him in the realms above  
I hope to love him better, praise him more,  
*f* And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,  
How fully I am his, and he is mine.

472. HOLY CHURCH.

7s. 6s.

A. H. BROWN.

# The Visitation of the Sick.



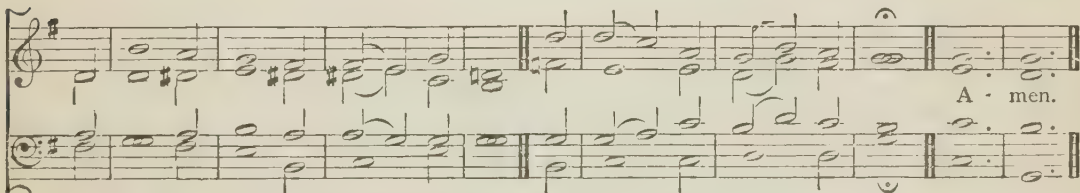
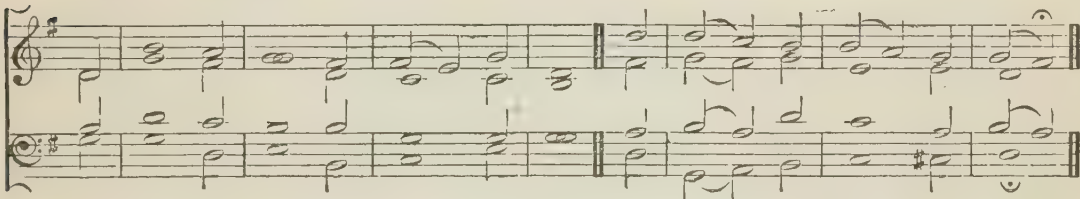
"To hoar hairs will I carry you."—ISA. xlv. 4.

<i>mf</i> I'm kneeling at the threshold, aweary, faint, and sore ;	<i>cr</i> Oh ! would that I were with them, amid the shining throng,
I'm waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door ;	<i>f</i> Uniting in their worship, rejoicing in their song !
<i>cr</i> I'm waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come	<i>mf</i> The friends that started with me have enter'd long ago ;
To the glory of his presence, the gladness of his home.	Ah ! one by one they left me to struggle with the foe ;
<i>p</i> A weary path I've travell'd 'mid darkness, storm, and strife,	Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won ;
Bearing many a burden, contending for my life ;	How lovingly they'll hail me, when my work too is done.
<i>cr</i> But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er,	With them the blessèd angels that know no grief or sin,
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is at the door.	I see them at the portals, prepared to let me in ;
<i>p</i> Methinks I hear the voices of the blessèd, as they stand,	O Lord, I wait thy pleasure, thy time and way are best,
Sweet singing in the sunshine of the unclouded land ;	But I'm wasted, worn, and weary ; my Father bid [me rest.]

473. BELMONT.

C.M.

S. WEBBE.



"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—PHIL. i. 21.

*mf* LORD, it belongs not to my care,  
Whether I die or live ;  
To love and serve thee is my share,  
And this thy grace must give.  
Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than he went through before,  
And he that to God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.  
Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet  
Thy blessèd face to see ;

For if thy work on earth be sweet,  
*f* What will thy glory be !  
*mp* Then I shall end my sad complaints,  
And weary sinful days,  
And join with the triumphant saints  
That sing Jehovah's praise.  
*mf* My knowledge of that life is small ;  
The eye of faith is dim ;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with him.

# The Visitation of the Sick.

474. WESTMINSTER.

C.M.

TURLE.

"Water of life, clear as crystal."—REV. xxii. 1.

*mf* THERE is a stream which issues forth  
From God's eternal throne  
And from the Lamb, a living stream  
Clear as the crystal stone.

This stream doth water Paradise ;  
It makes the angels sing ;  
One precious drop revives my heart ;  
Hence all my joys do spring.

*J* Such joys as are unspeakable,  
And full of glory too ;

*di* Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,  
As worldlings do not know.

*mf* Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,  
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,  
And hast to me reveal'd.

I see thy face, I hear thy voice,  
I taste thy sweetest love ;

*cr* But oh, for eagle wings to rise,  
And dwell with thee above !

*mf* Then would I flee, like Noah's dove,  
Leaving this world of sin ;  
Then should my Lord put forth his hand,  
And kindly take me in.<sup>c</sup>

475. O PARADISE. [FIRST TUNE.] P.M.

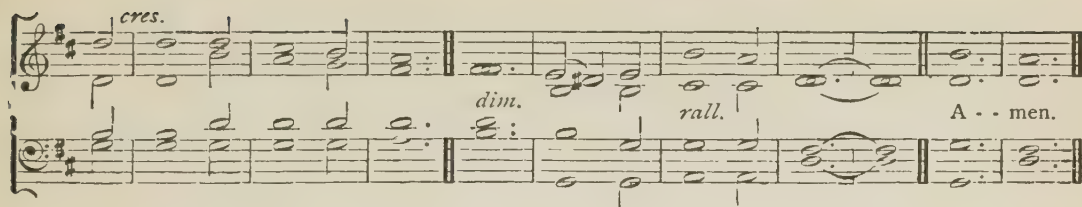
HENRY.

Harmonized by J. T. COOPER.

*cres.*



# The Visitation of the Sick.



"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better."—PHIL. i. 23.

*mf* O PARADISE, O Paradise,  
Who doth not crave for rest ?  
Who would not seek the happy land,  
Where they that loved are blest ;  
*f* Where loyal hearts, and true,  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture, through and through,  
*di* In God's most holy sight ?

*mf* O Paradise, O Paradise,  
*mp* The world is growing old ;  
*cr* Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold ?  
*f* Where loyal hearts, &c.

*mf* O Paradise, O Paradise,  
*mp* 'Tis weary waiting here ;  
*cr* I long to be wheré Jesus is.  
To feel, to see him near ;  
Where loyal hearts, &c.

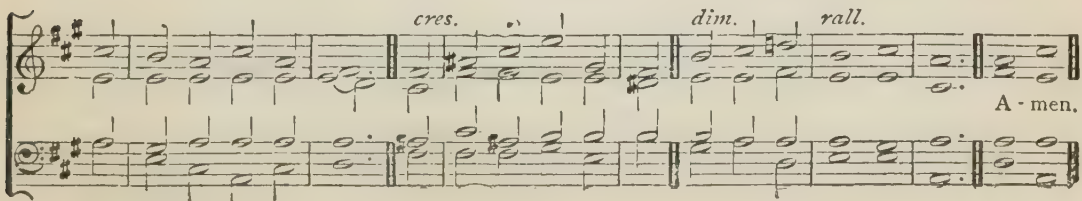
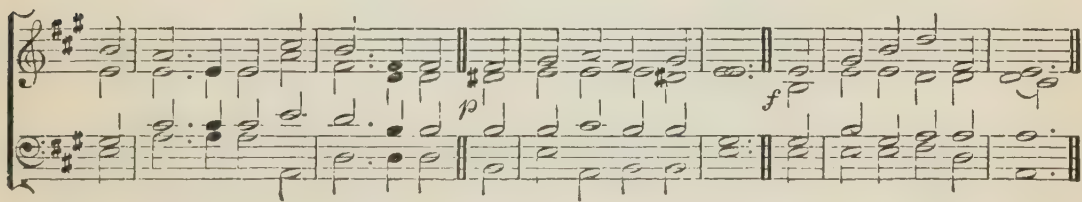
*mf* O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I want to sin no more,  
*cr* I want to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore ;  
*f* Where loyal hearts, &c.

*mf* O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I shall not wait for long ;  
*p* E'en now the loving ear may catch  
Faint fragments of thy song ;  
*f* Where loyal hearts, &c.

*mf* Lord Jesu, King of Paradise,  
O, keep me in thy love,  
*cr* And guide me to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above ;  
*f* Where loyal hearts, and true,  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture, through and through,  
*di* In God's most holy sight.

## 475. PARADISI. [SECOND TUNE.] P.M.

J. T. COOPER.



# The Visitation of the Sick.

476. VISIO DOMINI.

I IS. IOS.

DYKES.

"They desired him, saying, Sir, we would see Jesus."—JOHN xii. 21.

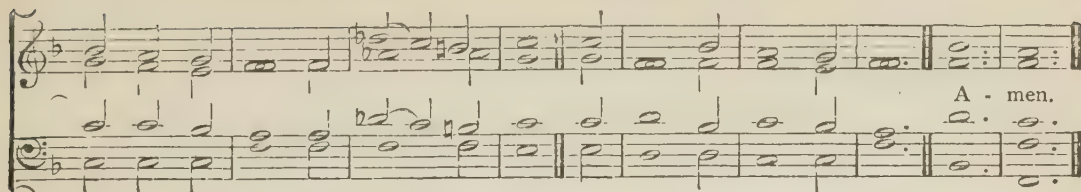
- mf* We would see Jesus ; for the shadows lengthen  
Across this little landscape of our life ;  
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen  
For the last weariness, the final strife.
- We would see Jesus ; for life's hand hath rested  
With its dark touch upon both heart and brow ;  
And though our souls have many a billow breasted,  
Others are rising in the distance now.
- cr* We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation  
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace,  
*f* Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,  
Can thence remove us if we see his face.
- mf* We would see Jesus : other lights are paling,  
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see ;  
*di* The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,  
*cr* We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.
- p* We would see Jesus ; yet the spirit lingers  
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,  
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers ;  
*cr* Our love to thee makes not this love less strong.
- p* We would see Jesus : sense is all too blinding,  
And heaven appears too dim, too far away :  
*cr* We would see thee, thyself our hearts reminding  
What thou hast suffer'd our great debt to pay
- f* We would see Jesus : this is all we're needing ;  
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight :  
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading ;  
*ff* Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

477. ST. FABIAN.

8s. 6.

J. SUMMERS.

# The Visitation of the Sick.



"They saw no man any more, save Jesus only."—MARK ix. 8.

*mf* O SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead,  
In earth beneath or heaven above,  
*p* But just my own exceeding need  
*cr* And thy exceeding love.

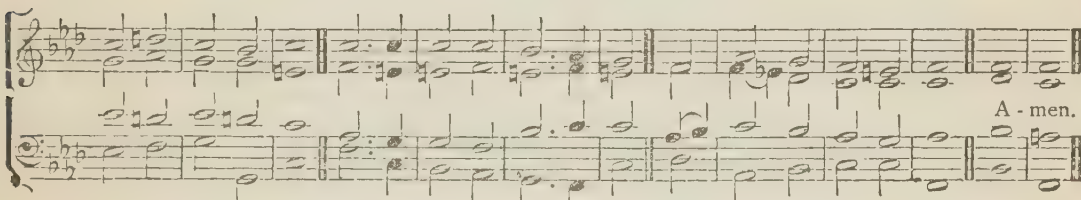
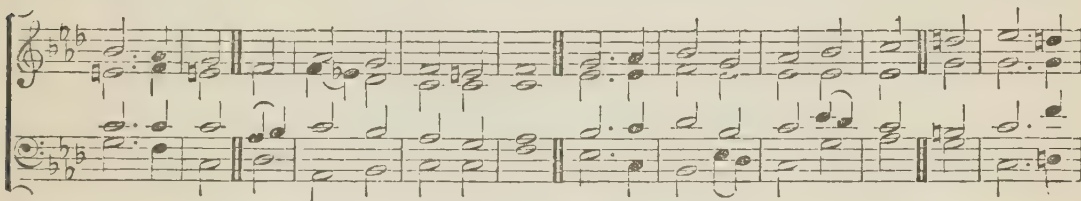
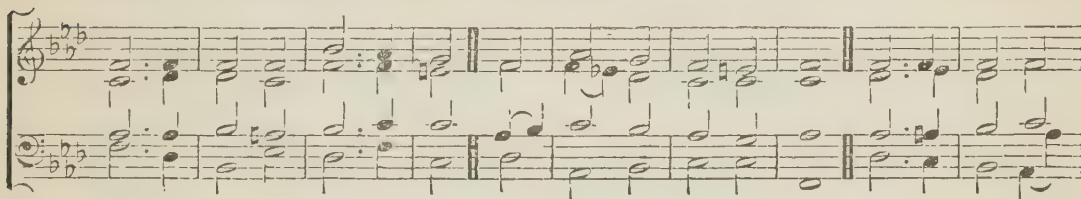
*p* The need will soon be past and gone,  
Exceeding great but quickly o'er :  
*c* The love unbought is all thine own  
*r* And lasts for evermore.

## Communion of the Sick.

478. ATONEMENT.

P.M.

Bohemian Chorale.



"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."—MARK ix. 24.

*mf* God of my salvation, hear,  
And help me to believe;  
Simply do I now draw near,  
Thy blessing to receive :  
*p* Full of sin, alas ! I am,  
*cr* But to thy wounds for refuge flee :  
*mf* Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
*p* Thy blood was shed for me.

*mf* Standing now as newly slain,  
To thee I lift mine eye ;  
Balm of all my grief and pain,  
Thy grace is always nigh ;  
Now, as yesterday, the same  
Thou art, and wilt for ever be ;  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
*p* Thy blood was shed for me.

*mp* Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,  
Nor can thy grace procure ;  
Empty send me not away,  
For I, thou know'st, am poor ;  
Dust and ashes is my name,  
My all is sin and misery :  
*mf* Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
*p* Thy blood was shed for me.

*mp* No good word, or work, or thought,  
Bring I to gain thy grace ;  
Pardon I accept unbought,  
Thy proffer I embrace :  
Coming, as at first I came,  
To take, and not bestow on thee ;  
*mf* Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
*p* Thy blood was shed for me.

# The Order for the Burial of the Dead.

"GRANT THAT THROUGH THE GRAVE AND GATE OF DEATH WE MAY PASS  
TO OUR JOYFUL RESURRECTION."

479. CLEWER.

P.M.

BAMBRIDGE.

"Ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope."—1 THESS. iv. 13.

*mp* Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not deplore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;  
*cr* Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal before thee,  
*mf* And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

*p* Thou art gone to the grave : we no longer behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;  
*cr* But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee  
*di* And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.

*mp* Thou art gone to the grave ; and, its mansion forsaking,  
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long ;  
*cr* But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,  
*mf* And the sound which thou heardest was the seraphim's song.

*mp* Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not deplore thee,  
*cr* Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide ;  
*f* He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee ;  
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

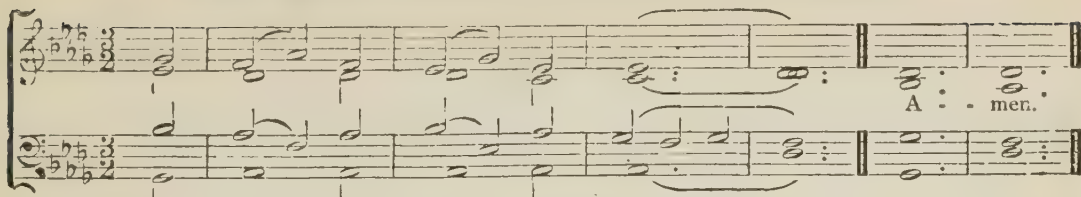
480. DOLOMITE CHANT.

6s.

Austrian Melody.  
Harmonized by J. T. COOPER.



# The Order for the Burial of the Dead.



"I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—REV. xiv. 13.

*mp* HUSH! blessed are the dead  
In Jesus' arms who rest,  
And lean their weary head  
For ever on his breast.

*mf* O beatific sight!  
No darkling veil between,  
They see the Light of Light,  
Whom here they loved unseen.

For them the wild is past  
With all its toil and care;  
Its withering midnight blast,  
Its fiery noonday glare.

*mp* Them the Good Shepherd leads,  
Where storms are never rife,  
In tranquil dewy meads  
Beside the Fount of Life.

*p* Ours only are the tears,  
Who weep around their tomb,  
The light of bygone years  
And shadowing years to come.  
Their voice, their touch, their smile,—  
Those love-springs flowing o'er,—  
Earth for its little while  
Shall never know them more.

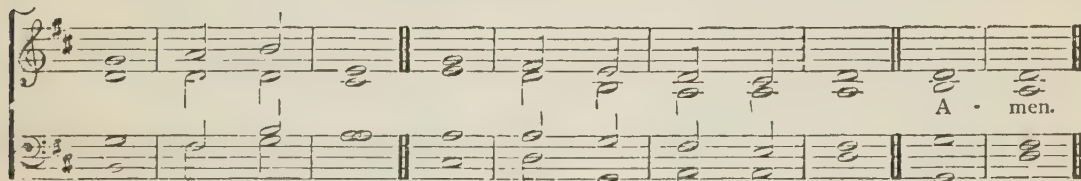
*m* O tender hearts and true,  
Our long last vigil kept,  
We weep and mourn for you;  
Nor blame us: Jesus wept.

*cr* But soon at break of day  
His calm Almighty voice,  
*f* Stronger than death, shall say,  
*f* Awake,—arise,—rejoice.

## 481. MORNINGTON.

P.M.

MORNINGTON.



"The spirit shall return unto God who gave it."—ECCLES. xii. 7.

*mf* BROTHER, thou art gone before us,  
And thy saintly soul is flown  
Where tears are wiped from every eye,  
And sorrow is unknown.

From the burden of the flesh,  
And from care and fears released,

*di* Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
*p* And the weary are at rest.

*m* The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er,  
And borne the heavy load;

*cr* But Christ hath taught thy languid feet  
To reach his blest abode;

*m* Thou art sleeping now like Lazarus  
Upon his Father's breast,

*di* Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
*p* And the weary are at rest.

*m* Sin can never taint thee now,  
Nor doubt thy faith assail;  
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ  
And the Holy Spirit fail.

And there thou'rt sure to meet the good  
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,

*di* Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
*p* And the weary are at rest.

*mp* "Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"  
The solemn priest hath said;  
So we lay the turf above thee now,  
And we seal thy narrow bed;

*cr* But thy spirit, brother, scars away  
Among the faithful blest,

*di* Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
*p* And the weary are at rest.

*mf* And when the Lord shall summon us  
Whom thou hast left behind,  
May we, untainted by the world,  
As sure a welcome find;

May each, like thee, depart in peace  
To be a glorious guest,

*di* Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
*p* And the weary are at rest.

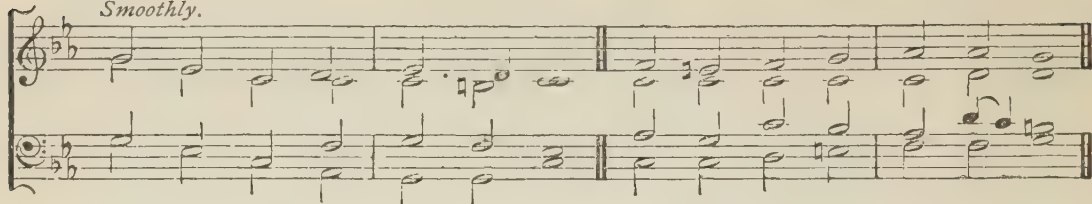
The Order for the Burial of the Dead.

482. HEBRON.

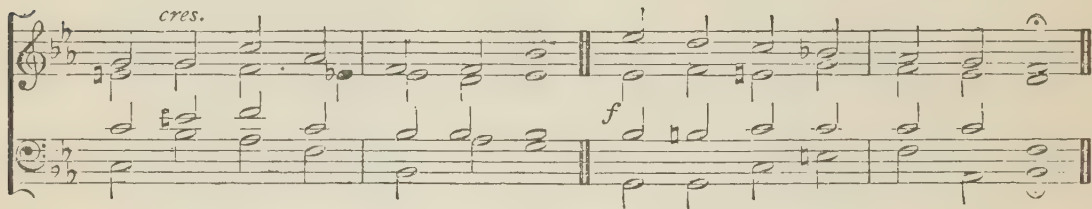
P.M.

## BARNBY.

*Smoothly.*

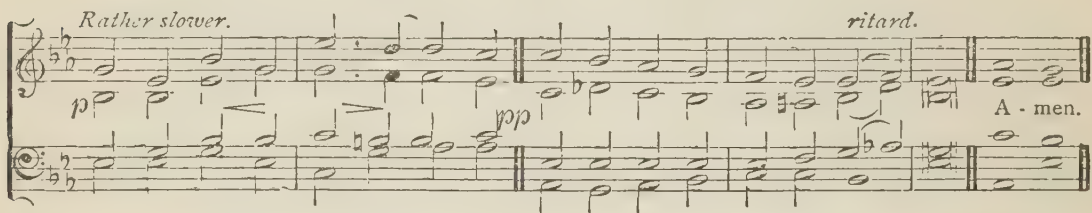


*cres.*



*Rather slower.*

ritard.



A - men.

*"Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth."*—Ps. xxxi. 5.

*mp* Now the labourer's task is o'er ;

Now the battle-day is past ;

*cr* Now upon the farther shore

Lands the voyager at last.

♫ Father, in thy gracious keeping

Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

*mf* There the tears of earth are dried :

There its hidden things are clear ;

There the work of life is tried

By a juster Judge than here.

♂ Father, in thy, &c.

*mf* There the angels bear on high

Many a stray'd and wounded lamb,

*di* Peacefully at last to lie

In the breast of Abraham.

*P* Father, in thy, &c.

*mp* There the sinful souls, that turn

To the cross their dying eyes,

*cr* All the love of Christ shall learn

At his feet in Paradise.

*p* Father, in thy, &c.

*mf* There no more the powers of hell

Can prevail to mar their peace ;

Christ the Lord shall guard them well,

He who died for their release.

*p* Father, in thy, &c.

pp "Earth to earth, and dust to dust ;"

Calmly now the words we say ;

Leaving *him* to sleep in trust,

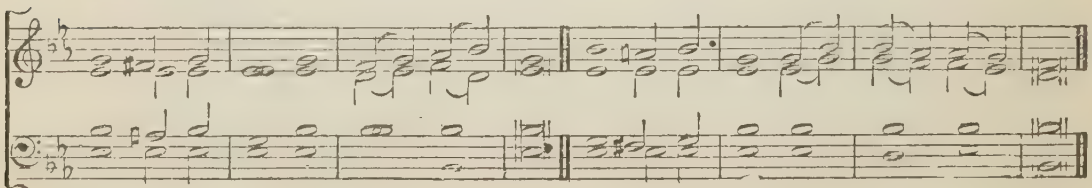
*cr* Till the resurrection day.

*p* Father, in thy gracious keeping

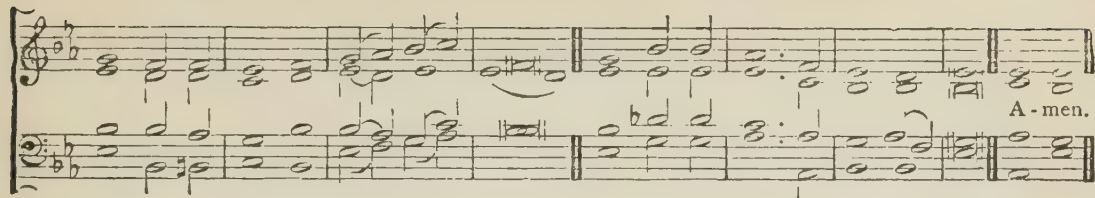
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

483. HOLLY.

L.M.



# The Order for the Burial of the Dead.



*"He shall enter into peace."*—ISA. lvii. 2.

*mp* How sweet the hour of closing day,  
When all is peaceful and serene,  
And the broad sun's retiring ray  
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene!

Such is the Christian's parting hour,  
So peacefully he sinks to rest;  
*cr* And faith, rekindling all its power,  
Lights up the languor of his breast.

*mf* There is a radiance in his eye,  
A smile upon his wasted cheek,  
That seems to tell of glory nigh  
In language that no tongue can speak

*cr* A beam from heaven is sent to cheer  
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;  
And angels are attending near  
To bear him to their bright abode.

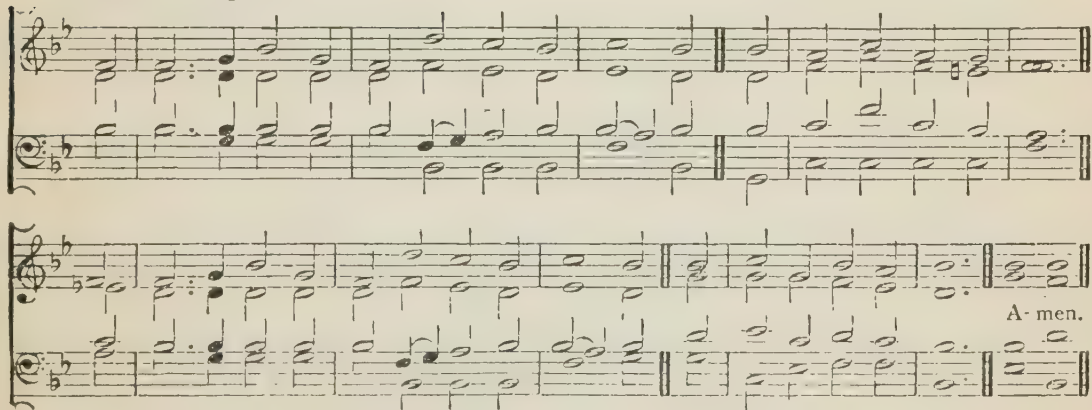
*mp* O Lord, that we may thus depart,  
Thy joys to share, thy face to see,

*cr* Impress thine image on our heart,  
And teach us now to walk with thee.<sup>b</sup>

## 484. REQUIEM.

I IS. 6s.

C. J. VINCENT.



*"I will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow."*—JER xxxi. 13.

*mp* A VOICE is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping  
The loss of one they love;

*r* But he is gone where the redeem'd are keeping  
A festival above.

*mp* The mourners throng the way, and from the steeple  
The funeral bell tolls slow;

*c* But on the golden streets the holy people  
Are passing to and fro;

*mf* And saying, as they meet, Rejoice! another,  
Long waited for, is come:

*r* The Saviour's heart is glad: a younger brother  
Hath reach'd the Father's home.

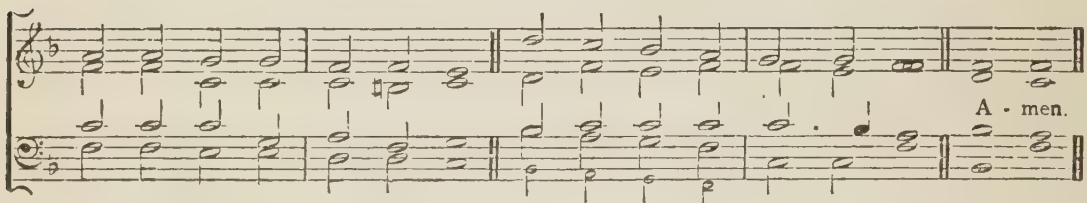
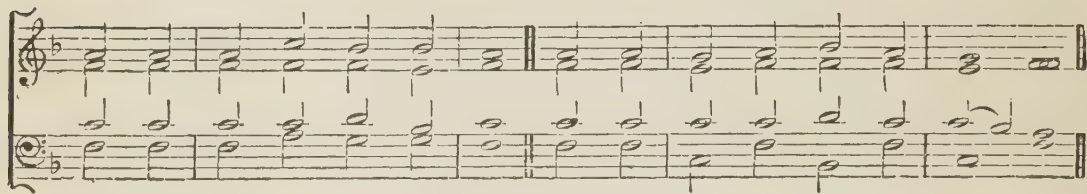
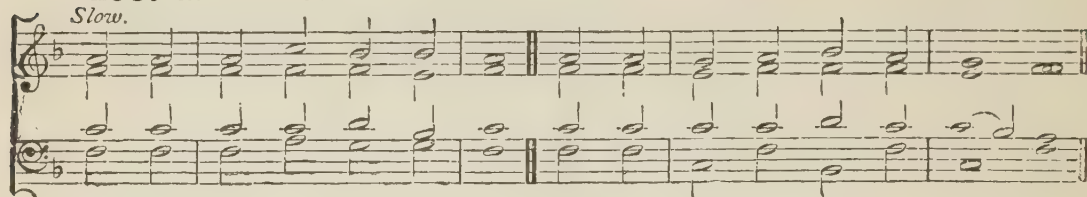
# The Order for the Burial of the Dead.

BURIAL OF A CHILD.

485. MEINHOLD.

P.M.

German.



*He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom. —ISA. xl. 11.*

*p* GENTLE Shepherd, thou hast still'd  
Now thy little lamb's long weeping :  
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,  
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping ;  
And no sign of anguina sore  
Heaves that little bosom more.

*mp* In this world of care and pain,  
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it ;  
*mf* To the sunny heavenly plain  
Dost thou now with joy receive it :  
*cr* Clothed in robes of spotless white,  
Now it dwells with thee in light.

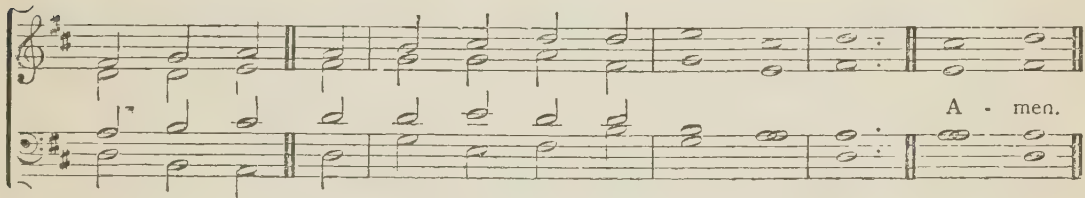
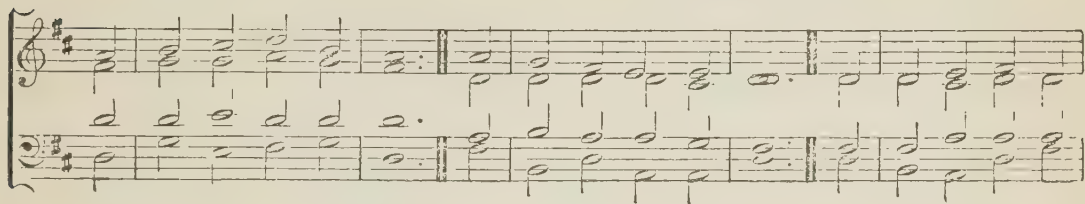
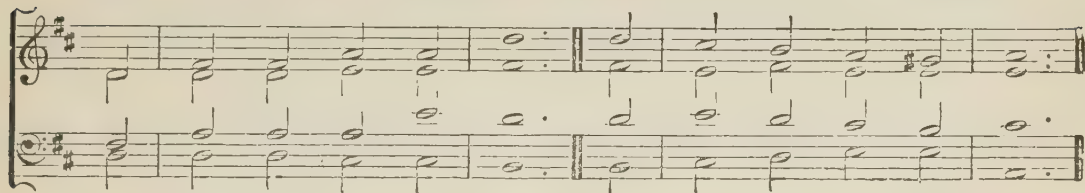
*p* Ah, Lord Jesu, grant that we  
Where it lives may soon be living,  
*cr* And the lovely pas'tures see  
That its heavenly food are giving ;  
Then the gain of death we prove,  
*di* Though thou take what most we love,



# The Order for the Burial of the Dead.

486. ST. JOHN (HAVERGAL). 6s. 8s.

HAVERGAL.



"So he bringeth them unto their desired haven."—Ps. cviii. 35.

*mp* SAFE home, safe home in port :  
Rent cordage, shatter'd deck,  
Torn sails, provision short,  
And only not a wreck :—

*cr* But oh, the joy upon the shore  
To tell our voyage-perils o'er !

*mf* The prize, the prize secure :

*di* The wrestler nearly fell ;  
Bare all he could endure,  
And bare not always well :—

*cr* But he may smile at troubles gone  
Who sets the victor-garland on.

*mf* No more the foe can harm :  
No more of leaguer'd camp,  
And cry of night alarm,  
And need of ready lamp :—

*di* And yet how nearly had he fail'd—  
How nearly had that foe prevail'd !

*mp* The lamb is in the fold,  
In perfect safety penn'd :

*cr* The lion once had hold,  
And thought to make an end :—

*pp* But One came by with wounded side,  
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

*mf* The exile is at home :

*di* O nights and days of tears,  
O longings not to roam,  
O sins and doubts and fears !

*cr* What matters now grief's darkest day,  
When God has wiped all tears away ?

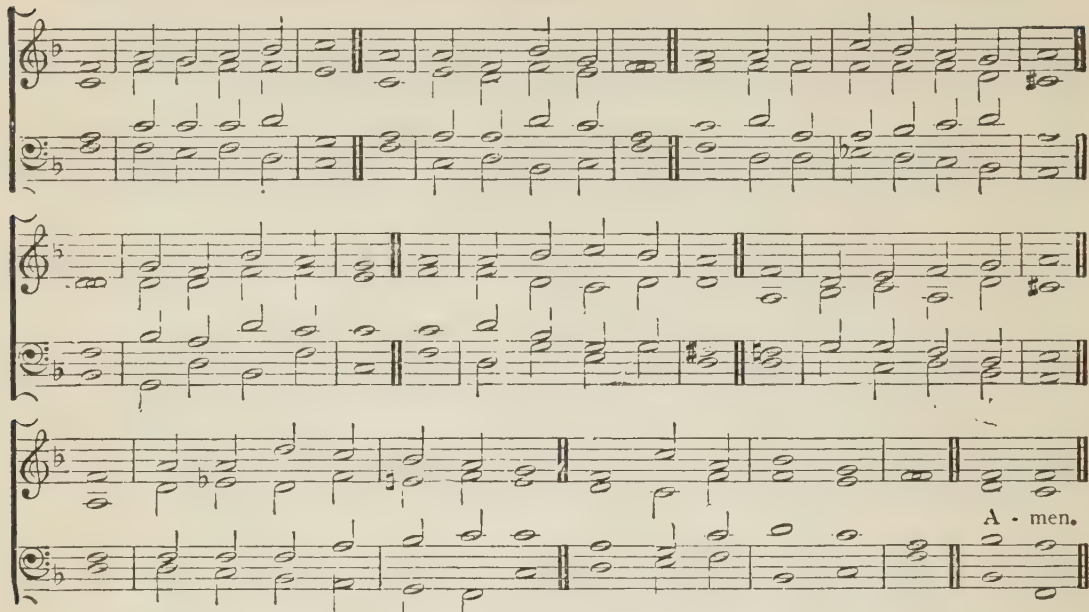
*mf* O happy, happy bride,  
Thy widow'd hours are past ;  
The Bridegroom at thy side,  
Thou all his own at last ;  
The sorrows of thy former cup

*f* In full fruition swallow'd up."

# The Order for the Burial of the Dead.

487. OLD TWENTY-FIFTH. D.S.M.

HAVERGAL.



"Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—MATT. XXV. 21.

*mf* "SERVANT of God, well done;  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle fought, the victory won.  
Enter thy Master's joy."  
*p* The voice at midnight came;  
*cr* He started up to hear;  
*p* A mortal arrow pierced his frame:  
He fell, but felt no fear.  
*mf* At midnight came the cry,  
To meet thy God prepare:  
*cr* He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;  
Then, strong in faith and prayer,—

*f* His spirit with a bound  
Burst its encumbering clay:  
*di* His tent, at sunrise, on the ground  
*p* A darken'd ruin lay.  
*mp* The pains of death are past,  
Labour and sorrow cease;  
And, life's long warfare closed at last,  
His soul is found in peace.  
*f* Soldier of Christ, well done:  
Praise be thy new employ;  
And, while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy. *f*

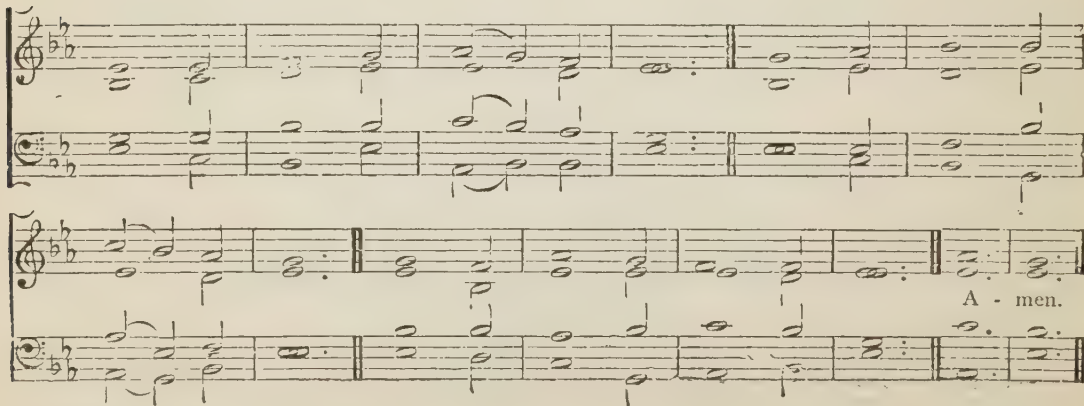
## Communion Service.

'RECEIVE AND COMFORT US, WHO ARE GRIEVED AND WEARIED WITH  
THE BURDEN OF OUR SINS.'

488. ST. PHILIP.

THREE 7S.

MONK.



# Commination Service.

*"Let them say, Spare thy people, O Lord: and give not thine heritage to reproach."*—JOEL ii. 17.

*p* LORD, in this thy mercy's day,  
Ere the time shall pass away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesu, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere the hour of doom appears.

*mf* Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at thy door,

*p* Ere it close for evermore.

*pp* By thy night of agony,  
By thy supplicating cry,  
By thy willingness to die,

By thy tears of bitter woe,  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not thy love forego.

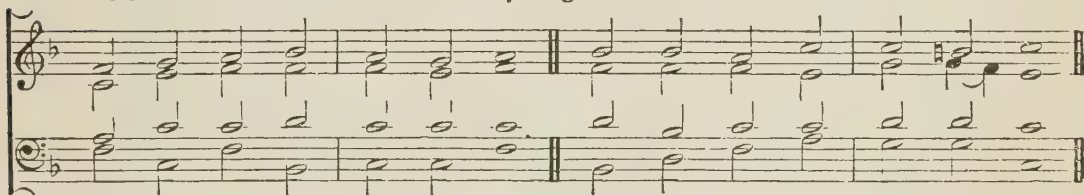
*mf* Judge and Saviour of our race,  
When we see thee face to face,  
Grant us 'neath thy wings a place.

On thy love we rest alone,  
And that love will then be known  
By the pardon'd round thy throne.

## 489. ST. AGATHA.

7s. 5.

SOUTHGATE.



*"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord."*—PS. cxxx. 1.

*p* THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,  
Thou who dost for sinners plead,  
Help me in my time of need;  
Jesu, hear my cry.

In my darkness and my grief,  
With my heart of unbelief,  
I, who am of sinners chief,  
Lift to thee mine eye.

*cr* Foes without and fears within,  
With no plea thy grace to win,  
*p* But that thou canst save from sin,  
To thy cross I fly.

*cr* Others, long in fetters bound,  
There deliverance sought and found  
Heard the voice of mercy sound,  
Surely so may I.

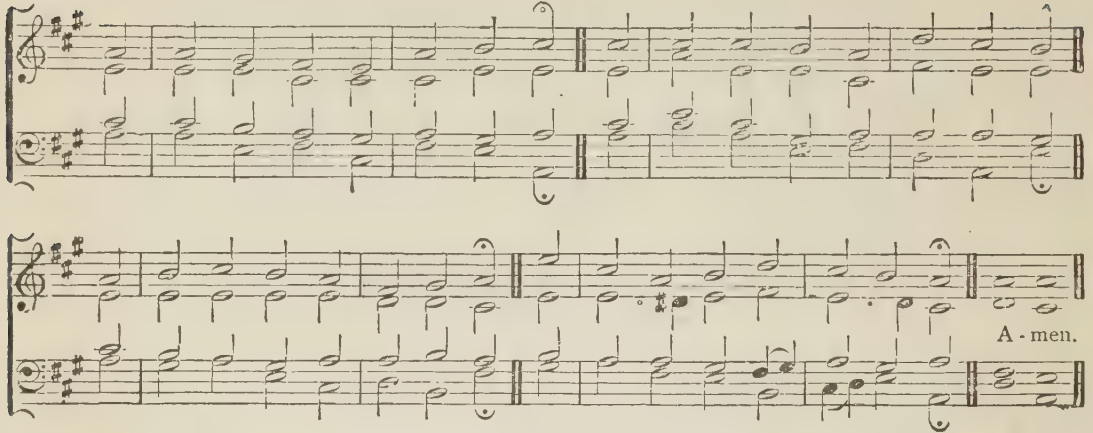
*mf* There on thee I cast my care,  
There to thee I raise my prayer,  
*di* Jesu, save me from despair,  
Save me, or I die.

*p* When the storms of trial lower,  
When I feel temptation's power,  
In the last and darkest hour,  
Jesu, be thou nigh.°

# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

"VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO."

## 490. OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.



"Serve the Lord with gladness."—Ps. c. 2.

*f* ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :  
 Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,  
 Come ye before him and rejoice.

*mf* The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;  
 Without our aid he did us make :  
 We are his flock, he doth us feed ;  
 And for his sheep he doth us take.

*ff* O enter then his gates with praise,  
 Approach with joy his courts unto :  
 Praise, laud, and bless his name always ;  
 For it is seemly so to do.

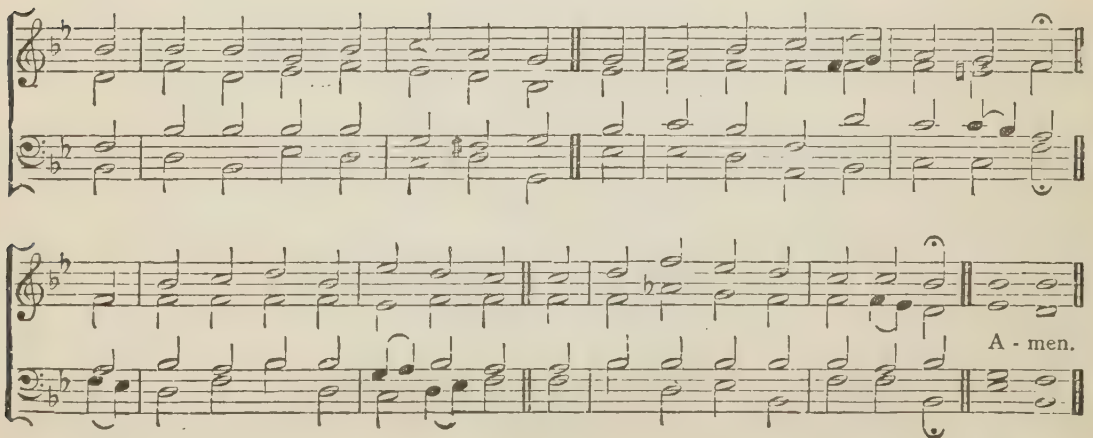
*f* For why? The Lord our God is good ;  
 His mercy is for ever sure ;

*cr* His truth at all times firmly stood ;  
 And shall from age to age endure.<sup>b</sup>

## 491. BRESLAU.

L.M.

Clauderi Psalter.





# Psalms and Hymns of Praise

*"Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation, &c."*—Ps. xcvi. 1-7.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,  
Loud thanks to our almighty King,  
And high our grateful voices raise,  
As our Salvation's rock we praise.

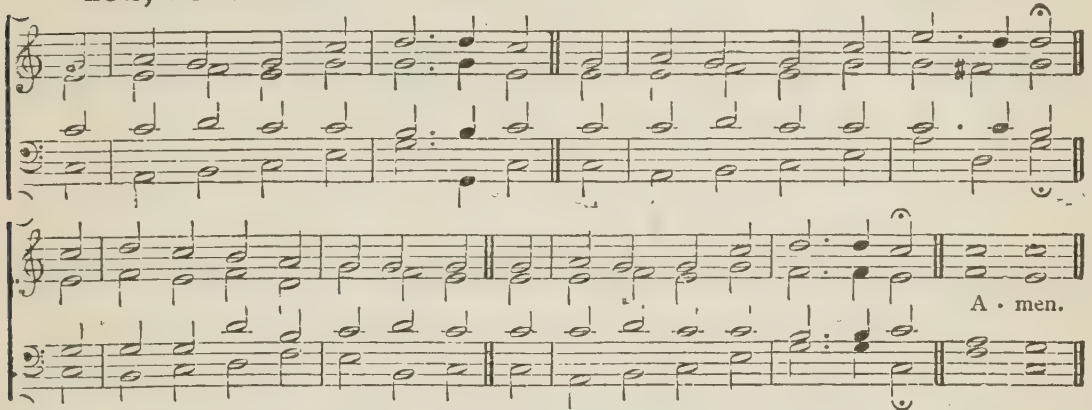
*mf* Into his presence let us haste  
To thank him for his favours past ;  
*cr* To him address, in joyful songs,  
The praise that to his name belongs.

*J* For God the Lord, enthroned in state,  
Is with unrivall'd glory great ;  
The depths of earth are in his hand,  
Her secret wealth at his command.

O let us to his courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there ,  
*di* Low on our knees with reverence fall,  
*cr* And on the Lord our Maker call.<sup>a</sup>

**492, 493. REDHEAD. (No. 4.) L.M.**

R. REDHEAD.



*"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting."*—Ps. cvi. 48.

**492. *f*** O RENDER thanks to God above,  
The fountain of eternal love,  
Whose mercy firm through ages past  
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

*mf* Who can his mighty deeds express,  
Not only vast, but numberless ?  
What mortal eloquence can raise  
His tribute of immortal praise ?

Happy are they, and only they,  
Who from his judgments fear to stray,  
Who know and love his perfect will,  
And all his righteous laws fulfil.

*mp* Extend to me that favour, Lord,  
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;  
*cr* When thou return'st to set them free,  
Let thy salvation visit me.<sup>a</sup>

*'O praise ye the Lord, all ye nations.'*—Ps. cxvii. 1.

**493. *f*** FROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.

*f* Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word :  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.<sup>a</sup>

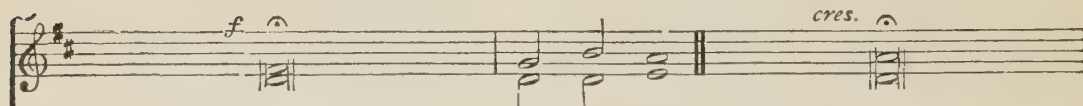
# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

## 494. ALLELUIA.

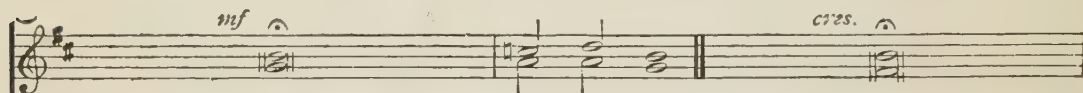
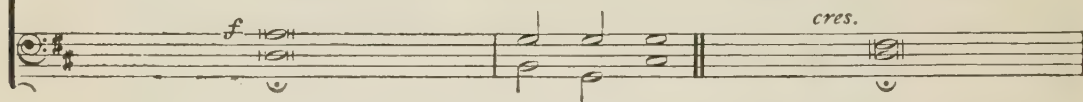
P.M.

BARNBY.

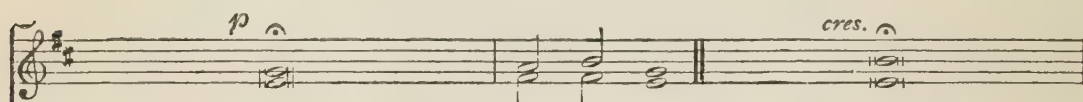
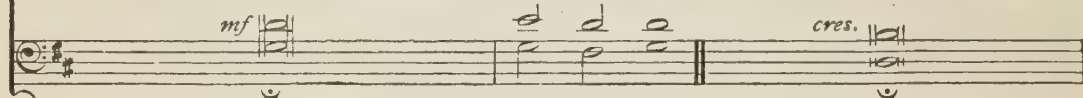
"And again they said, Alleluia."—REV. xix. 3.



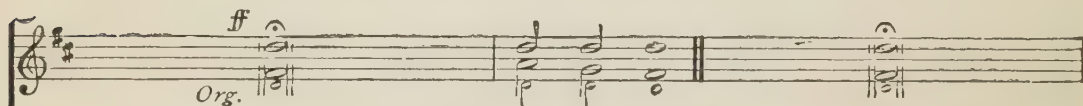
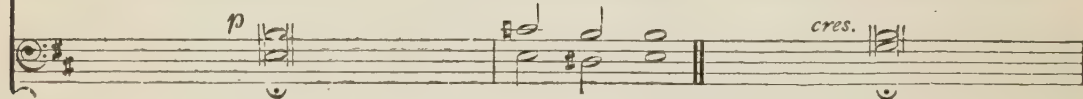
- FULL. 1. SING Alleluia forth in . . . . du - teous praise, O citizens of heaven: in . . . .  
 2. Ye next who stand before the E - - ter - nal light, In hymning choirs re-echo  
 DEC. 3. The holy city shall take . . . . up your strain, And with glad songs resounding  
 CAN. 4. In blissful answering strains ye . . thus re - jice To render to the Lord with .



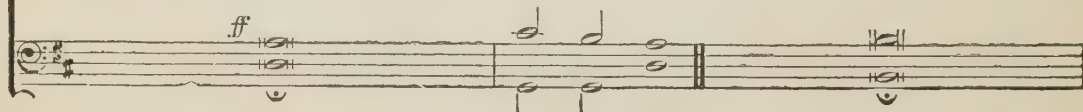
- DEC. 5. Ye who have gain'd at length your palms in bliss, Victorious ones, your chant shall  
 CAN. 6. There, in one grand acclaim for . . e - ver ring The strains which tell the honour



- DEC. 7. This is the rest for weary . . . . ones brought back: This is the food and drink which

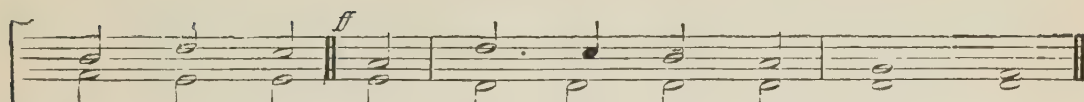


- FULL. 8. While thee, by whom were all things made, we praise For ever, and tell out in . . . .  
 9. Almighty Christ, to thee our . . voi - ces sing Glory for evermore: to . . . .

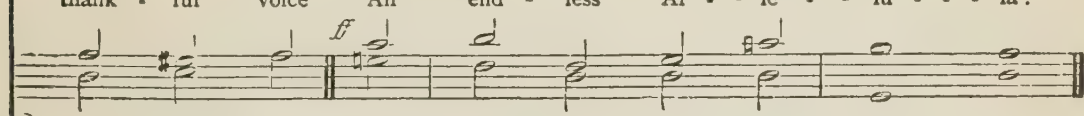


# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.


*ff*



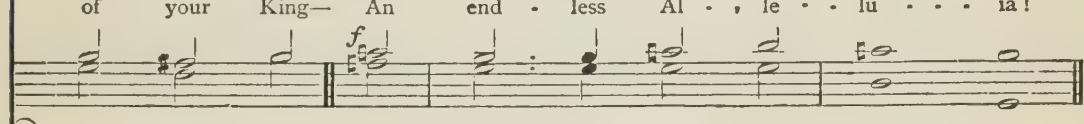
sweet notes raise An end - less Al - - le - - lu - - - ia!  
 to the height An end - less Al - - le - - lu - - - ia!  
 wake a - gain An end - less Al - - le - - lu - - - ia!  
 thank - ful voice An end - less Al - - le - - lu - - - ia!



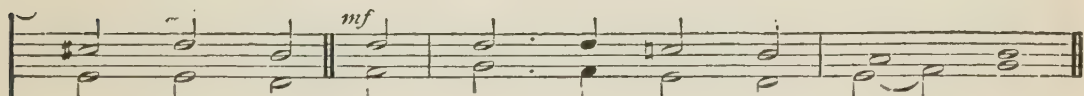
*f*



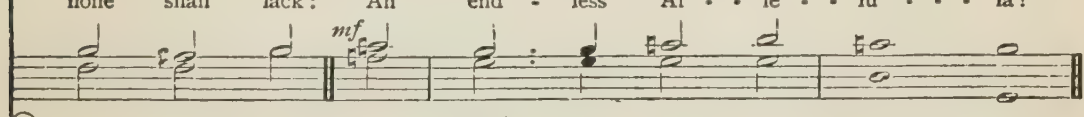
still be this— An end - less Al - - le - - lu - - - ia!  
 of your King— An end - less Al - - le - - lu - - - ia!



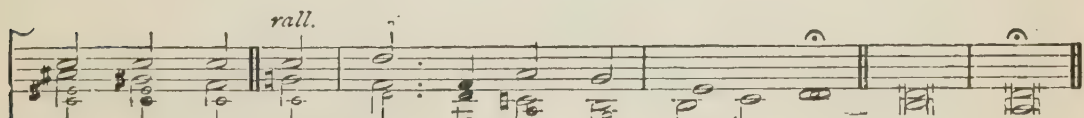
*mf*



none shall lack: An end - less Al - - le - - lu - - - ia!

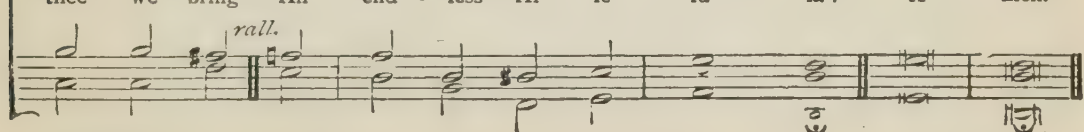


*rall.*



sweet - est lays An end - less Al - - le - - lu - - - ia!  
 thee we bring An end - less Al - - le - - lu - - - ia! A - - - men.

*rall.*

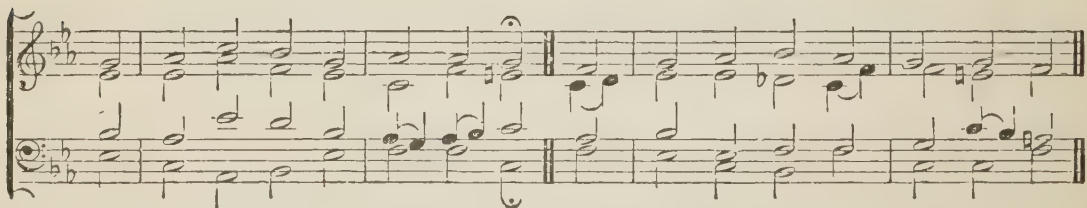
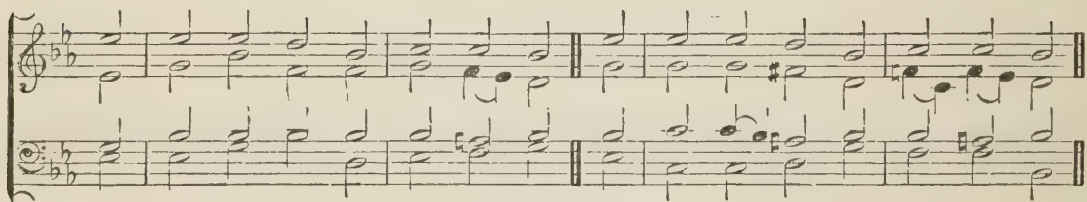


# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

495. OLD 113TH.

SIX 8s.

German Chorale.





Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

*"While I live will I praise the Lord."*—Ps. cxlvi. 2.

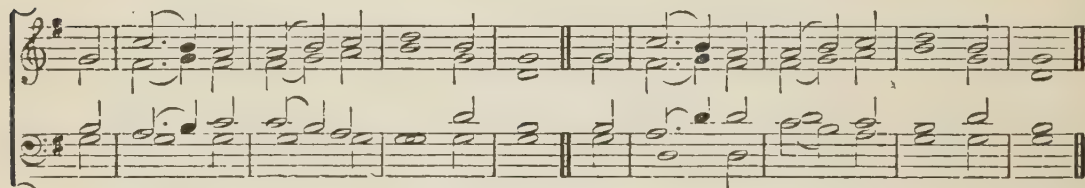
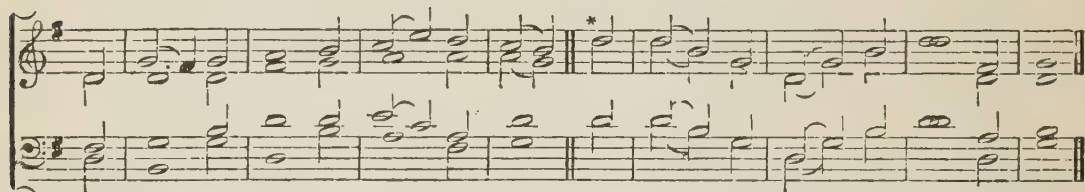
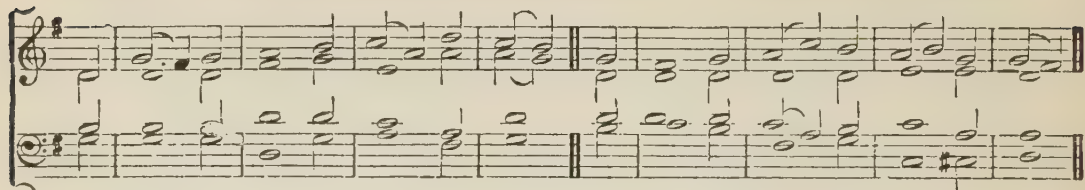
*mf* I LL praise my Maker with my breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :  
*cr* My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life and thought and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

*f* Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God : he made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train :  
His truth for ever stands secure ;  
*di* He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor,  
*cr* And none shall find his promise vain.

# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

496. HAYDN. [SECOND TUNE.] D.L.M.

Adapted from HAYDN.



"The heavens declare the glory of God."—Ps. xix. 1.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their Great Original proclaim.  
The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty Hand.

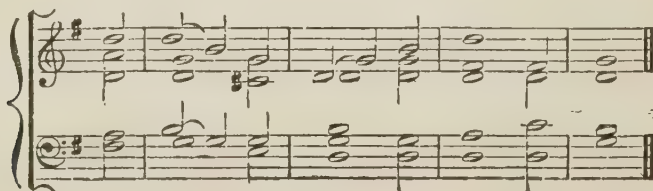
*mf* Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth ;

While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
*cr* Confirm the tidings, as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

*p* What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,  
What though no real voice or sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;

*mf* In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
*cr* And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
*f* For ever singing as they shine,  
*ff* "The Hand that made us is divine."

\* For Organ Accompaniment ad lib., 4th line

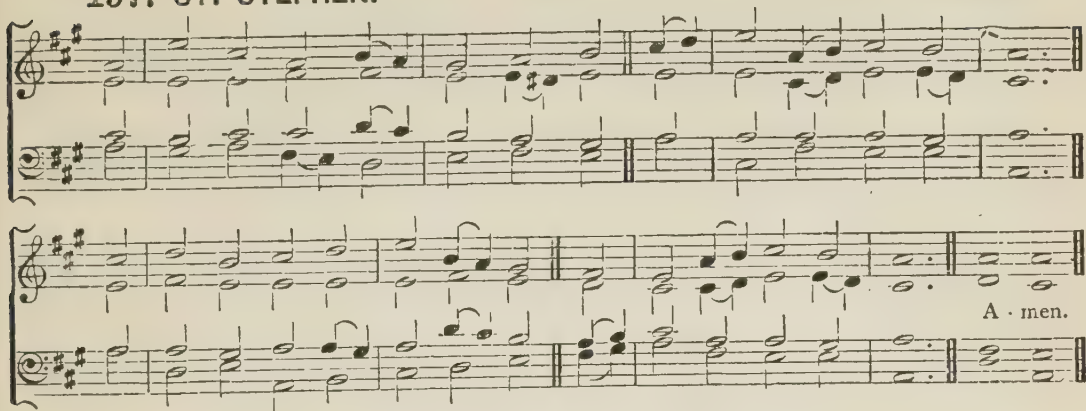


# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

## 497. ST. STEPHEN.

C.M.

JONES.



*"My cup runneth over."*—Ps. xxiii. 5.

*f* WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

*mf* Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom these comforts flow'd.

*p* When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
*cr* With health renew'd my face ;  
*p* And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
*cr* Reviv'd my soul with grace.

*f* Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

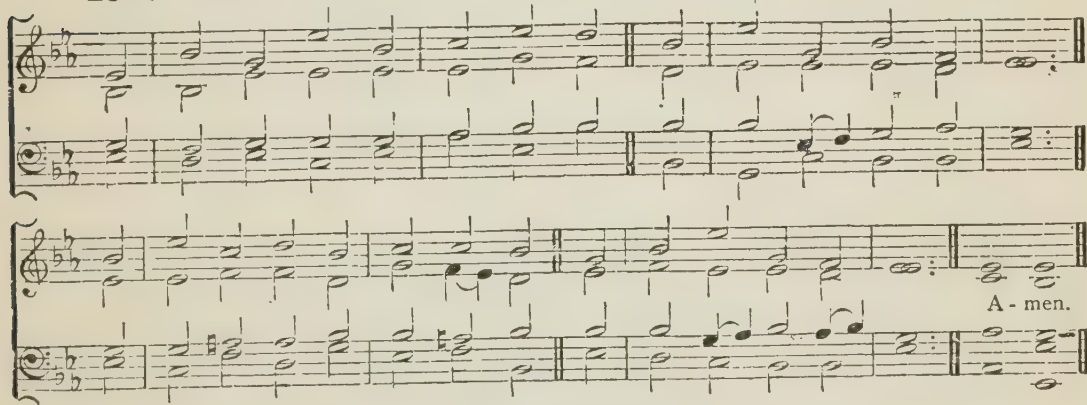
*cr* Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

*f* Through all eternity to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise ;  
For oh ! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.<sup>c</sup>

## 498. LONDON NEW.

C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1635.



*"I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne."*—REV. v. 11.

*f* COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus ;"

"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
*p* "For he was slain for us."

*mf* Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine ;

*cr* And blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

*f* Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.

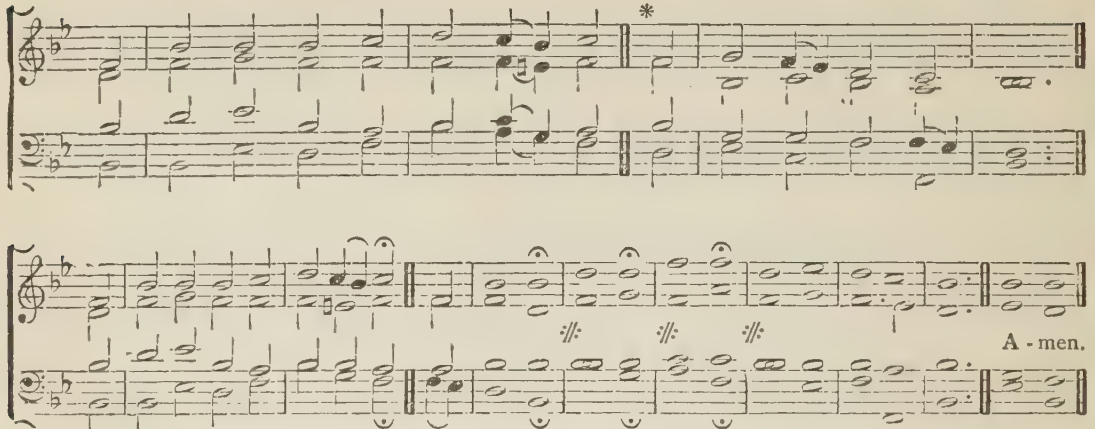
*f* The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.<sup>c</sup>

# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

## 499. MILES' LANE.

C.M.

SHRUBSOLE.



\* This second line to be sung in Unison, if preferred.

"He is Lord of lords, and King of kings."—REV. xvii. 14.

*f* ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !  
*di* Let angels prostrate fall ;  
*cr* Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown him, Lord of all.

*mf* Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
 Who from his altar call ;

*cr* Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
*f* And crown him, Lord of all.

*mf* Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
 Ye ransom'd of the fall,

*cr* Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
*f* And crown him, Lord of all.

*p* Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall ;  
*cr* Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
*f* And crown him, Lord of all.

*ff* Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown him, Lord of all.

*mf* O that with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at his feet may fall,

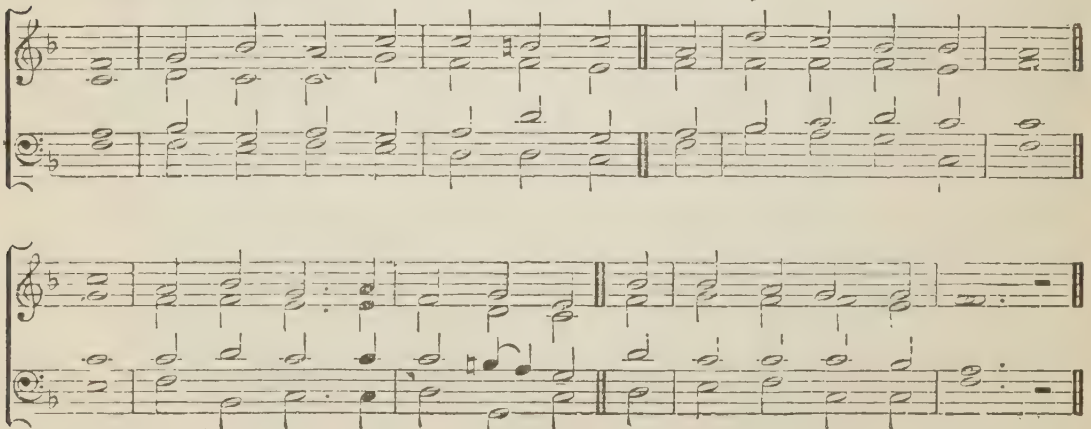
*cr* There join the everlasting song,  
*ff* And crown him, Lord of all. *e*

This Hymn may also be sung to "St. George (Old)," No. 243.

## 500. SALISBURY.

C.M.

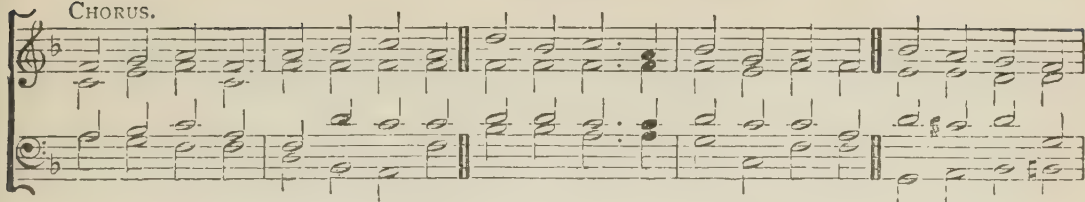
GAUNTLETT.



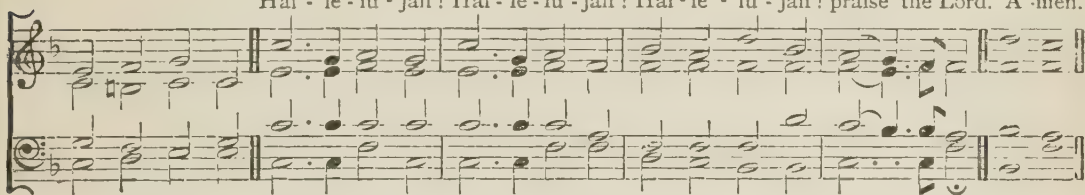


# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! praise the Lord. A - men.



"My heart shall rejoice in thy salvation."—Ps. xiii. 5.

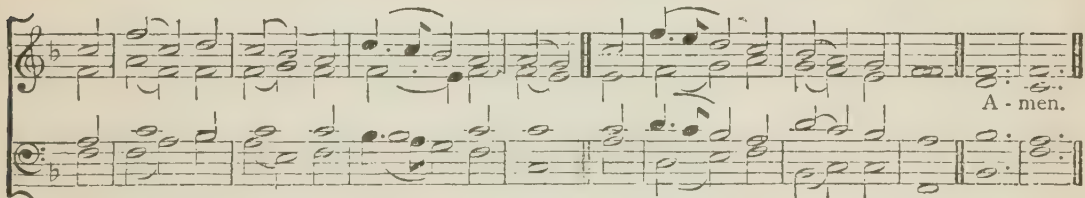
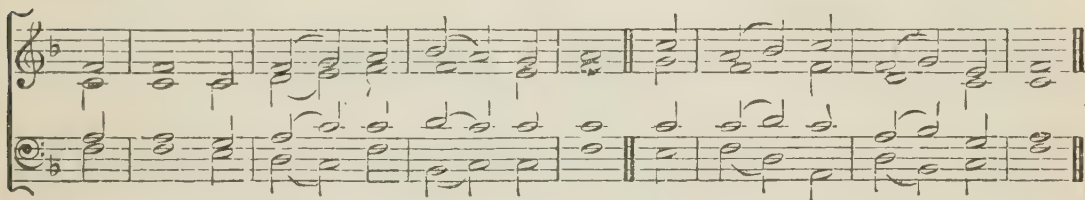
*f* SALVATION, O the joyful sound !  
 'Tis pleasure to our ears,  
*cr* A sovereign balm for every wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.  
*f* Glory, honour, praise, and power,  
 Be unto the Lamb for ever !  
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer ;  
 Hallelujah ! praise the Lord.  
  
*p* Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
 At hell's dark door we lay ;

*cr* But we arise, by grace divine,  
 To see a heavenly day.  
*f* Glory, honour, &c.  
*f* Salvation ! let the echo fly  
 The spacious earth around,  
*cr* While all the armies of the sky  
 Conspire to raise the sound.  
*f* Glory, honour, praise, and power,  
 Be unto the Lamb for ever !  
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer ;  
 Hallelujah ! praise the Lord.

501. IRISH.

C.M.

SMITH.



A - men.

What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits toward me ?—Ps. cxvi. 12, 13.

*f* For mercies, countless as the sands,  
 Which daily I receive  
 From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,  
 My soul, what canst thou give ?  
*p* Alas ! from such a heart as mine,  
 What can I bring him forth ?  
 My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,  
 My all is nothing worth.  
*cr* Yet this acknowledgment I'll make  
 For all he has bestow'd,

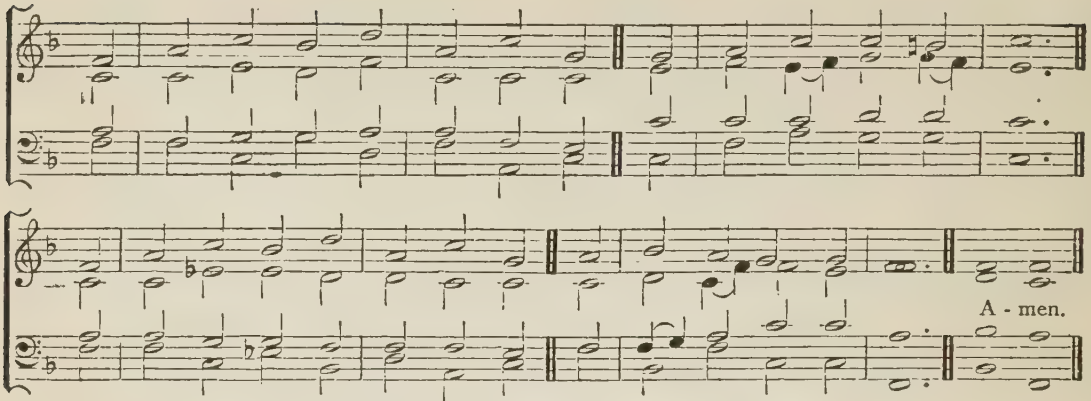
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
 And call upon my God.  
*mf* The best return for one like me,  
 So wretched and so poor,  
 Is from his gifts to draw a plea,  
 And ask him still for more.  
 I cannot serve him as I ought,  
 No works have I to boast ;  
 Yet would I glory in the thought  
 That I shall owe him most.<sup>c</sup>

# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

502. YORK.

C.M.

From Ravenscroft's Collection.



"My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."—LUKE i. 47.

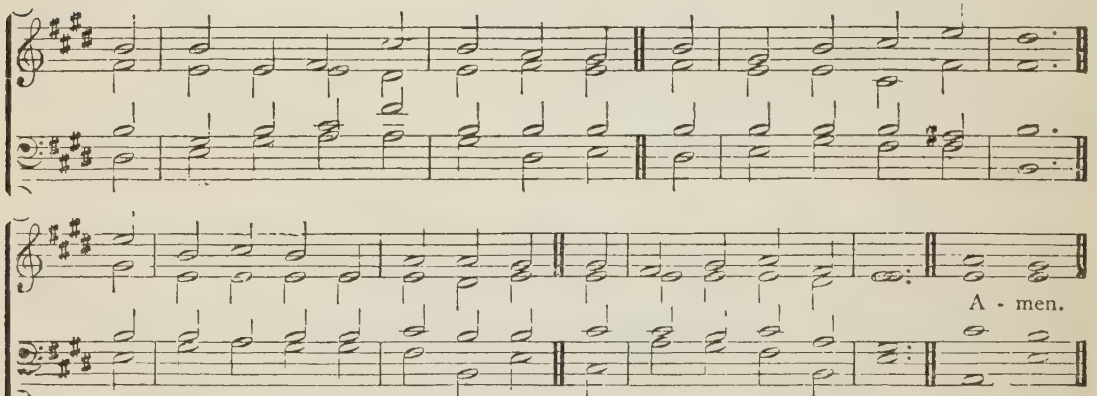
*I* O FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace !  
*p* Jesus—the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;  
*cr* 'Tis life, and health, and peace.  
*mf* He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
And sets the prisoner free :  
*di* His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
*p* His blood avail'd for me.

*cr* He speaks ; and, listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive ;  
The mournful broken hearts rejoice ;  
The humble poor believe.  
Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy !  
My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim  
*f* And spread through all the earth abroad  
The honours of thy name. *c*

503. ST. FULBERT.

C.M.

GAUNTLETT.



"I will bless the Lord at all times."—Ps. xxxiv. 1.

*mf* THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
*cr* The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.  
*f* O magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt his name ;  
*p* When in distress to him I call'd  
*cr* He to my rescue came.  
*f* The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just ;

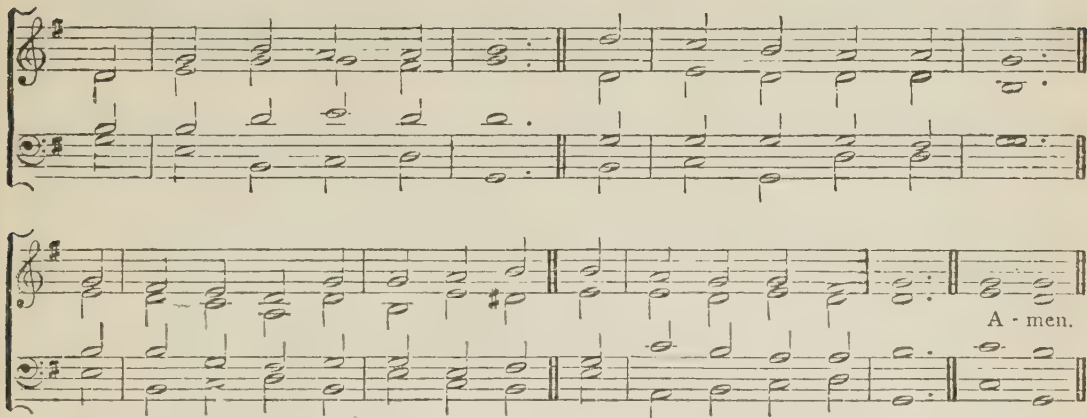
Deliverance he affords to all  
Who on his succour trust.  
*mf* O make but trial of his love,  
Experience will decide  
How blest they are, and only they  
Who in his truth confide.  
*cr* Fear him, ye saints ; and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear ;  
Make you his service your delight,  
Your wants shall be his care. *c*

# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

## 504. ST. MICHAEL.

S.M.

From DAY'S Psalter.



*"They sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."—REV. xv. 3.*

AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.

*p* Sing of his dying love;  
*cr* Sing of his rising power;  
*f* Sing how he intercedes above  
For those whose sins he bore.

*r* Sing on your heavenly way;  
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing,

Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ, the eternal King.

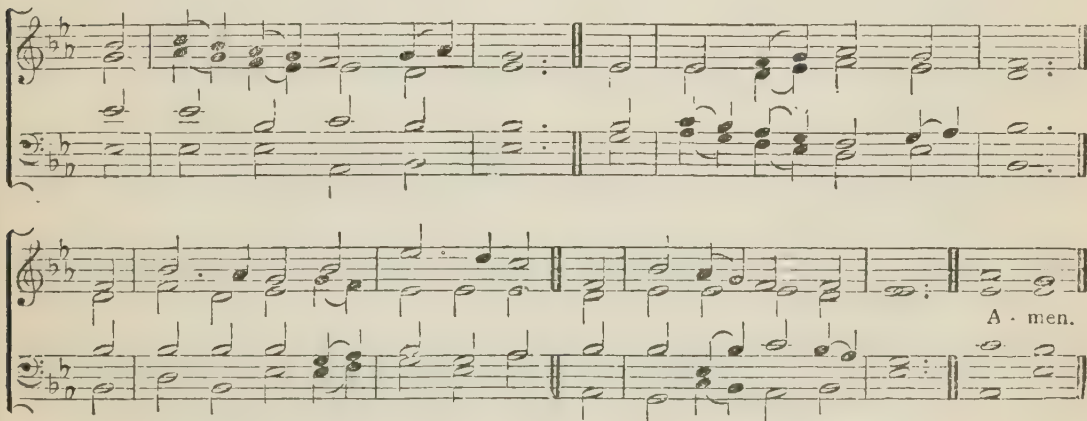
*p* Soon shall ye hear him say,  
"Ye blessèd children, come!"  
*cr* Soon will he call you hence away,  
And take his wanderers home.

*f* There shall our raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices swell the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.<sup>c</sup>

## 505. VENICE.

S.M.

W. AMPS.



*"Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever."—NEH. ix. 5.*

*p* STAND up, and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of his choice:  
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God  
With heart, and soul, and voice.

Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear his holy name,  
And laud and magnify?

*mf* O for the living flame,  
From his own altar brought,

*c* To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought!

God is our strength and song,  
And his salvation ours;  
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd,  
With all our ransom'd powers.

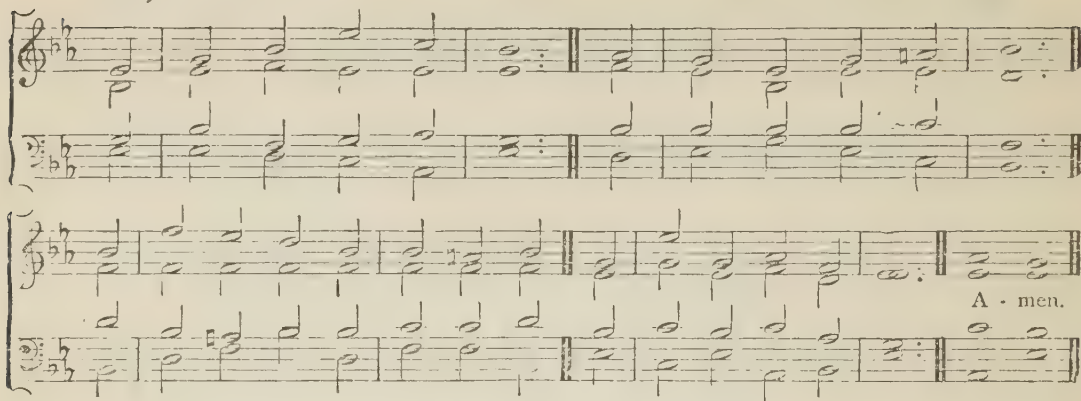
*f* Stand up, and bless the Lord,  
The Lord your God adore;  
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,  
Henceforth for evermore.<sup>c</sup>

# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

506, 507. MORAVIA.

S.M.

WEST.



"Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing."—Ps. c. 2.

506. , COME, ye who love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

*mf* The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

*p* There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin;

*cr* There from the rivers of his grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.

, Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.<sup>e</sup>

"Bless the Lord, O my soul."—Ps. ciii. 1.

507. , My soul, repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great,  
*di* Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.

, High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

*mp* His power subdues our sins,  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

The pity of the Lord,  
To those who fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.

, Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.

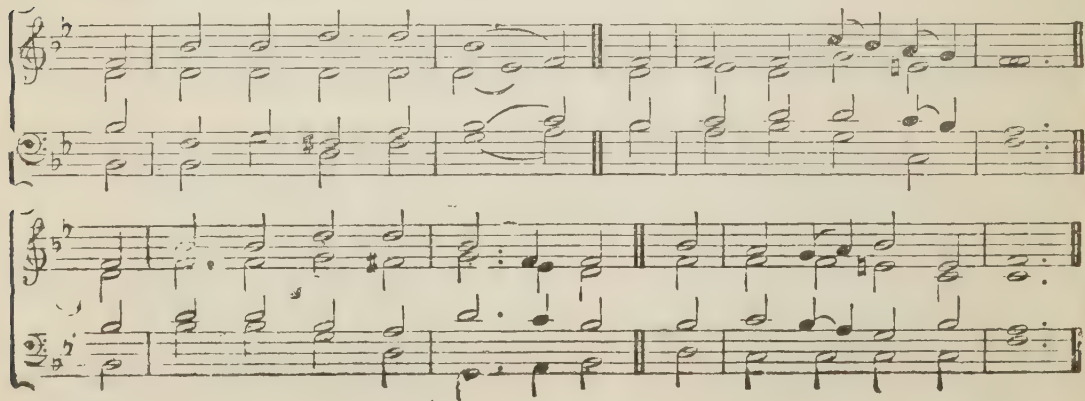
*cr* But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;

*f* And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.<sup>e</sup>

508. ASTORIA.

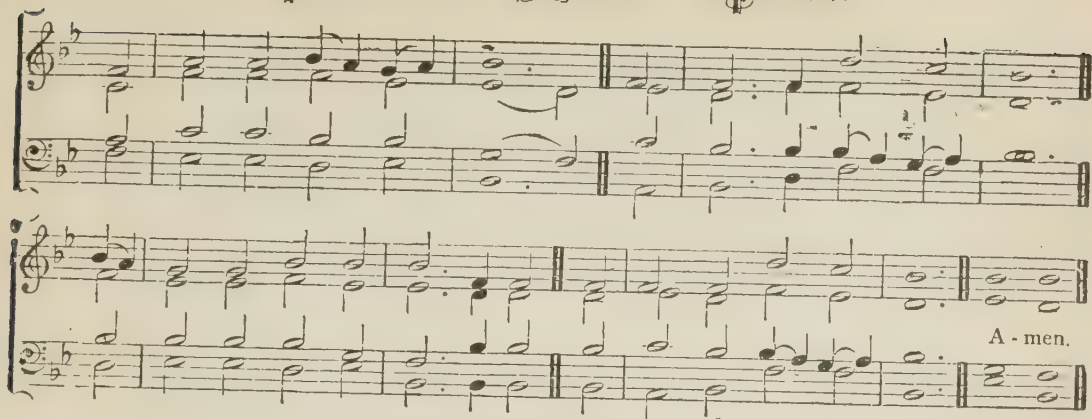
D.S.M.

American Melody.





# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.



"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."—Ps. ciii. 2.

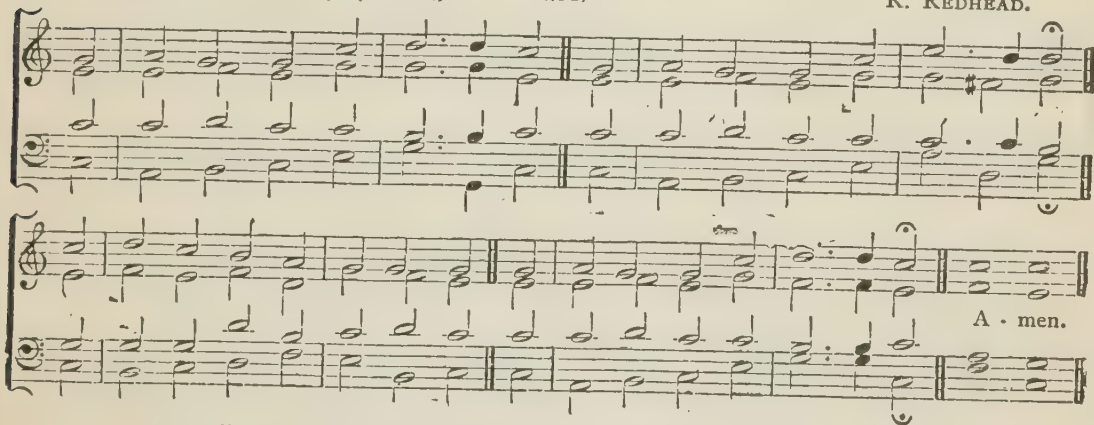
*f* O BLESS the Lord, my soul,  
His grace to thee proclaim,  
And all that is within me join  
To bless his holy name,  
O bless the Lord, my soul,  
His mercies bear in mind,  
Forget not all his benefits :  
The Lord to thee is kind.  
*mp* He will not always chide ;  
He will with patience wait ;  
His wrath is ever slow to rise,  
And ready to abate.

He pardons all thy sins,  
Prolongs thy feeble breath,  
*cr* He healeth thine infirmities,  
And ransoms thee from death.  
' He clothes thee with his love,  
Upholds thee with his truth,  
*cr* And like the eagle he renews  
The vigour of thy youth.  
*f* Then bless his holy name,  
Whose grace hath made thee whole,  
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days ;  
O bless the Lord, my soul.*f*

## 509. REDHEAD. (No. 4.)

L.M.

R. REDHEAD.



"I will mention the loving-kindness of the Lord."—ISA. lxiii. 7.

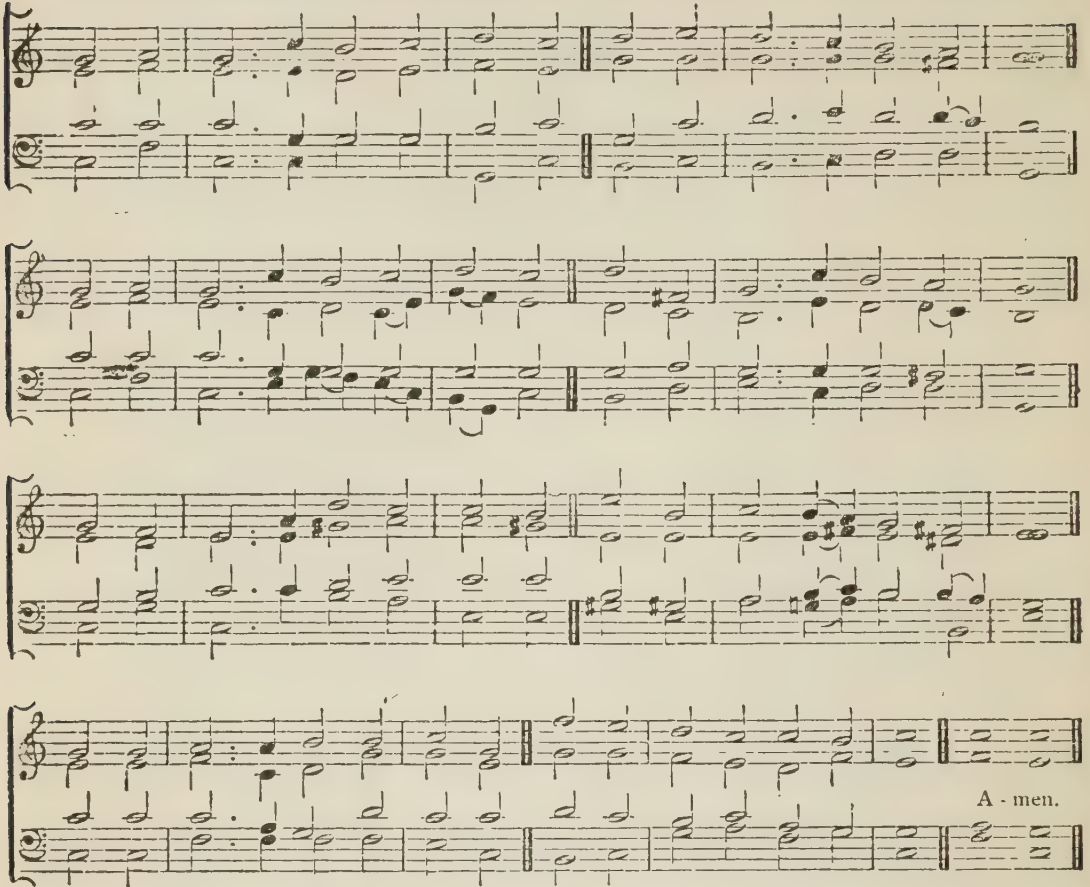
AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving-kindness, oh how free !  
*mp* He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;  
*cr* He saved me from my lost estate,  
His loving-kindness, oh how great !  
*f* Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along ;  
His loving-kindness, oh how strong !  
*f* When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud

*cr* He near my soul has always stood,  
His loving kindness, oh how good !  
*p* Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Saviour to depart ;  
But, though I have him oft forgot,  
*f* His loving kindness changes not.  
*p* Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail  
O may my last expiring breath  
*cr* His loving-kindness sing in death.  
*f* Then let me mount, and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day ;  
And sing with rapture and surprise  
His loving-kindness in the skies.*a*

# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

510. ST. AMBROSE (CECIL). D. 8s. 7s.

CECIL.



"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—I SAM. vii. 12.

*f* COME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace :  
Streams of mercy never ceasing  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me, Lord, the rapturous measures  
Sung by flaming hosts above ;  
Bid me tell the countless treasures  
Of my God's unchanging love.

*mf* Here I raise my Ebenezer,

Hither by thy help I'm come ;

*cr* And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.

*p* Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.

*cr* O, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
Let that grace break every fetter  
That withholds my heart from thee.

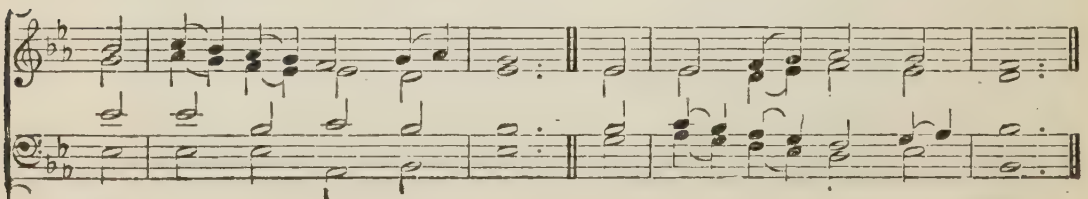
*p* Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
Prone to leave the God I love :

*cr* Saviour, take my heart and seal it,  
Seal it for thy courts above."

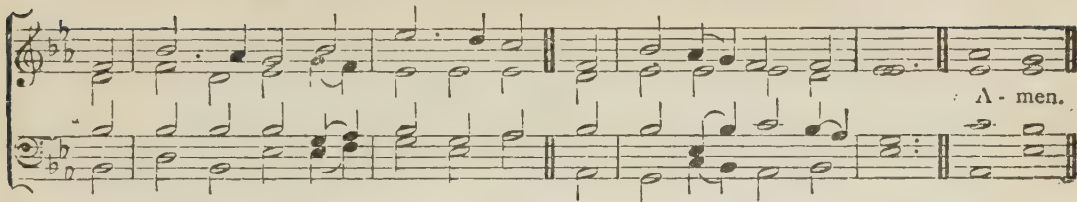
511. VENICE.

S.M.

W. AMPS.



# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.



*"Be strong and of a good courage."*—JOSH. i. 9.

*mp* YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take :

*cr* Loud to the praise of Love Divine,  
Bid every string awake.

*mf* Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home ;

*cr* And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.

His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine ;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.

*mf* Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at his control ;

His loving-kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.

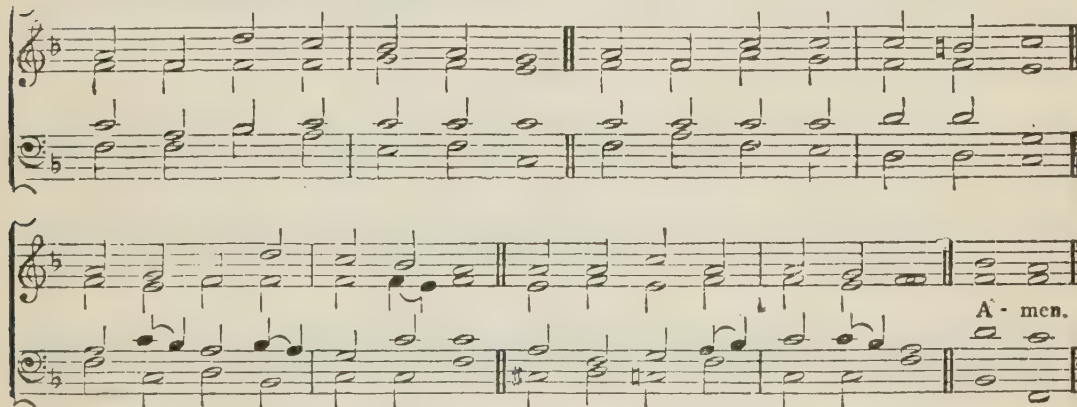
*cr* Wait till the shadows flee ;  
Wait thy appointed hour,  
Wait till the bridegroom of thy soul  
Reveals his sovereign power.

*f* Tarry his leisure then,  
Although he seem to stay,  
*cr* A moment's intercourse with him  
Thy grief will overpay.

*f* Blest is the man, O God,  
That stays himself on thee !  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall thy salvation see. *f*

## 512. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7s.

GAUNTLETT.



*"And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord."*—LUKE i. 46.

*f* BRETHREN, let us join to bless  
Christ, the Lord our righteousness ;  
Let our praise to him be given,  
High at God's right hand in heaven.

Son of God, to thee we bow :  
Thou art Lord, and only thou ;

*mp* Thou the blessed Virgin's Seed,  
*cr* Glory of thy church, and Head.

*f* Thee the angels ceaseless sing ;  
Thee we praise, our Priest and King ;

Worthy is thy name of praise,  
Full of glory, full of grace.

*mf* Thou hast the glad tidings brought  
Of salvation by thee wrought ;  
Wrought to set thy people free ;  
Wrought to bring our souls to thee.

May we follow and adore  
Thee, our Saviour, more and more :  
Guide and bless us with thy love,

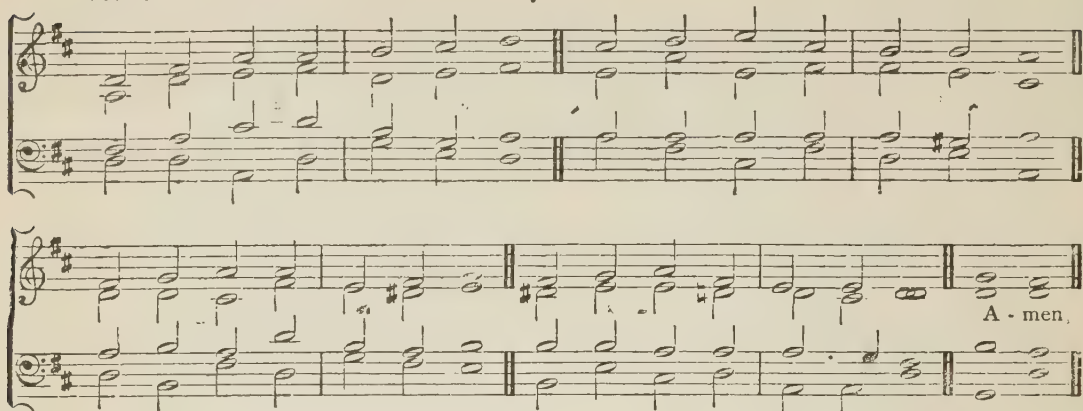
*cr* Till we join thy saints above. *f*

# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

## 513. LUBECK.

7s.

German Chorale



*"The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."—JOB xxxviii. 7.*

*f* Songs of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When he spake, and it was done.

*mp* Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born;

*cr* Songs of praise arose when he  
*f* Captive led captivity.

*p* Heaven and earth must pass away :

*mf* Songs of praise shall crown that day :

*cr* God will make new heavens and earth ;

*f* Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

*p* And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come ?

*cr* No : the church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

*f* Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

*p* Borne upon their latest breath,

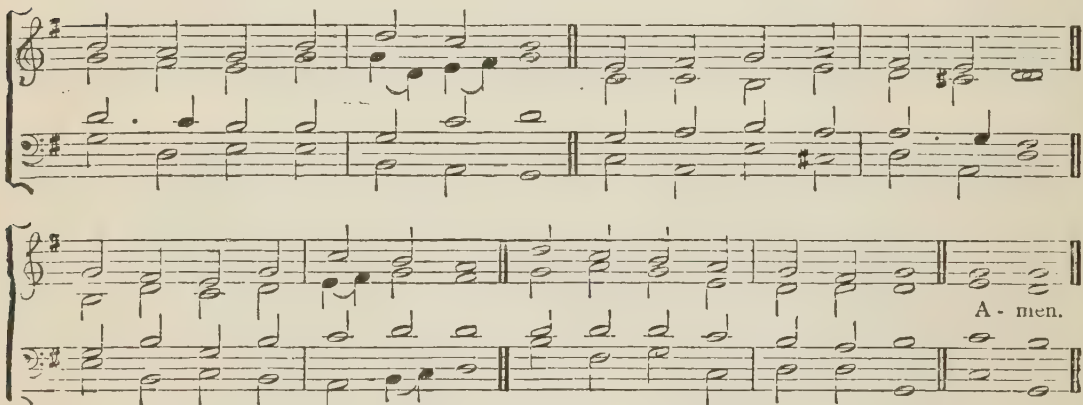
*cr* Songs of praise shall conquer death :

*f* Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.†

## 514. VIENNA.

7s

German Chorale.



*"His mercy endureth for ever."—Ps. cxxxvi. 1.*

LET us with a gladsome mind  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,  
For of gods he is the God,  
For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,  
Who doth wrathful tyrants quell,  
For his, &c.

Who with miracles doth make  
Heaven and earth amazed to shake,  
For his, &c.

He, with all-commanding might,  
Fill'd the new-made world with light,  
For his, &c.

Caused the golden-tress'd sun  
All day long his course to run,  
For his, &c.



# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

*p* And the moon to shine by night,  
'Mong her spangled sisters bright,  
For his, &c.

*p* He, with thunder-clasping hand,  
Smote the first of Egypt's land,  
For his, &c.

*mf* And, despite of Pharaoh fell,  
Brought from thence his Israel,  
For his, &c.

*cr* All things living he doth feed ;  
His full hand supplies their need ;  
For his, &c.

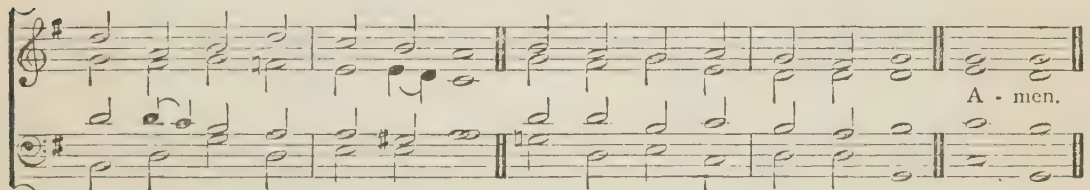
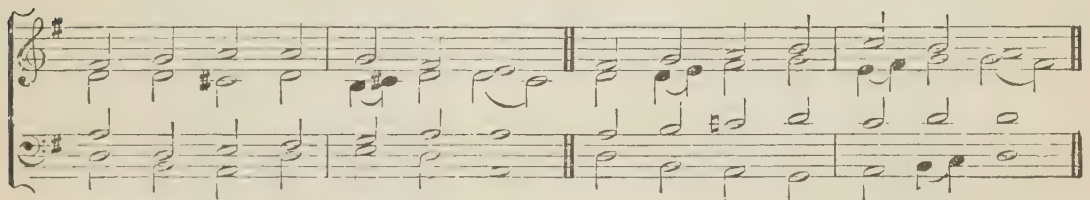
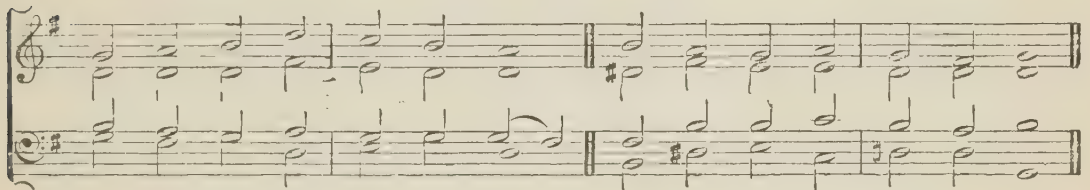
*p* Let us, therefore, warble forth  
*cr* His great majesty and worth ;  
For his, &c.

*f* Who his mansion hath on high  
Passing reach of mortal eye ;  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.<sup>1</sup>

## 515. CASSELL.

D. 7S.

German Chorale.



"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord : and thy saints shall bless thee."—Ps. cxlv. 10.

praise the Lord, his glories show,  
Saints within his courts below,  
Angels round his throne above,  
All that see and share his love.

*cr* Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,  
Tell his wonders, sing his worth ;

Age to age, and shore to shore,

*f* Praise him, praise him, evermore.

*f* Praise the Lord, his mercies trace ;  
Praise his providence and grace,

*p* All that he for man hath done,

*cr* All he sends us through his Son :

*f* Strings and voices, hands and hearts,  
In the concert bear your parts ;

*p* All that breathe, your Lord adore,

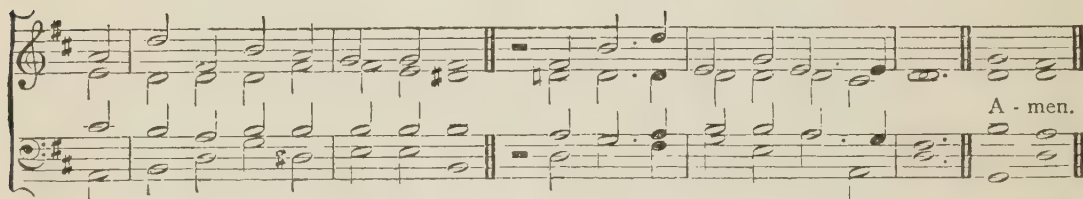
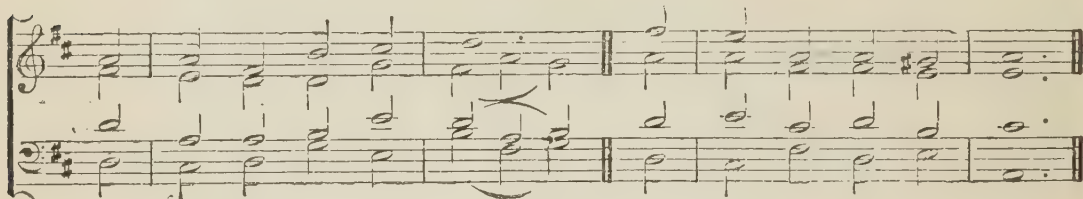
Praise him, praise him, evermore.<sup>1</sup>

# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

516, 517. GOPSAL.

6s. 8s.

HANDEL.



"Of him and through him and to him are all things : to whom be glory for ever. Amen."—  
ROM. xi. 36.

**516.** *mf* WE give immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all our comforts here  
And better hopes above ;  
He sent his own eternal Son  
*di* To die for sins that man had done.  
*mf* To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
*f* Who bought us with his blood  
From everlasting woe ;  
*cr* And now he lives, and now he reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all his pains.  
*mf* To God the Spirit's name  
immortal worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live ;  
His work completes the great design,  
And fills the soul with joy divine.  
*f* Almighty God, to thee  
Be endless honours done ;  
The undivided Three,  
And the mysterious One !  
*r* Where reason fails with all her powers,  
*cr* There faith prevails, and love adores."

"Rejoice in the Lord alway ; again I say,  
Rejoice."—PHIL. iv. 4.

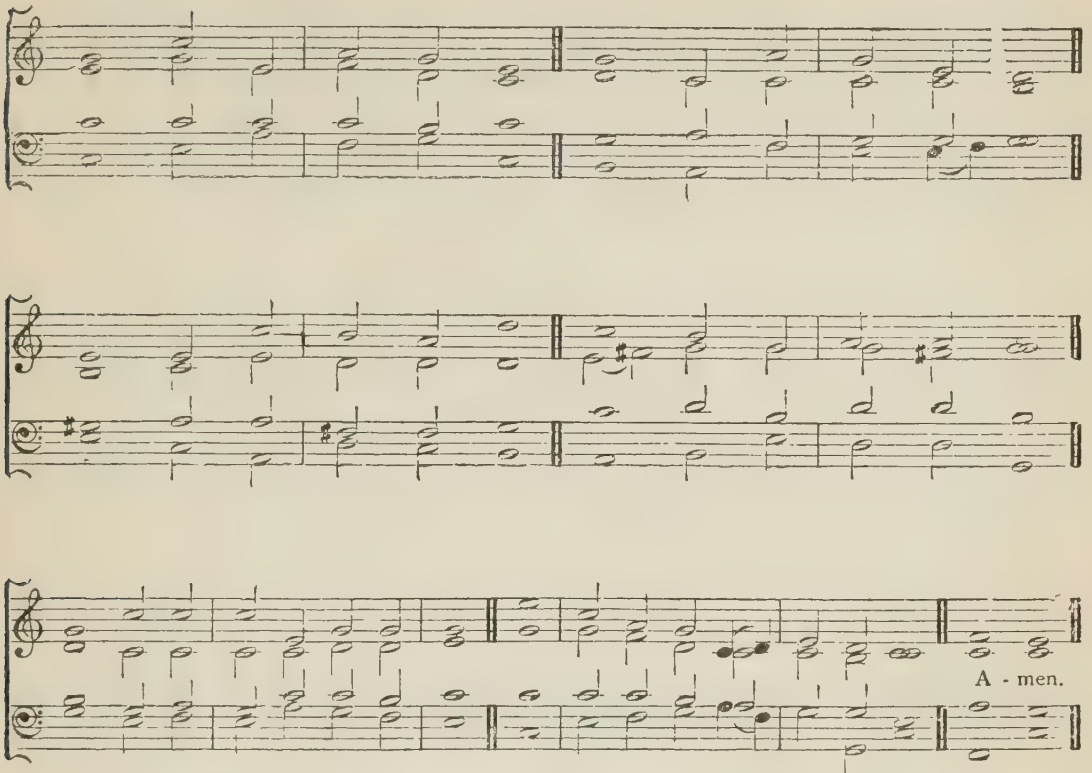
**517.** *f* REJOICE, the Lord is King,  
Your Lord and King adore,  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore :  
*ff* Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.  
*f* Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love ;  
*p* When he had purged our stains,  
*cr* He took his seat above.  
*ff* Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.  
*mf* He sits at God's right hand, '  
Till all his foes submit,  
And bow to his command,  
And fall beneath his feet.  
*f* Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.  
*cr* Rejoice in glorious hope ;  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home.  
*f* We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,  
*f* The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice."

# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

518. ST. MILDRED.

6s. 8s.

STEGGAI L.



*"God hath given him a name which is above every name. —PHIL. ii. 9.*

*♩* JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore ;  
All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless thy name ;  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came ;  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

*mf* To this dear Surety's hand  
Will I commit my cause ;  
He answers and fulfils  
His Father's broken laws.  
Behold my soul at freedom set :  
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

*p* Jesus, my great High Priest,  
Offer'd his blood and died ;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside :  
*cr* His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

*♩* Divine almighty Lord,  
My Conqueror and my King,  
Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing :  
Thine is the power : behold I sit  
*di* In willing bonds beneath thy feet

*cr* Now let my soul arise,  
And tread the tempter down ;  
*♩* My Captain leads me forth  
To conquest and a crown :

*♩* A feeble saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.<sup>o</sup>

# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

519. DARWELL'S 148TH. 6s. 4s.

DARWELL.



*"Praise ye the Lord from the heavens," &c.—Ps. cxlviii. 1—6.*

YE boundless realms of joy,  
Exalt your Maker's fame,  
His praise your song employ  
Above the starry frame ;  
Your voices raise,  
Ye cherubim  
And seraphim,  
To sing his praise.

*mf* Thou moon, that rul'st the night,  
And sun, that guid'st the day,  
Ye glittering stars of light,  
To him your homage pay.  
His praise declare,  
Ye heavens above,  
And clouds that move  
In liquid air:

Let them adore the Lord,  
And praise his holy name,  
By whose almighty word  
They all from nothing came ;  
And all shall last  
From changes free ;  
His firm decree  
Stands ever fast.

United zeal be shown  
His wondrous fame to raise,  
Whose glorious name alone  
Deserves our endless praise.  
Earth's utmost ends  
His power obey :  
His glorious sway  
The sky transcends.



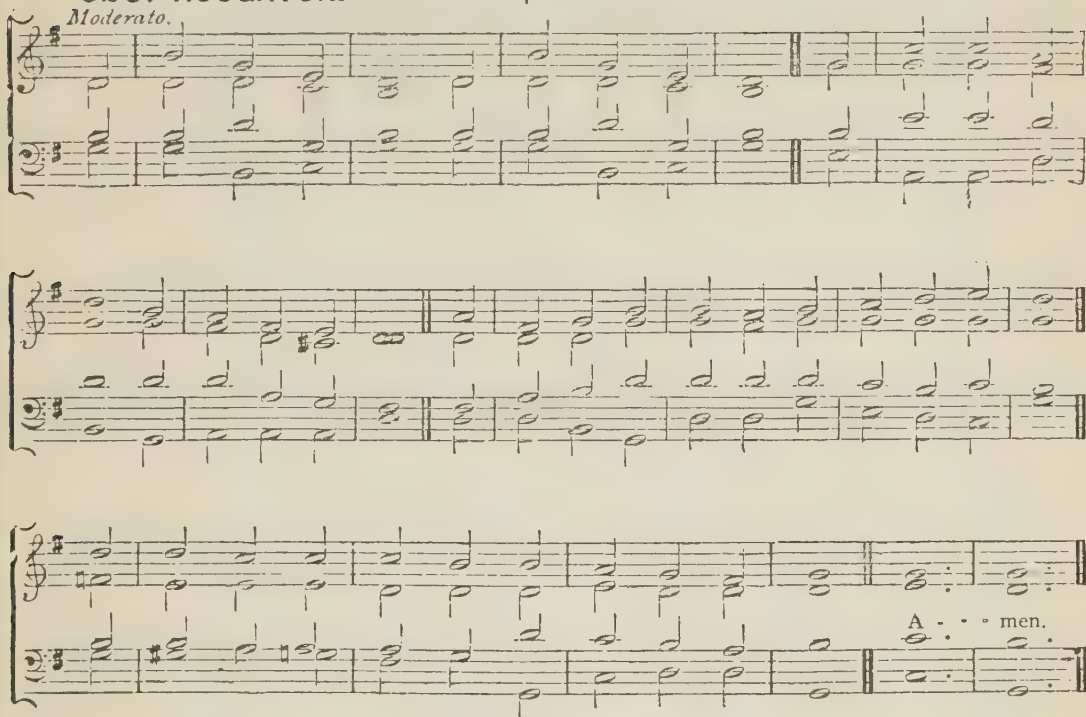
# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

520. HOUGHTON.

104TH M.

GAUNTLETT.

*Moderato.*



"O Lord, my God, thou art very great: thou art clothed with honour and majesty."—Ps. civ. 1.

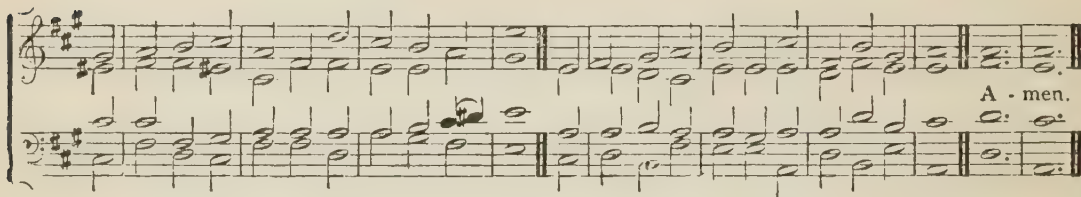
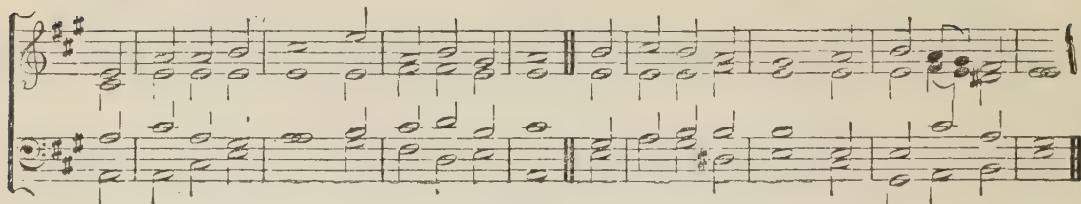
- f* O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above;  
O gratefully sing his power and his love;  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,  
Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.
- O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,  
Whose robe is the light; whose canopy space;  
*cr* His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,  
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
- mf* The earth, with its store of wonders untold,  
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old,  
Hath stablish'd it fast by a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- cr* Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;  
*di* It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
*p* And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- mp* Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
*cr* In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail:  
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,  
*f* Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.
- ff* O measureless Might, ineffable Love,  
While angels delight to hymn thee above,  
*di* The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
*cr* With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.<sup>g</sup>

# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

521. HANOVER.

104TH M.

CROFT



*"Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth for evermore."—Ps. cxiii. 2.*

*f* Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad his wonderful name.  
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;  
His Kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

God ruleth on high, almighty to save;  
And still he is nigh; his presence we have.  
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

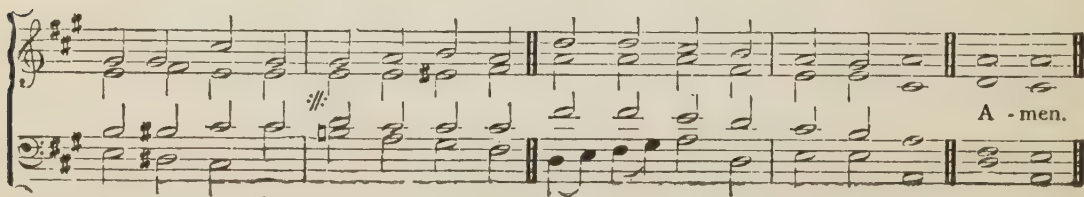
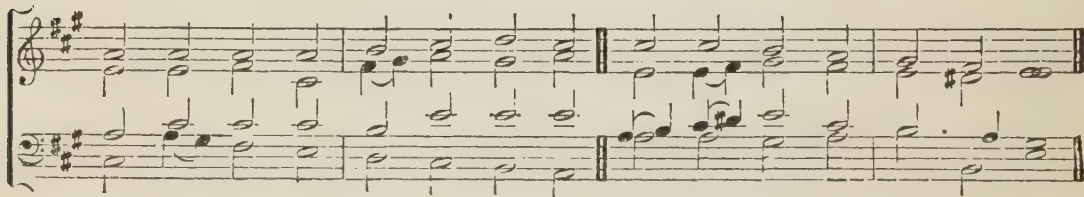
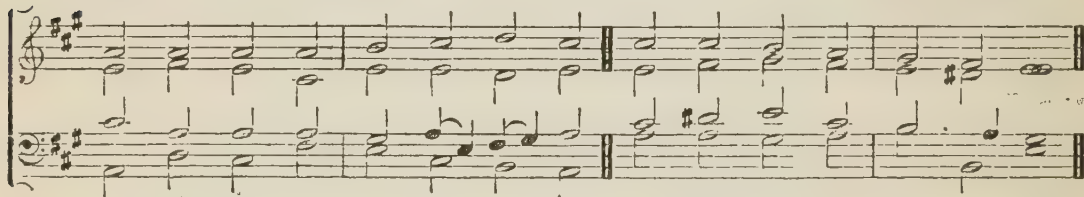
Salvation to God who sits on the throne!  
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son.  
*di* Our Jesus his praises the angels proclaim,  
*p* Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

*f* Then let us adore, and give him his right;  
All glory, and power, all wisdom, and might;  
*cr* All honour and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

522. PANGE LINGUA.

8s. 7s. 4.

Ancient Chorale.



# 

*"Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great."*—REV. xix. 5.

*f* PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;  
To his feet thy tribute bring;  
*mp* Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,  
*cr* Who like thee his praise shall sing?  
*f* Praise him, praise him,  
Praise the everlasting King.

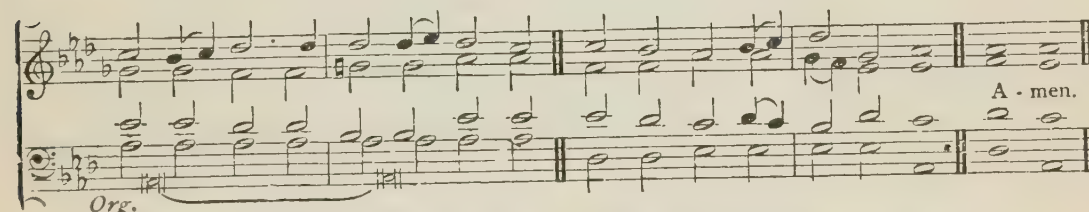
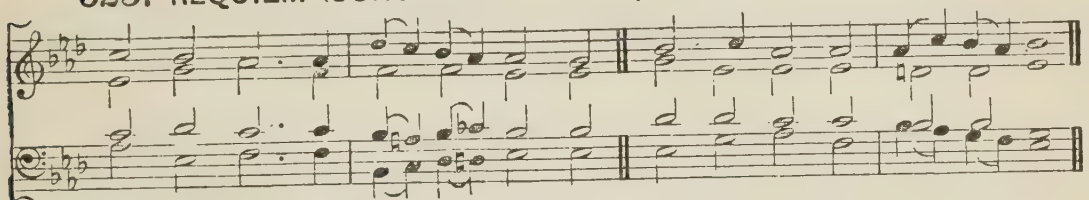
*mf* Praise him for his grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise him, still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:  
*f* Praise him, praise him,  
Glorious in his faithfulness.

*p* Father-like he tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame he knows;  
In his hands he gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes:  
*f* Praise him, praise him,  
Widely as his mercy flows.

*p* Angels, help us to adore him,  
Ye behold him face to face;  
Sun and moon, bow down before him;  
Dwellers all in time and space,  
Praise him, praise him,  
Praise with us the God of grace.<sup>o</sup>

## 523. REQUIEM (SCHULTES). SIX 8s. 7s.

SCHULTES.



*"There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."*—ACTS iv. 12.

*f* To the name of our salvation  
Honour, worship, laud we pay;  
*di* Which for many a generation  
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay:  
*cr* But to every tongue and nation  
Saints proclaim aloud to-day.

*mf* Name of gladness, name of pleasure,  
Name beyond what words can tell;  
Name of sweetness passing measure,  
Ear and heart delighting well:  
'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,  
'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

*f* 'Tis the name for adoration,  
'Tis the name of victory,  
*p* 'Tis the name for meditation  
In the vale of misery,  
*cr* 'Tis the name for veneration  
By the citizens on high.

*mf* 'Tis the name that whoso preacheth  
Speaks like music to the ear;  
*mp* Who in prayer this name beseecheth  
Sweetest comfort findeth near:  
*cr* Who its perfect wisdom reacheth  
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

*f* 'Tis the name by right exalted,  
Over every other name;  
That when we are sore assaulted,  
Puts our enemies to shame;  
Strength to them who else had halted,  
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

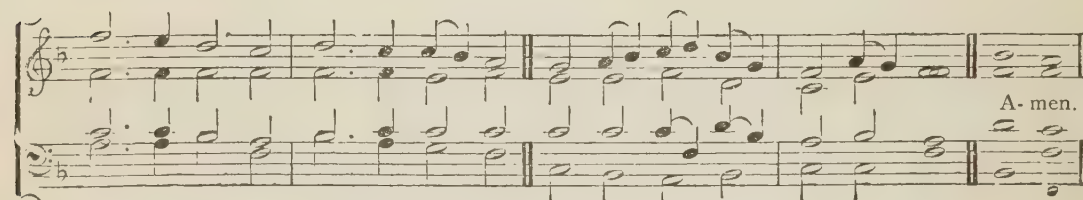
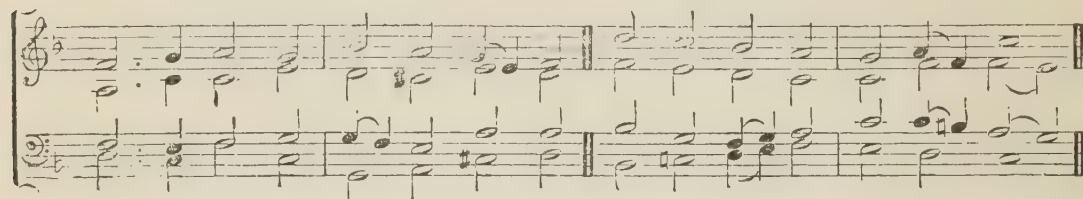
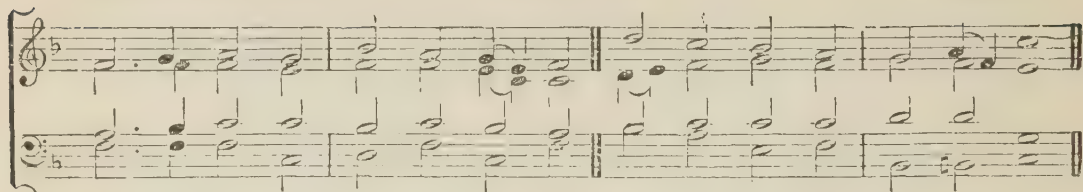
*mp* Jesu, we thy name adoring  
Long to see thee as thou art  
*cr* Of thy clemency imploring  
So to write it in our heart,  
*f* That hereafter upward soaring  
We with angels may have part.<sup>o</sup>

# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

524. AUSTRIA.

D. 8s. 7s.

HAYDN.



"Praise ye the Lord from the heavens."—Ps. cxlviii. 1.

- f* PRAISE the Lord ; ye heavens, adore him ;  
Praise him, angels, in the height ;  
Sun and moon rejoice before him ;  
Praise him, all ye stars and light.
- cr* Praise the Lord ; for he hath spoken,  
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd ;
- f* Laws, which never shall be broken,  
For their guidance he hath made.
- f* Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;  
Never shall his promise fail ;
- cr* God hath made his saints victorious ;  
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- f* Praise the God of our salvation ;  
Hosts on high, his power proclaim ;  
Heaven and earth and all creation,  
Laud and magnify his name."

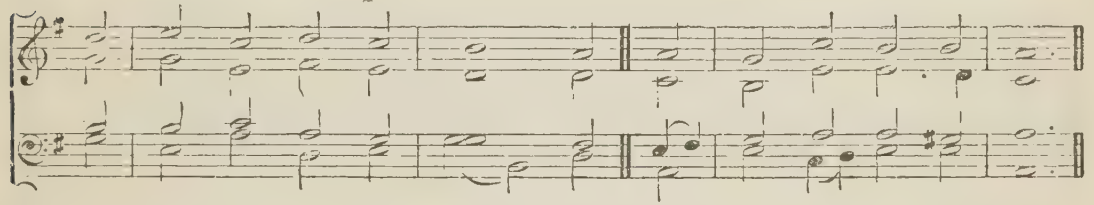


# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

525. CEYLON.

7s. 6s.

L. SCHROETER.



"He shall be as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."—2 SAM. xxiii. 4

*mf* SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings ;  
It is the Lord who rises  
With healing in his wings,  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shiring,  
To cheer it after rain.

*mp* In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new ;  
*cr* Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,—  
Even let the unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may :

*mf* It can bring with it nothing,  
But he will bear us through ;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe his people too :  
Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed ;  
And he, who feeds the ravens,  
Will give his children bread.

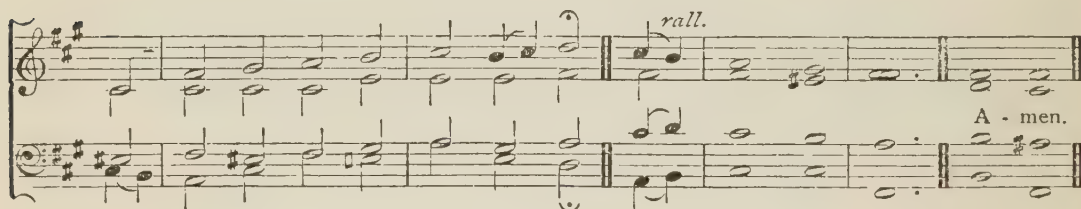
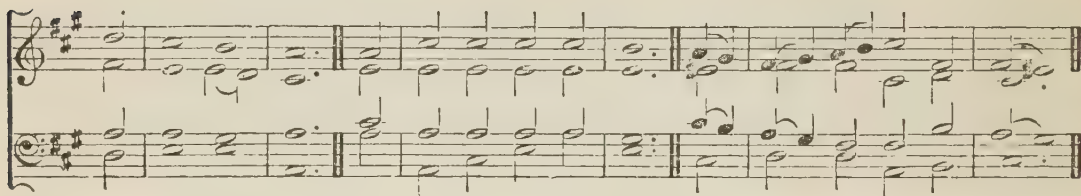
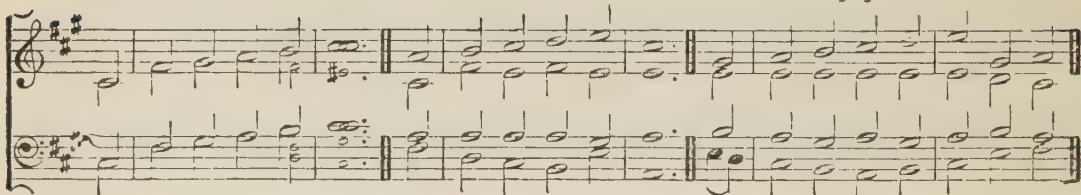
*p* Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit shall bear,  
Though all the field should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there,  
*cr* Yet God the same abiding,  
*f* His praise shall tune my voice  
For, while in him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice. ♯

# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

526. LEONI.

P.M.

Hebrew Melody.  
Harmonized by J. T. COOPER.



"This is my name for ever, and this is my memorial unto all generations."—Exod. iii. 15.

*f* THE God of Abra'am praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above :  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love :  
Jehovah, Great I AM,  
By earth and heaven confess'd :—  
*mf* I bow and bless the sacred name  
For ever bless'd.

*mf* The God of Abra'am praise,  
At whose supreme command  
From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
At his right hand :  
I all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power :  
And him my only portion make,  
My shield and tower.

*f* He by himself hath sworn ;  
I on his oath depend ;  
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend ;  
I shall behold his face,  
I shall his power adore ;  
And sing the wonders of his grace  
For evermore.

*mf* Though nature's strength decay,  
And earth and hell withstand,  
*cr* To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,  
At his command ;  
The watery deep I pass,  
With Jesus in my view ;  
And through the howling wilderness  
My way pursue.

*mf* The God, who reigns on high,  
The great archangels sing,  
*f* And "Holy, Holy, Holy" cry,  
Almighty King ;  
*cr* Who was and is the same,  
And evermore shall be :  
*f* Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,  
We worship thee.

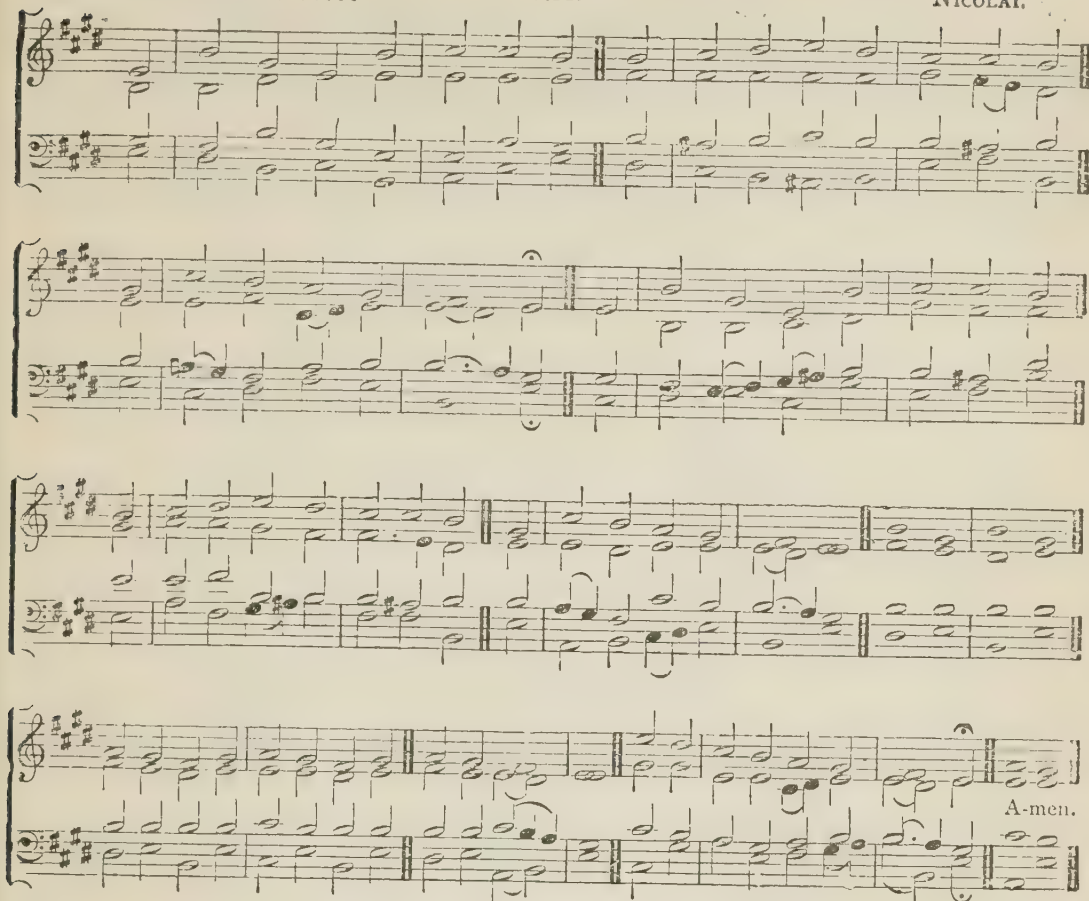
*ff* The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high ;  
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
They ever cry.  
Hail, Abra'am's God, and mine,  
I join the heavenly lays ;  
All might and majesty are thine,  
And endless praise. Amen.

# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

527. FRANKFORT.

P.M.

NICOLAI.



"Christ is all and in all."—COL. iii. 11.

*f* How bright appears the morning star,  
With mercy beaming from afar;  
The host of heaven rejoices;  
O righteous branch, O Jesse's rod,  
Thou Son of man, and Son of God,  
We too will lift our voices.  
*p* Jesu, Jesu,  
Holy, holy, yet most lowly,  
*cr* Draw thou near us:  
Great Emmanuel, stoop and hear us.  
*m* Though circled by the hosts on high,  
He deign'd to cast a pitying eye  
Upon his helpless creature;  
*f* The whole Creation's Head and Lord,  
By highest seraphim adored,  
*di* Assumed our very nature.  
*p* Jesu, grant us,  
Through thy merit to inherit  
Thy salvation:  
*cr* Hear, O hear our supplication.

*mf* Then will we to the world make known  
The love thou hast to outcasts shown  
In calling them before thee;  
*cr* And seek each day to be more meet  
To join the throng, who at thy feet,  
Unceasingly adore thee.  
*p* Living, dying,  
*cr* From thy praises, mighty Jesus,  
Shrink we never;  
*f* Sing we forth thy name for ever.

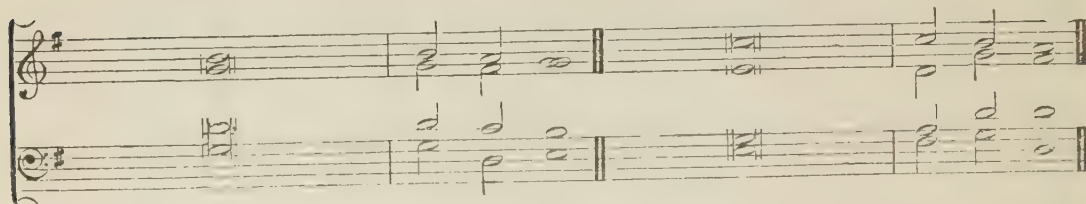
*ff* Rejoice, ye heavens; thou, earth, reply:  
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,  
For this his incarnation.  
Incarnate God, put forth thy power,  
Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,  
Till all know thy salvation.  
Amen, amen:  
Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
Praise be given  
Evermore by earth and heaven. Amen.

# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

## 528. TROYTE'S CHANT. (No. 2.) P.M.

TROYTE.

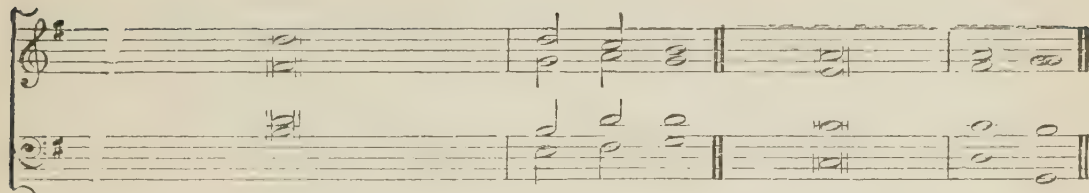
"I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia."—REV. xix. 1.



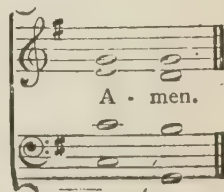
- |  |                    |   |                   |
|--|--------------------|---|-------------------|
| <i>f</i> 1. The strain upraise of joy and<br>praise, Alle- | lu - - - ia!       | To the glory of their King<br>Shall the ransomed      | peo - ple sing,   |
| 2. And the choirs that . . . .                             | dwell on high      | Shall re-echo . . . .                                 | through the sky,  |
| <i>f</i> 3. They through the fields of Para-               | -dise that roam,   | The blessed ones, repeat<br>through                   | that bright home, |
| (Unison.)  |                    |   |                   |
| <i>mf</i> 4. The planets glittering on their .             | heaven-ly way,     | The shining constellations,                           | join and say,     |
| (Harmony.)   |                    |   |                   |
| <i>f</i> 5. Ye clouds that onward sweep,<br>Ye winds on    | pin - ions light,  | Ye thunders, echoing loud<br>and deep, Ye lightnings, | wild - ly bright, |
| 6. Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye<br>storms and           | win - ter snow,    | Ye days of cloudless beau-<br>ty, Hoar frost and      | sum - mer glow,   |
| (Trebles only.)  |                    |   |                   |
| <i>mf</i> 7. First let the birds, with painted             | plu - mage gay,    | Exalt their great Creator's                           | praise, and say,  |
| (Men only.)  |                    |   |                   |
| 8. Then let the beasts of earth, with                      | vary - ing strain, | Join in creation's hymn, and                          | cry a - gain,     |
| (Men only.)  |                    |   |                   |
| <i>f</i> 9. Here let the mountains thunder<br>forth so-    | nor . . . ous,     | Alle . . . . .  | lu . . . ia!      |
| (Men only.)  |                    |   |                   |
| 10. Thou jubilant abyss of. . . .                          | o - cean cry,      | Alle . . . . .  | - lu . . . ia!    |
| (Harmony.)   |                    |   |                   |
| 11. To God, who all cre . . . .                            | - a - tion made,   | The frequent hymn be. .                               | du - ly paid;     |
| 12. This is the strain, the eternal<br>strain, the Lord of | all things loves:  | Alle . . . . .  | lu . . . ia!      |
| 13. Wherefore we sing, both heart<br>and voice a-          | wak . . . ing,     | Alle . . . . .  | lu . . . ia!      |
| (Unison.)  |                    |   |                   |
| <i>f</i> 14. Now from all mēn . . . .                      | be out-poured      | Alleluia . . . . .                                    | to the Lord;      |
| (Harmony.)   |                    |   |                   |
| <i>f</i> 15. Praise be done to the Three in<br>One, Alle-  | lu . . . ia!       | Alle . . . . .  | lu . . . ia!      |



# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.



1. Alle . . . . .	- lu . . . ia !	Alle . . . . .	- lu . ia !
2. Alle . . . . .	- lu . . . ia !	Alle . . . . .	- lu . ia !
3. Alle . . . . .	- lu . . . ia !	Alle . . . . .	- lu . ia !
4. Alle . . . . .	- lu . . . ia !	Alle . . . . .	- lu . ia !
5. In sweet can . . . . .	- sent u - nite	your Alle . . . . .	- lu . ia !
6. Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious	fo - rests, sing,	Alle . . . . .	- lu . ia !
7. Alle . . . . .	- lu . . . ia !	Alle . . . . .	- lu . ia !
8. Alle . . . . .	- lu . . . ia !	Alle . . . . .	- lu . ia !
(Trebles only.)			
9. There let the valleys sing in gentler . . .	cho . . . rus,	Alle . . . . .	- lu . ia !
(Trebles only.)			
10. Ye tracts of earth and conti . . . . .	- nents, re - ply,	Alle . . . . .	- lu . ia !
11. Alle . . . . .	- lu . . . ia !	Alle . . . . .	- lu . ia !
12. This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ Him-	- self approves :	Alle . . . . .	- lu . ia !
(Trebles only.)			
13. And children's voices echo, answer . . .	ma . . . king,	Alle . . . . .	- lu . ia !
14. With Alleluia . . . . .	e - ver - more	The Son and Spirit	we adore,
15. Alle . . . . .	- lu . . . ia !	Alle . . . . .	- lu . ia !



# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

529. HERNHUTT.

P.M.

Ge man Chorale

"The Lord reigneth: let the earth rejoice."—Ps. xcvi. 1.

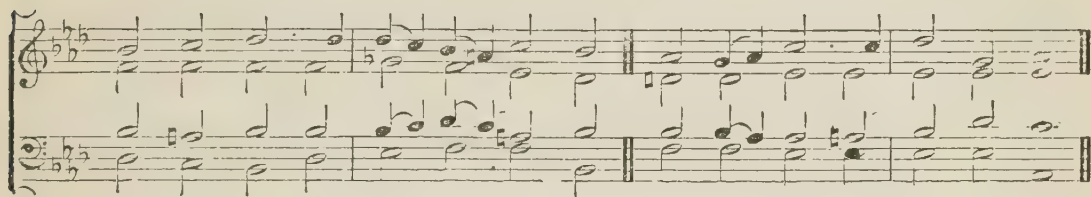
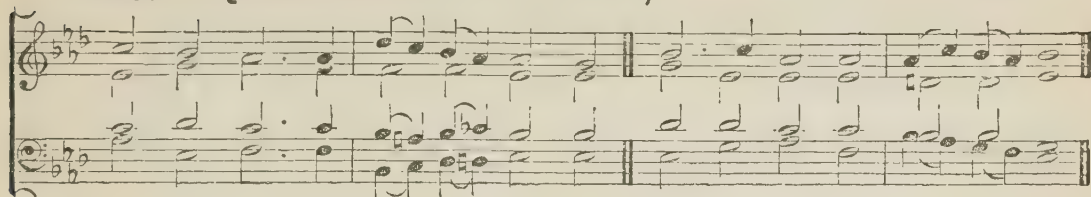
*f* PRAISE the Lord through every nation;  
His holy arm hath wrought salvation;  
Exalt him on his Father's throne:  
Praise your King, ye Christian legions,  
Who now prepares in heavenly regions  
Unfailing mansions for his own:  
With voice and minstrelsy  
Extol his Majesty:  
Hallelujah!  
*cr* His praise shall sound all nature round,  
Where'er the race of man is found.  
*f* God with God dominion sharing,  
*p* And Man with man our image bearing,  
*mf* Gentiles and Jews to him are given:  
Praise your Saviour, ransom'd sinners,  
Of life, through him, immortal winners;  
Nor longer heirs of earth, but heaven.

*p* O beatific sight,  
To view his face in light:  
Hallelujah!  
*cr* And, while we see, transform'd to be  
From bliss to bliss eternally.  
*ff* Jesu, Lord, our Captain glorious,  
O'er sin, and death, and hell victorious,  
Wisdom and might to thee belong:  
*mp* We confess, proclaim, adore thee,  
We bow the knee, we fall before thee,  
*cr* Thy love henceforth shall be our song:  
*p* The cross meanwhile we bear,  
*cr* The crown ere long to wear.  
*ff* Hallelujah!  
Thy reign extend world without end,  
Let praise from all to thee ascend. Amen.

# Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

530. REQUIEM (SCHULTES). SIX 8s. 7s.

SCHULTES.



"Hallelujah! Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power"—Ps. cl. 2.

*f* ALLELUIA! Song of gladness,  
Voice of everlasting joy:  
Alleluia! Sound the sweetest  
Heard among the choirs on high,  
Hymning in God's blissful mansion  
Day and night incessantly. -

Alleluia! Church victorious,  
Thou may'st lift the joyful strain.  
Alleluia! Songs of triumph  
Well befit the ransom'd train.

*di* Faint and feeble are our praises  
While in exile we remain.

*mp* Alleluia! Songs of gladness  
Suit not always souls forlorn.  
Alleluia! Sounds of sadness  
'Midst our joyful strains are borne

*p* For in this dark world of sorrow  
We with tears our sins must mourn.

*cr* Praises with our prayers uniting,  
Hear us, blessèd Trinity;

*mf* Bring us to thy blissful presence,  
There the Paschal Lamb to see,

' There to thee our Alleluia  
Singing everlastingly. Amen.

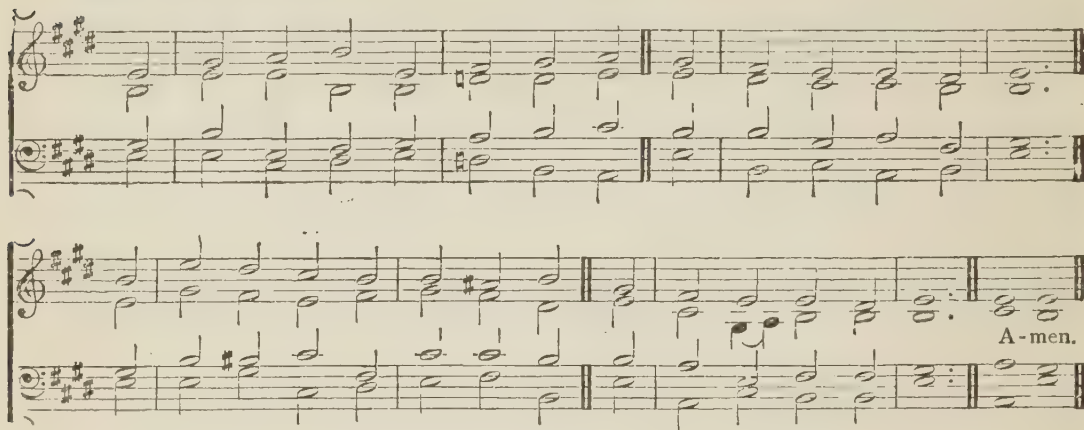
# For those that travel by Land or by Water.

"THAT IT MAY PLEASE THEE TO PRESERVE ALL THAT TRAVEL BY LAND OR BY WATER; WE BESRECH THEE TO HEAR US, GOOD LORD."

531. FRENCH.

C.M.

Scotch Psalter.



"I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest."—GEN. xxviii. 15.

*mf* How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord;  
How sure is their defence!  
Eternal wisdom is their guide;  
Their help, omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,  
And breathe in tainted air.

*cr* From all their griefs and dangers, Lord,  
Thy mercy sets them free,  
*f* While in the confidence of prayer  
Their souls take hold on thee.

*mf* When by the dreadful tempest borne  
High on the broken wave,  
They know thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to thy will;  
*f* The sea, that roar'd at thy command,  
*p* At thy command is still.

*mf* In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness I'll adore;  
*cr* And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

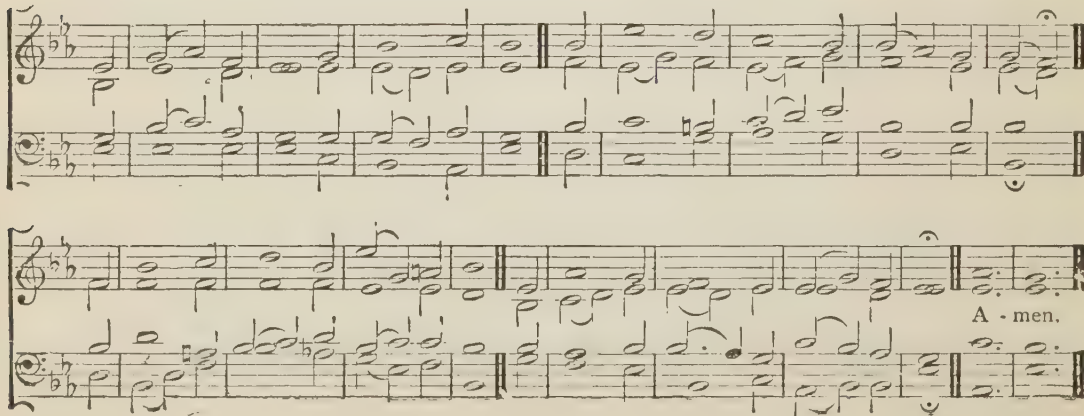
*mf* My life, while thou preserv'st my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be;  
*p* And death, when death shall be my lot,  
*cr* Shall join my soul to thee.<sup>c</sup>

HYMN TO BE USED AT SEA.

532. ROCKINGHAM.

L.M.

MILLER.





# For those that travel by Land or by Water.

*"O God of our salvation, who art the confidence of them that are afar off upon the sea."—Ps. lxxv. 5.*

*mf* ALMIGHTY FATHER, hear our cry,  
As o'er the trackless deep we roam;  
Be thou our haven always nigh,  
On homeless waters thou our home.

*p* O Jesu, Saviour, at whose voice  
The tempest sank to perfect rest,  
*cr* Bid thou the mourner's heart rejoice,  
And cleanse and calm the troubled breast.

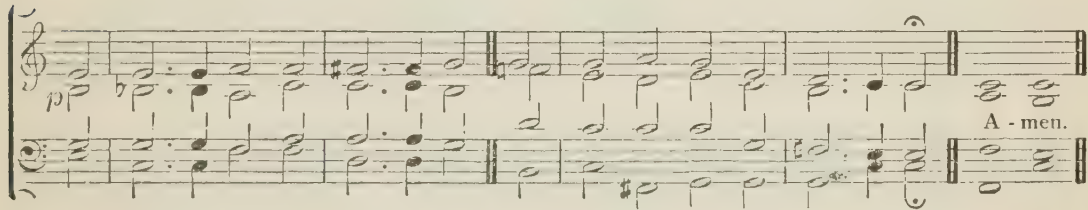
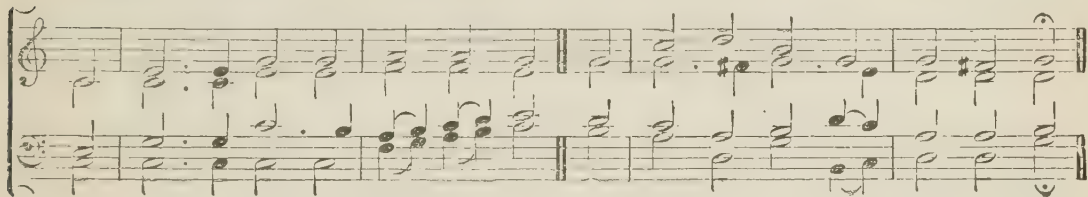
*mf* O Holy Ghost, beneath whose power  
The ocean woke to life and light,  
Command thy blessing in this hour,  
Thy fostering warmth, thy quickening might.

*f* Great God, Triune Jehovah, thee  
We love, we worship, we adore;  
Our refuge on time's changeful sea,  
Our joy on heaven's eternal shore.*b*

## 533. MELITA.

SIX 8s.

DYKES.



*"These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."—Ps. cvii. 24.*

*mf* ETERNAL FATHER, strong to save,  
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,  
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep;

*v, cr* O hear us when we cry to thee  
*di* For those in peril on the sea.

*mf* O Saviour, whose almighty word  
The winds and waves submissive heard,  
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;

*b, cr* O hear us when we cry to thee  
*di* For those in peril on the sea.

*mf* O sacred Spirit, who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease  
And gavest light, and life, and peace;

*p, cr* O hear us when we cry to thee  
*di* For those in peril on the sea.

*f* O Trinity of love and power,  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
*cr* And ever let there rise to thee  
*ff* Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

# For those that travel by Land or by Water.

## 534. EUROCLYDON.

P.M.

TORRANCE.

"Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."—MATT. xiv. 27.

TREBLE.  
ALTO.

TENOR.  
BASS.

ACCOMPT.

*Andante religioso.*

*f* *sf*

8ves.....

1. Fierce was the wild  
2. Ridge of the  
3. Je - su, De -

bil-low; Dark was the night; Oars la-bour'd hea-vi-ly; Foam glimmer'd white;  
mountain wave, &c.  
liv-er, &c.

*p*

8ves..... 8ves.....

*sf* *p*

Trem-bled the ma-ri-ners; Pe-ri-l was high; Then said the God of God,

*sf* *p*

# For those that travel by Land or by Water.

*pp* Peace,.....

"Peace: it is I,..... Peace: it is I." A - - men.

*pp*

*Adagio.*

Ridge of the mountain wave  
Lower thy crest:  
Wail of the tempest wind,  
Be thou at rest.  
Sorrow can never be,  
Darkness must fly,  
*p* When saith the Light of Light,  
*pp* "Peace: it is I."

Jesu, Deliverer,  
Come thou to me;  
Soothe thou my voyaging  
Over life's sea;  
Thou, when the storm of death  
Roars sweeping by,  
*p* Whisper, O Truth of Truth,  
*pp* "Peace: it is I."

## 535. ST. AELRED.

8s. 3.

DYKES.

*pp* A - men.

"And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still."—MARK iv. 39.

*f* FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,  
Watch did thine anxious servants keep,  
*di* But thou wast wrapp'd in guileless sleep,  
*pp* Calm and still.  
*mf* "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,  
"O save us in our agony!"  
*cr* Thy word above the storm rose high,  
*pp* "Peace, be still."

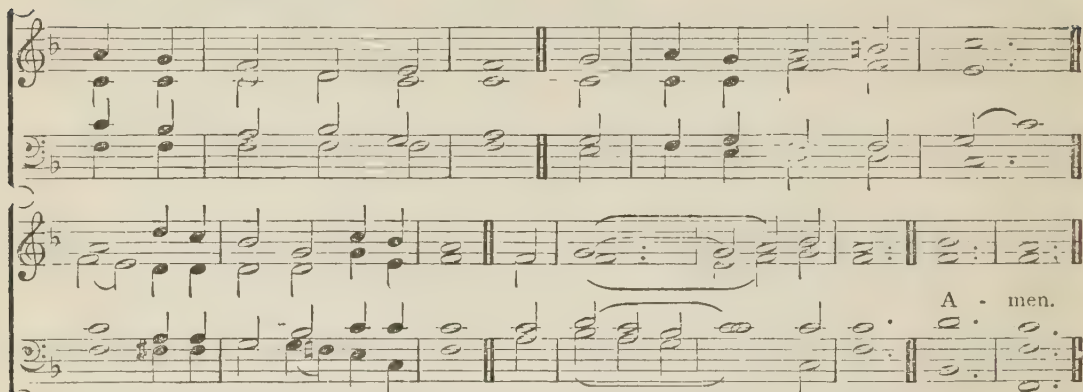
*p, f* The wild winds hush'd; the angry deep  
*di* Sank, like a little child, to sleep;  
The sullen billows ceased to leap,  
*cr* At thy will.  
*mf* So, when our life is clouded o'er,  
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,  
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,  
*pp* "Peace, be still."

# For those that travel by Land or by Water.

536. THORNFIELD.

6. 6. 8. 4.

C. J. VINCENT.



*"The Lord of peace himself give you peace always by all means."*—2 THESS. iii. 16.

*mp* WITH the sweet word of peace

We bid our brethren go ;

*cr* Peace as a river to increase,  
And ceaseless flow.

*mp* With the calm word of prayer

We earnestly commend

Our brethren to thy watchful care,  
Eternal Friend.

*mf* With the dear word of love

We give our brief farewell ;

Our love below, and thine above,  
With them shall dwell.

*f* With the strong word of faith

We stay ourselves on thee ;

That thou, O Lord, in life and death  
Their help shalt be.

Then the bright word of hope

Shall on our parting gleam,

And tell of joys beyond the scope  
Of earthborn dream.

*mf* Farewell : in hope, and love,

In faith, and peace, and prayer ;

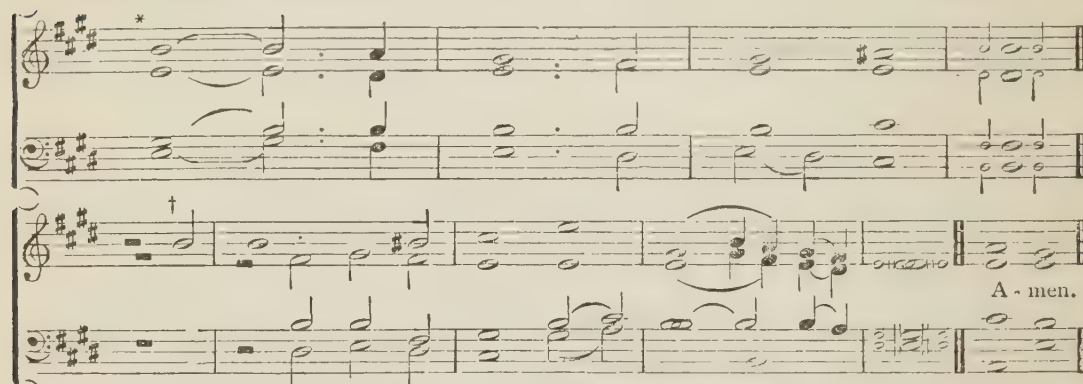
*p* Till he whose home is ours above  
Unite us there.

## Ordination or Visitation.

"VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS."

537. VENI CREATOR. [FIRST TUNE.] P.M.

GARLAND.



*"He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost."*—JOHN xx. 22

*mf* COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart

*cr* Thy blessed unction from above

*f* Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

*mf* Enable with perpetual light

The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of thy grace.

*di* Keep far our foes, give peace at home :

*p* Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

*mf* Teach us to know the Father, Son,

And thee of both to be but One,

*cr* That, through the ages all along,

This may be our endless song ;

*f* Praise to thy eternal merit,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

*"These ties, and the small notes, for last couplet only."*

*† Leave out this note for last line.*



# Ordination or Visitation.

537. VENI CREATOR (ATTWOOD). [SECOND TUNE.] P.M. ATTWOOD.

"He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Spirit."—JOHN XX. 22.

*mf* COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire.  
Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

*cr* Thy blessed unction from above  
*f* Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

*mf* Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight.  
Anoint and cheer our soilèd face  
With the abundance of thy grace.

*di* Keep far our foes, give peace at home :  
*p* Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

*mf* Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And thee of both to be but One,

*cr* That, through the ages all along,  
This may be our endless song ;

*f* Praise to thy eternal merit,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

\* These ties and slurs to be used in the third verse only.

363 † The last syllable of the words, "merit," and "Spirit" to be sung to these minims.

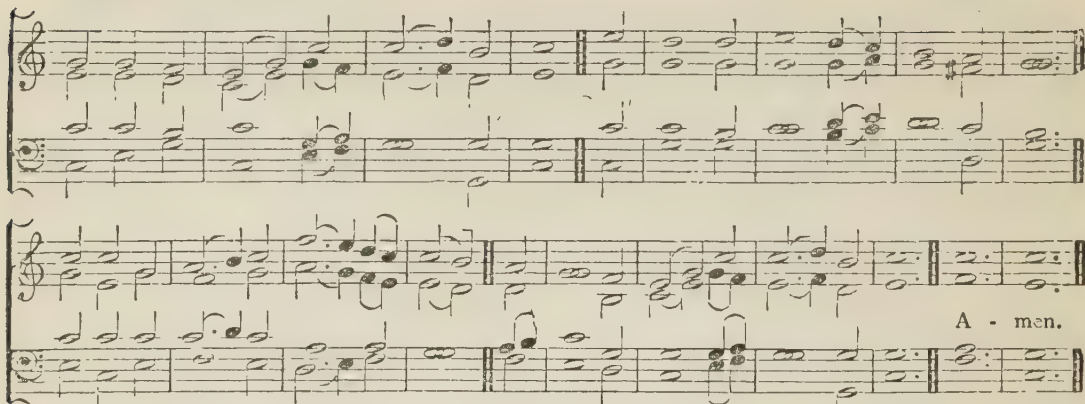
‡ Repeat last line of words.

# Ordination or Visitation.

538. WARRINGTON.

L.M.

HARRISON.



*"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."—ACTS i. 8.*

*mf* POUR out thy Spirit from on high,  
Lord, thine assembled servants bless ;  
*cr* Graces and gifts to each supply,  
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

*mf* Within thy temple when we stand  
To teach the truth, as taught by thee,  
*f* Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,  
The angels of the churches be.

*mf* Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,  
Firmness with meekness, from above,

To bear thy people on our heart,  
And love the souls whom thou dost love ;—

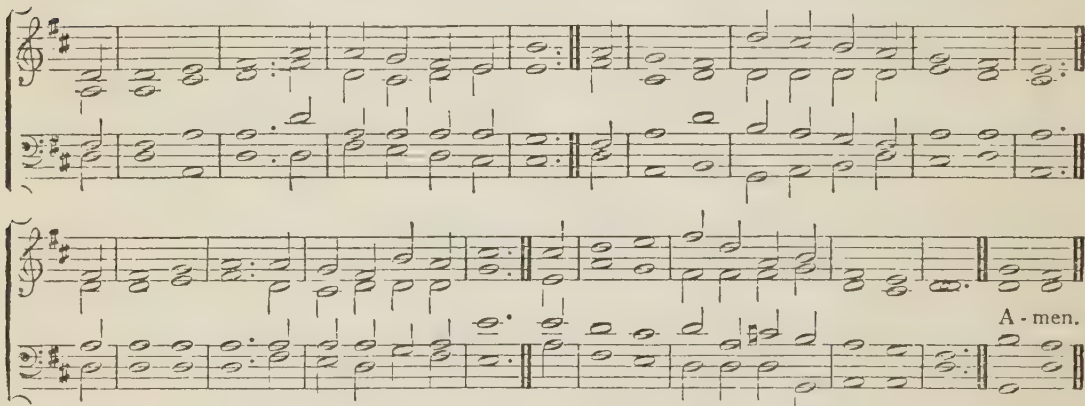
To watch and pray, and never faint ;  
By day and night strict guard to keep ;  
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

*b* Then, when our work is finish'd here,  
In humble hope our charge resign :  
*cr* When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,  
O God, may they and we be thine.<sup>b</sup>

539. BRADING

IOS

Adapted from CALLCOTT.



*"Jesus said, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile."—MARK vi. 31.*

Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,  
Weary, I know it, of the press and throng,  
Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,  
And in my quiet strength again be strong.

Come ye aside from all the world holds dear,  
For converse which the world has never known,  
Alone with me and with my Father here,  
With me and with my Father not alone.

Come, tell me all that ye have said and done,  
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears.

I know how hardly souls are wooed and won :  
*di* My choicest wreaths are always wet with tears.

*mf* Come ye and rest : the journey is too great,  
And ye will faint beside the way and sink :  
*cr* The bread of life is here for you to eat,  
And here for you the wine of love to drink.

*mf* Then, fresh from converse with your Lord, return  
And work till daylight softens into even ;  
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn  
More of your Master and his rest in heaven.<sup>7</sup>

This Hymn may also be sung to "Eventide," No. 13.

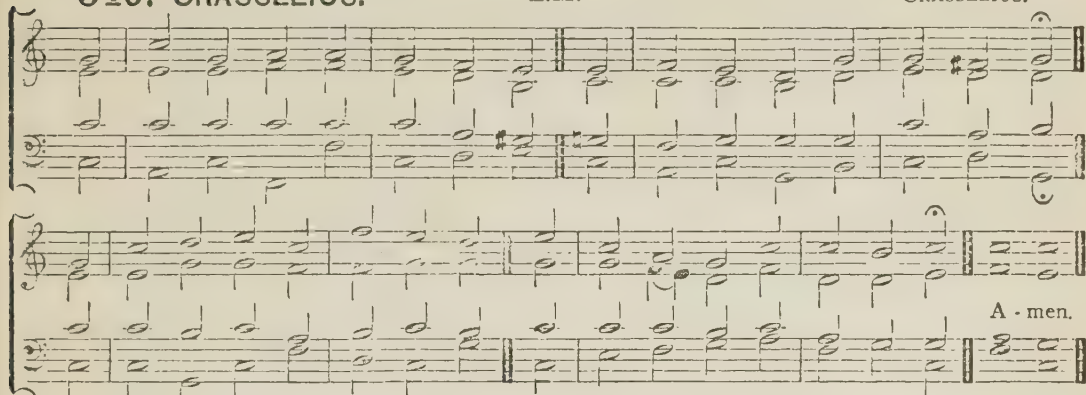
# Dedication or Consecration of a Church.

"THIS IS NONE OTHER THAN THE HOUSE OF GOD, AND THIS IS THE GATE OF HEAVEN."

## 540. CRASSELLIUS.

L.M.

CRASSELLIUS.



"May thine eyes be open toward this house night and day."—1 KINGS viii. 29.

*mf* This stone to thee in faith we lay ;  
We build the temple, Lord, to thee ;  
*Thine* eye be open night and day  
To guard this house and sanctuary.

*p* Hear, when thy people seek thy face,  
And dying sinners pray to live,  
*cr* Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,  
And when thou hearest, O *refractive*.

*mf* Here, when thy messengers proclaim  
The blessed Gospel of thy Son,  
*cr* Still by the power of his great name  
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

*mf* Hosanna ! to their heavenly King,  
When children's voices raise that song,  
*f* Hosanna ! let their angels sing,  
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

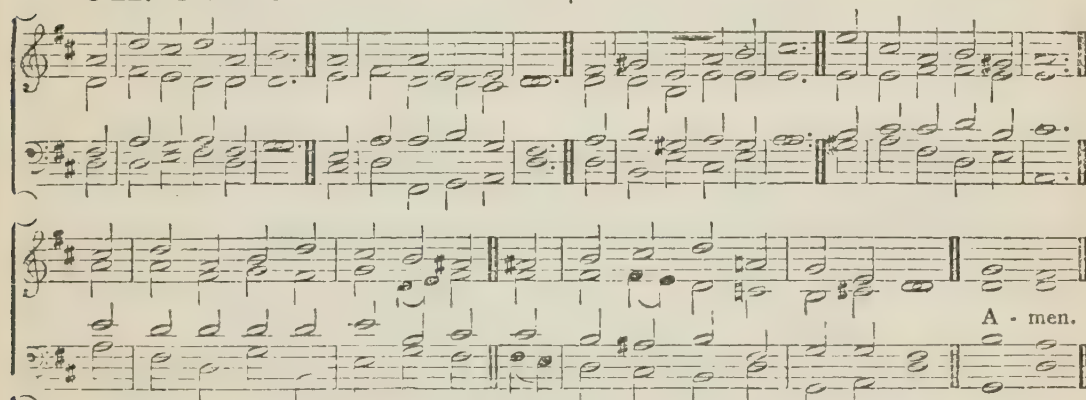
*mf* But will, indeed, Jehovah deign  
Here to abide, no transient guest ?  
Here will the world's Redeemer reign ?  
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?

*cr* That glory never hence depart ;  
*di* Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone :  
*p* Thy kingdom come to every heart,  
In every bosom fix thy throne,<sup>b</sup>

## 541. CROFT.

6s. 4s.

CROFT.



"Blessed are they that dwell in thy house."—Ps. lxxxiv. 4.

*mf* CHRIST is our corner-stone,  
On him alone we build ;  
With his true saints alone  
The courts of heaven are fill'd :  
On his great love  
Our hopes we place  
Of present grace  
And joys above.

*f* O then with hymns of praise  
These hallow'd courts shall ring ;  
Our voices we will raise  
The Three in One to sing ;

And thus proclaim  
In joyful song  
Both loud and long  
That glorious name.

*mf* Here, gracious God, do thou  
For evermore draw nigh ;  
Accept each faithful vow,  
And mark each suppliant sigh :  
In copious shower  
On all who pray

Each holy day  
Thy blessings pour.

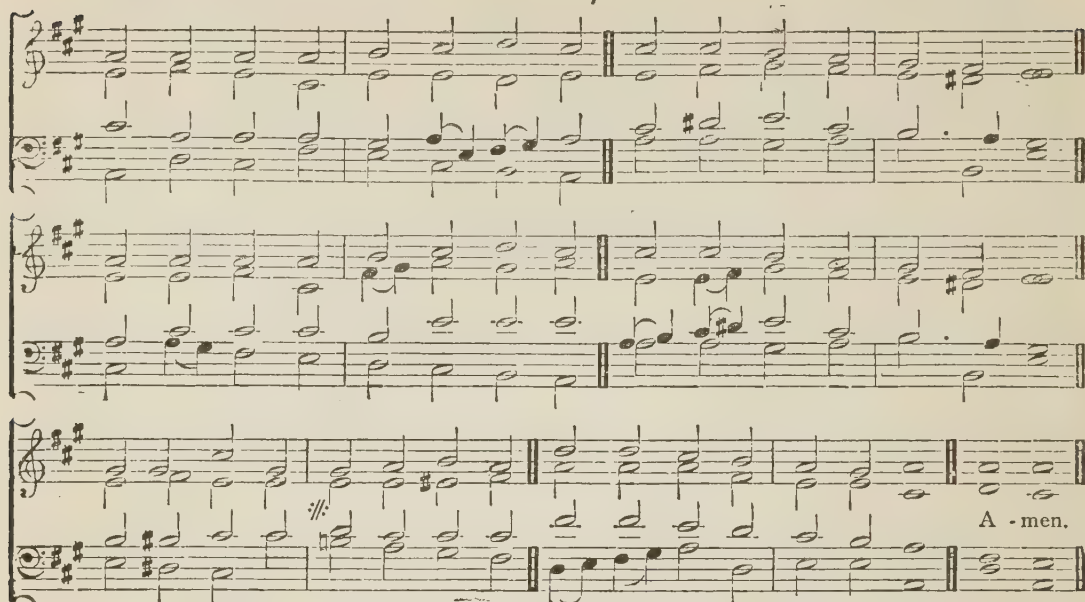
*cr* Here may we gain from heaven  
The grace which we implore ;  
And may that grace, once given,  
Be with us evermore,  
*di* Until that day  
When all the blest  
*p* To endless rest  
Are called away.<sup>w</sup>

# Dedication or Consecration of a Church.

542. PANGE LINGUA.

SIX 8s. 7s.

Ancient Chorale.



*"I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."*—REV. xxi. 2.

*f* BLESSED city, heavenly Salem  
Vision dear of peace and love,  
Who of living stones up-built  
Art the joy of heaven above,  
And, with angel cohorts circled,  
As a bride to earth dost move.

*mf* Bright thy gates of pearl are shining :  
They are open evermore.

*cr* And by virtue of his merits  
Thither faithful souls may soar,

*p* Who for Christ's dear name in this world  
Pain and tribulation bore.

*mp* Many a blow and biting sculpture  
Polish'd well those stones elect,

*cr* In their places now compacted  
By the heavenly Architect,  
Who therewith hath will'd for ever  
That his palace should be deck'd.

*f* Christ is made the sure Foundation,  
Christ the Head and Corner-stone,  
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,  
Binding all the Church in one,

*f* Holy Zion's help for ever,  
And her confidence alone.

*mf* To this temple, where we call thee,  
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day ;  
With thy wonted loving-kindness  
Hear thy people as they pray ;

*p* And thy fullest benediction  
Shed within its walls alway.

*p* Here vouchsafe to all thy servants  
What they supplicate to gain,

*cr* Here to have and hold for ever  
What they through thy grace obtain,

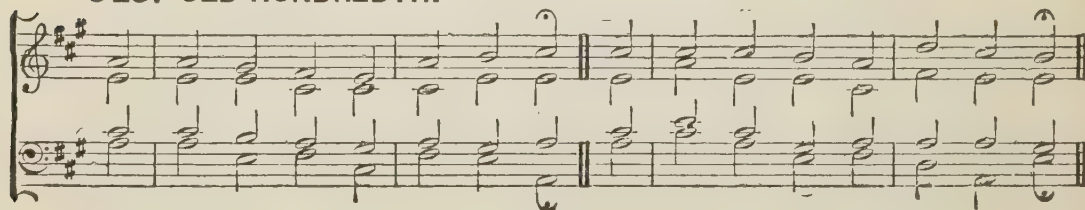
*f* And hereafter in thy glory  
With thy blessed ones to reign.<sup>o</sup>

## Royal Accession—National Hymns.

"O LORD, SAVE THE QUEEN ; AND MERCIFULLY HEAR US WHEN WE  
CALL UPON THEE."

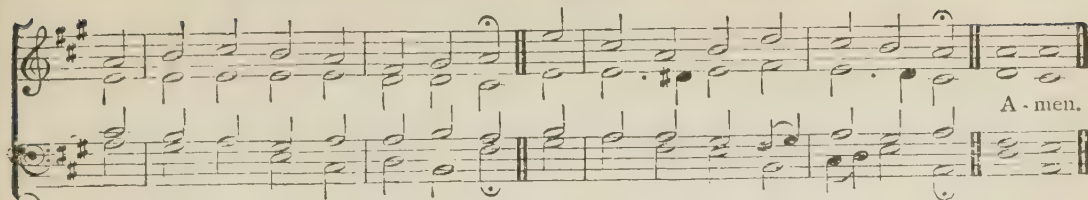
543. OLD HUNDREDTH.

L.M.





# Royal Accession—National Hymns.



"Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed."—Ps. lxxxiv. 9.

*f* O KING of Kings : thy blessing shed  
On our anointed Sovereign's head ;  
And, looking from thy holy heaven,  
Protect the crown thyself hast given.

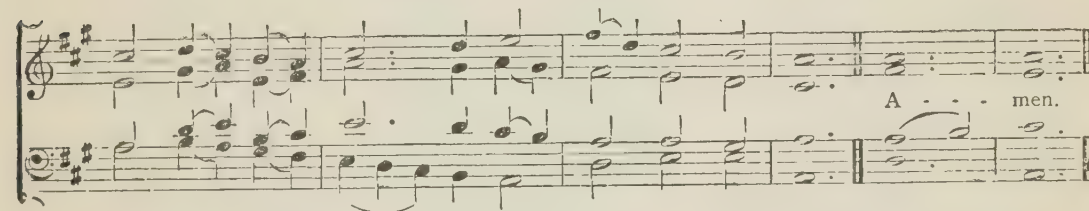
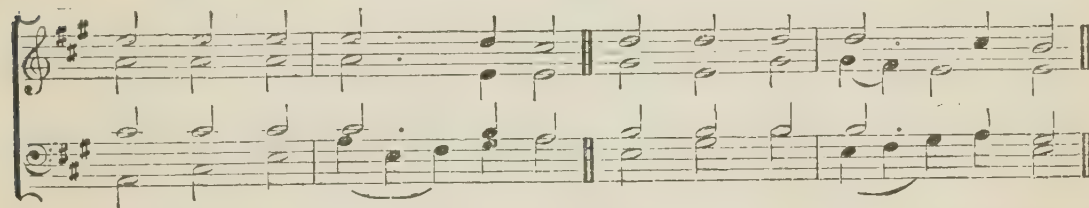
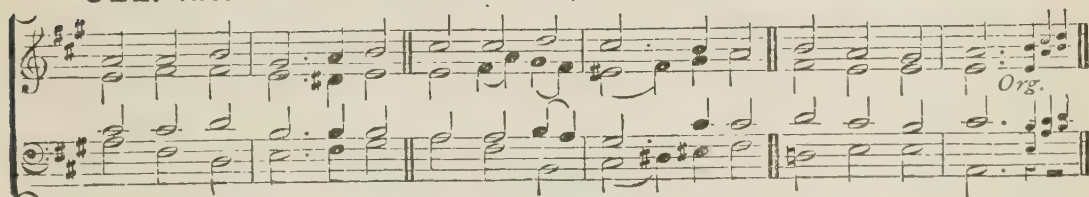
*mf* Her may we honour and obey,  
Uphold her right and lawful sway :  
Remembering that the powers that be  
Are ministers ordain'd of thee.

Her with thy choicest mercies bless,  
To all her counsels give success :  
In war, in peace, thine aid be seen,  
*f* Thy strength command—God save the Queen.

*p* And oh ! when earthly thrones decay,  
And earthly kingdoms fade away,  
*cr* Grant her a throne in worlds on high,  
*f* A crown of immortality.<sup>a</sup>

## 544. NATIONAL ANTHEM. 6s. 4s.

Harmonized by J. T. COOPER.



"And all the people shouted and said, God save the king."—1 SAM. x. 24.

*f* GOD save our gracious Queen,  
Long live our noble Queen,  
God save the Queen :  
*f* Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us :  
God save the Queen.

*mf* O Lord our God, arise,  
Scatter her enemies,  
And make them fall :  
Confound their politics ;  
Frustrate their knavish tricks ;  
On her our hopes we fix ;  
God save us all.

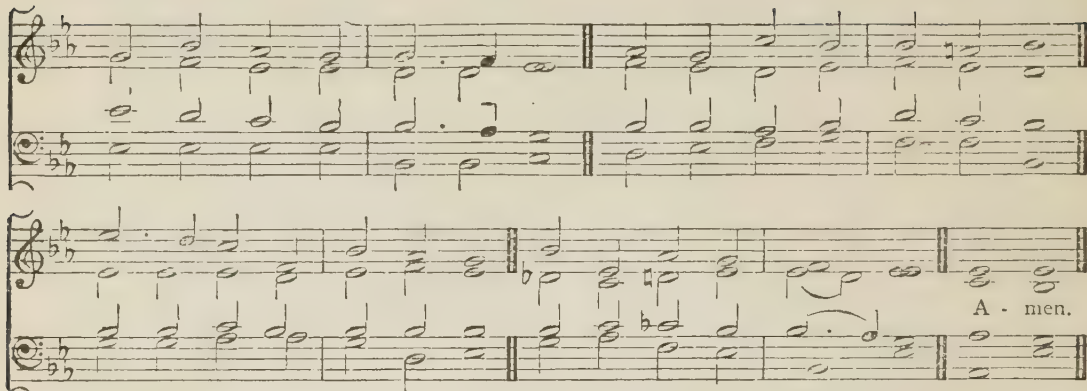
*f* Thy choicest gifts in store  
On her be pleased to pour ;  
Long may she reign :  
*cr* May she defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice,  
*f* God save the Queen.<sup>t</sup>

# Litanies.

FOR CHILDREN.

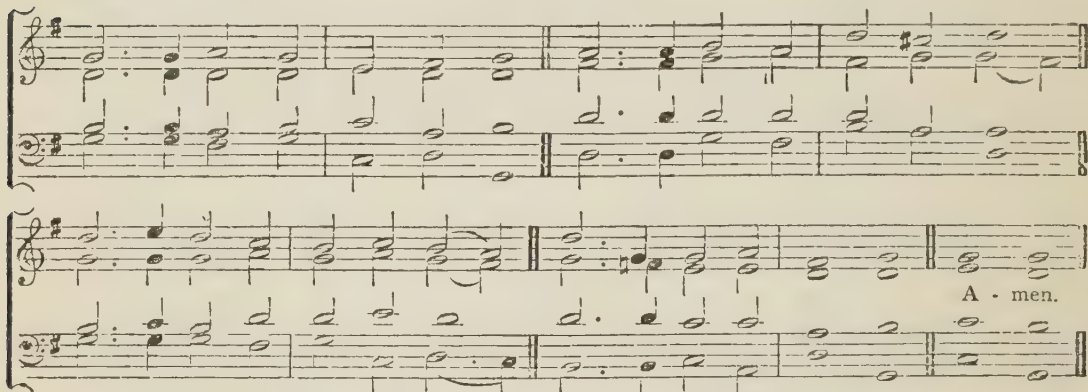
## 545. LITANY I. [FIRST TUNE.]

BUNNETT.



## 545. LITANY I. [SECOND TUNE.]

A. H. BROWN.



"He will be very gracious to thee at the voice of thy cry."—Is. xxx. 19.

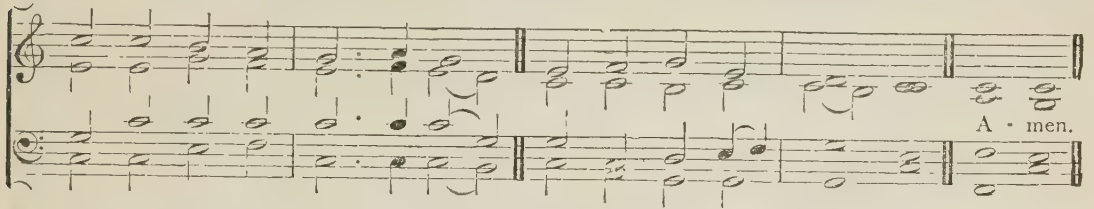
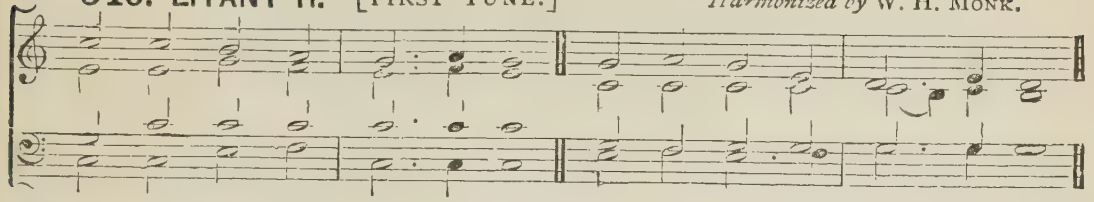
- |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| <i>mf</i> Jesu, from thy throne on high,<br>Far above the bright blue sky,<br>Look on us with loving eye;<br>Hear us, Holy Jesu.                  | Once a child so good and fair,<br>Feeling want, and toil, and care,<br>All that we may have to bear:<br>Hear us, Holy Jesu.                 | May we grow from day to day,<br>Glad to learn each holy way,<br>Ever ready to obey:<br>Hear us, Holy Jesu.                            |
| Little children need not fear,<br>When they know that thou art<br>near:<br>Thou dost love us, Saviour dear;<br>Hear us, Holy Jesu.                | <i>cr</i> Jesu, thou dost love us still,<br>And it is thy holy will<br>That we should be safe from ill:<br>Hear us, Holy Jesu.              | May we ever try to be<br>From our sinful tempers free,<br>Pure and gentle, Lord, like thee:<br>Hear us, Holy Jesu.                    |
| <i>p</i> Little lambs may come to thee;<br>Thou wilt fold us tenderly,<br>And our careful Shepherd be;<br>Hear us, Holy Jesu.                     | <i>mf</i> Be thou with us every day,<br>In our work and in our play,<br>When we learn and when we pray:<br>Hear us, Holy Jesu.              | <i>mf</i> May our thoughts be undefiled,<br>May our words be true and mild,<br>Make us each a holy child:<br>Hear us, Holy Jesu.      |
| <i>mf</i> Little hearts may love thee well,<br>Little lips thy love may tell,<br><i>cr</i> Little hymns thy praises swell:<br>Hear us, Holy Jesu. | <i>p</i> When we lie asleep at night,<br><i>cr</i> Ever may thy angels bright<br>Keep us safe till morning's light:<br>Hear us, Holy Jesu.  | <i>p</i> Jesu, Son of God Most High,<br>Who didst in a manger lie,<br><i>pp</i> Who upon the cross didst die:<br>Hear us, Holy Jesu.  |
| <i>mf</i> Little lives may be divine,<br>Little deeds of love may shine,<br><i>cr</i> Little ones be wholly thine:<br>Hear us, Holy Jesu.         | <i>mf</i> Make us brave without a fear,<br>Make us happy, full of cheer,<br><i>p</i> Sure that thou art always near:<br>Hear us, Holy Jesu. | <i>cr</i> Jesu, from thy heavenly throne,<br>Watching o'er each little one,<br>Till our life on earth is done:<br>Hear us, Holy Jesu. |
| <i>p</i> Jesu, once an infant small,<br>Cradled in the oxen's stall,<br>Though the God and Lord of all:<br>Hear us, Holy Jesu.                    | <i>mf</i> May we prize our Christian name,<br>May we guard it free from blame,<br>Fearing all that causes shame:<br>Hear us, Holy Jesu.     | <i>f</i> Jesu, whom we hope to see<br>Calling us in heaven to be<br>Happy evermore with thee,<br>Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.            |

# Titanics.

TO THE ETERNAL FATHER.

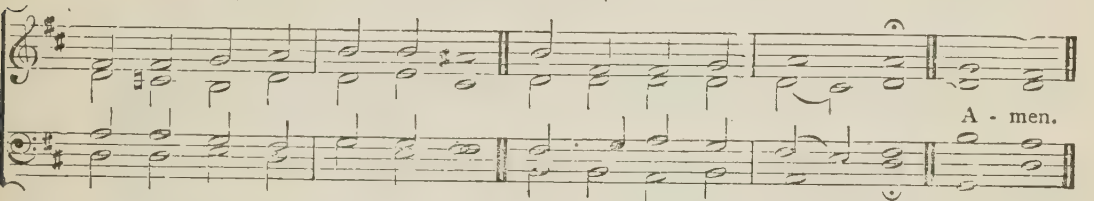
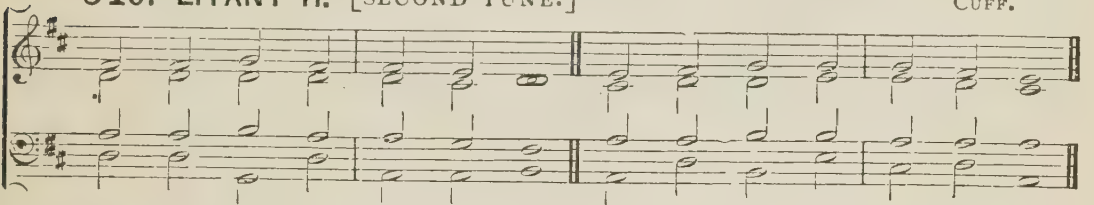
## 546. LITANY II. [FIRST TUNE.]

Harmonized by W. H. MONK.



## 546. LITANY II. [SECOND TUNE.]

CUFF.



"Ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father."—ROM. viii. 15.

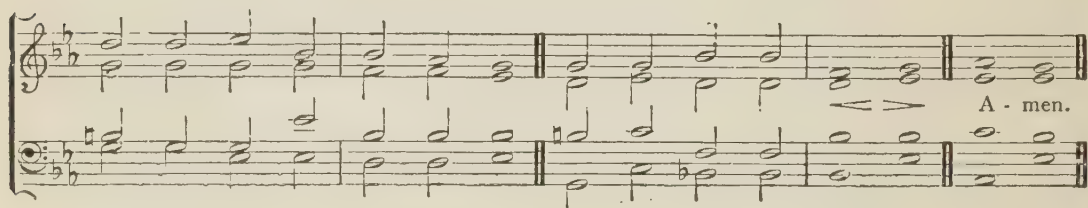
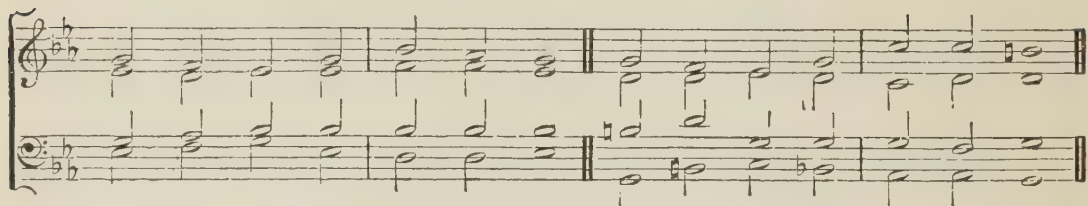
- UNCREATED Fount of light,  
Glory without shade of night,  
Everlasting, infinite,  
Holy Father, hear us.
- Well of life that ever flows,  
Life more pure than stainless  
snows,  
Life in calm serene repose,  
Holy Father, hear us.
- Blessèd One, whose name is love,  
Pleads with thee thy Son above;  
Broods o'er us thy hovering Dove;  
Holy Father, hear us.
- Round about thy sapphire throne,  
Shines the rainbow's emerald  
zone,  
Breathing heavenly peace alone:  
Holy Father, hear us.
- There before thy mercy seat  
Saints in light and angels meet;  
Yet behold us at thy feet:  
Holy Father, hear us.
- Thou, whose deep compassions  
yearn  
For the prodigal's return,  
And his far-off steps discern,  
Holy Father, hear us.
- Aching hearts that long for rest,  
Wilderness souls by doubt op-  
press'd, [breast,—  
Babes that crave a parent's  
Holy Father, hear us.
- All have some great gift to seek,  
Hungred, thirsty, weary, weak;  
All have wants no words can  
speak,  
Holy Father, hear us.
- Is not thy paternal board  
With all royal bounties stored,  
Priceless, countless, unexplored?  
Holy Father, hear us.
- Thou who sparedst not thy Son,  
Him thine own, thine only One,  
Till thy work by him was done,  
Holy Father, hear us.
- Thou in all his sorrows nigh,  
Thou, who heardest his last cry,  
Thou, who sufferdest him to die,  
Holy Father, hear us.
- Thou, omnipotent to save  
From destruction's whelming  
wave, [grave,  
Death and hell and vanquish'd  
Holy Father, hear us.
- Thou, at whose right hand once  
He is now, his conflict o'er, (more,  
Throned where he was throned  
before,  
Holy Father, hear us.
- Thou, who crownest him with grace  
Foldest him to thine embrace,  
Him the brightness of thy face,  
Holy Father, hear us.
- All the richest gifts of heaven,  
Sevenfold from the Spirits Seven,  
Measureless to him are given:  
Holy Father, hear us.
- At his word thy Spirit came  
Crowns of light and tongues of  
flame:  
Oh for our Redeemer's name,  
Holy Father, hear us.
- Grant us in this holy hour  
From his bride's exhaustless  
dower [power:  
Light and life and peace and  
Holy Father, hear us.
- Hear our cry, our voiceless needs:  
Hear, in us thy Spirit pleads:  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes:  
Holy Father, hear us. Amen

# Litanies.

## THE SEVEN WORDS ON THE CROSS.

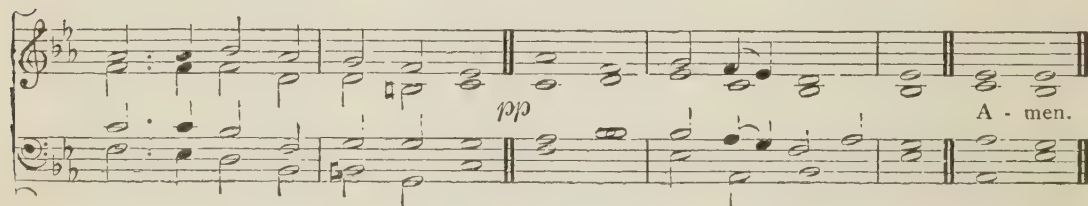
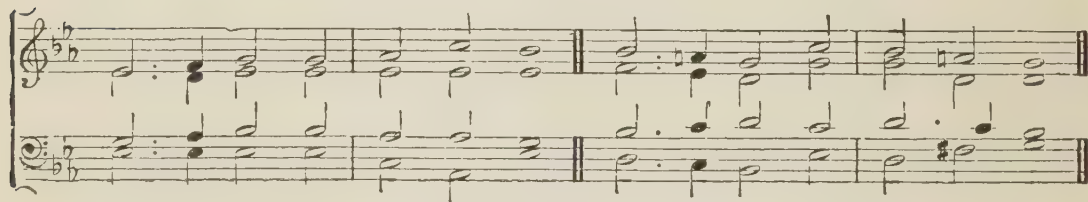
### 547. LITANY III. [FIRST TUNE.]

GAUNTLETT.



### 547. LITANY III. [SECOND TUNE.]

A. H. BROWN.



*"Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."—LUKE xxiii. 34.*

*mp* JESU, in thy dying woes,  
Even while thy life-blood flows,  
Craving pardon for thy foes ;  
Hear us, Holy JESU

Saviour, for our pardon sue,  
When our sins thy pangs renew,  
For we know not what we do :  
Hear us, Holy JESU

O may we, who mercy need,  
*cr* Be like thee in heart and deed,  
When with wrong our spirits bleed :  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*"To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."—  
LUKE xxiii. 43.*

*mp* JESU, pitying the sighs  
Of the thief, who near thee dies,  
*cr* Promising him Paradise :  
Hear us, Holy JESU.



# Litanyes.

*mp* May we in our guilt and shame  
*cr* Still thy love and mercy claim,  
 Calling humbly on thy Name :  
     Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*mp* O remember us who pine,  
 Looking from our cross to thine ;  
*cr* Cheer our souls with hope divine :  
     Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*"Woman, behold thy Son. Behold thy mother."*—  
 JOHN xix. 26, 27.

*mp* JESU, loving to the end  
 Her whose heart thy sorrows rend,  
 And thy dearest human friend :  
     Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*cr* May we in thy sorrows share,  
 And for thee all peril dare,  
 And enjoy thy tender care :  
     Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*di* May we all thy loved ones be,  
 All one holy family,  
 Loving for the love of thee :  
     Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?"*  
 —MATT. xxvii. 46.

*fp* JESU, whelm'd in fears unknown,  
 With our evil left alone,  
 While no light from heaven is shown :  
     Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*p* When we vainly seem to pray,  
 And our hope seems far away,  
*cr* In the darkness be our stay :  
     Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*p* Though no Father seem to hear,  
 Though no light our spirits cheer,  
 Tell our faith that God is near :  
*cr*      Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*"I thirst."*—JOHN xix. 28.

*mp* JESU, in thy thirst and pain,  
 While thy wounds thy life-blood drain,

Thirsting more our love to gain :  
     Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*cr* Thirst for us in mercy still ;  
 All thy holy work fulfil ;  
 Satisfy thy loving will :  
     Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*mp* May we thirst thy love to know ;  
 Lead us in our sin and woe  
 Where the healing waters flow :  
     Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*"It is finished."*—JOHN xix. 30.

*mf* JESU,—all our ransom paid,  
 All thy Father's will obeyed,—  
 By thy sufferings perfect made :  
     Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Save us in our soul's distress,  
 Be our help to cheer and bless,  
 While we grow in holiness :  
     Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*cr* Brighten all our heavenward way,  
 With an ever holier ray,  
*f* Till we pass to perfect day :  
     Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."*—  
 LUKE xxiii. 46.

*p* JESU,—all thy labour vast,  
 All thy woe and conflict past,—  
*fp* Yielding up thy soul at last :  
     Hear us, Holy Jesu.

*mp* When the death shades round us lower,  
 Guard us from the tempter's power,  
 Keep us in that trial hour :  
     Hear us, Holy Jesu.

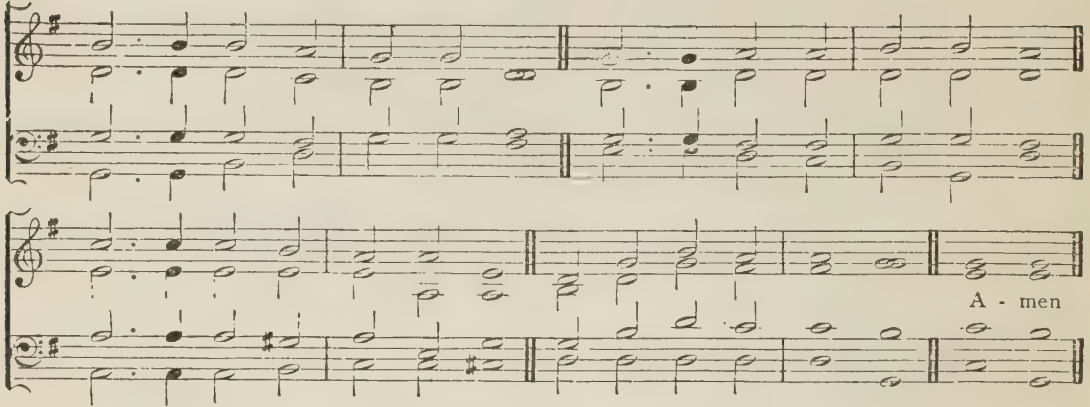
*cr* May thy life and death supply  
 Grace to live and grace to die,  
*f* Grace to reach the home on high :  
     Hear us, Holy Jesu.

# Litanies.

TO THE HOLY GHOST.

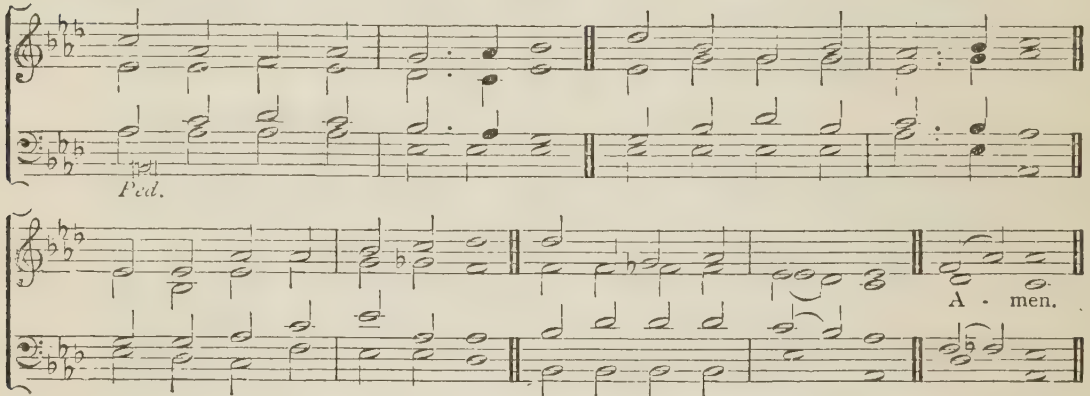
## 548. LITANY IV. [FIRST TUNE.]

Harmonized by SULLIVAN



## 548. LITANY IV. [SECOND TUNE.]

BUNNETT



"I will be as the dew unto Israel."—HOSEA xiv. 5.

*mf* SPIRIT blest, who art adored  
With the Father and the Word,  
One eternal God and Lord ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

*p* Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
Dew descending from above,  
*cr* Breath of life, and fire of love ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

*mf* Source of strength and knowledge clear,  
Wisdom, godliness sincere,  
Understanding, counsel, fear ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Source of meekness, love, and peace,  
Patience, pureness, faith's increase,  
Hope and joy that cannot cease ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

*cr* Spirit guiding us aright,  
Spirit making darkness light,  
*f* Spirit of resistless might ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

*mp* Thou by whom the Virgin bore  
Him, whom heaven and earth adore,  
Sent our nature to restore ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

*cr* Thou, whom Jesus from his throne  
Gave to cheer and help his own,  
That they might not be alone ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

*mf* Thou whose grace the Church doth fill  
Showing her God's perfect will,  
Making Jesus present still ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit

Thou by whom our souls are fed  
With the true and living bread,  
*p* Even him who for us bled ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

*mf* All thy seven-fold gifts bestow,  
Gifts of wisdom God to know,  
Gifts of strength to meet the foe ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

*di* All our evil passions kill,  
Bend aright our stubborn will,  
*pp* Though we grieve thee, patient still ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

*cr* Come to raise us when we fall,  
And, when snares our souls enthrall  
Lead us back with gentle call ;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

# Vitæ.

*mf* Come, to strengthen all the weak,  
Give thy courage to the meek,  
Teach our faltering tongues to speak;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit

*f* Come to aid the souls who yearn  
More of truth divine to learn,  
And with deeper love to burn;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

*mf* Keep us in the narrow way,  
Warn us when we go astray,  
*p* Plead within us when we pray;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

*f* Holy, loving, as thou art,  
Come, and live within our heart;  
Never more from us depart;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Amen.

## 549. LITANY V.

A. H. BROWN.

Come to us: ..... come.

rall. A - men.

"I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—JOHN viii. 12.

*mf* LIGHT, that from the dark abyss  
Madest all things, none amiss,  
*cr* To share thy beauty, share thy bliss,  
Come to us: come.

*f* Light, that dost o'er all things reign,  
Light that dost all life maintain;  
O Light, that dost create again,  
Come to us: come.

*p* Light of men, that left the skies,  
Light that look'd through human eyes,  
*fp* And died in darkness as man dies,  
Come to us: come.

*cr* Light that stoop'd to rise and raise,  
*f* Soar'd to God above our gaze,  
And still art with us all the days,  
Come to us: come.

*mf* Light that makest manifest,  
Beautifiest, hallowest,  
Light in thy joyous strength at rest,  
Come to us: come.

*mp* Leave us not to say we see,  
While we shut our eyes to thee,  
*fp* Who knockest very patiently:  
Enter, and come.

*mf* All our good is thine alone;  
All our evil is our own;  
O drive it from before thy throne,—  
Come to us: come

Works of darkness put away;  
With thy harness us array  
*cr* To walk in light and wait for day,  
And thee to come.

*p* We have done great wrong to thee,  
*cr* Yet we do belong to thee;  
*f* O make our life one song to thee.  
Come to us: come.

Come in all the majesty  
*di* Of thy great humility;  
*ff* Come, the whole world cries out to thee,  
Come to us: come.

For verses 6 and 8.

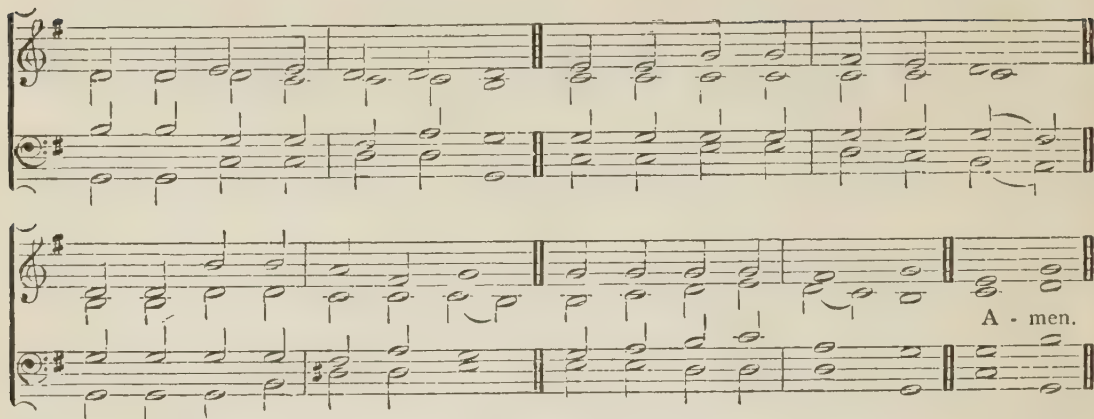
rall. ....

6. En - - - ter, and come.  
8. And thee to come

# Titanies.

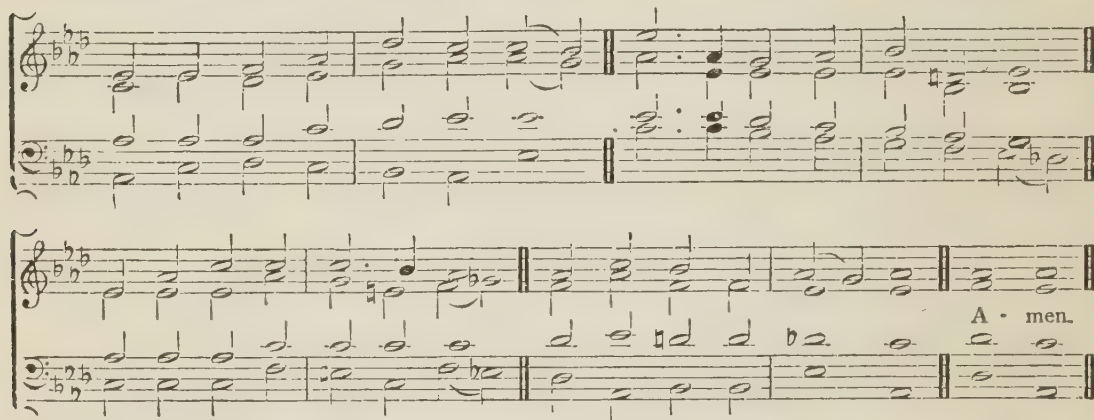
## 550. LITANY VI. [FIRST TUNE.]

CUFF.



## 550. LITANY VI. [SECOND TUNE.]

BUNNETT.



"Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it."—EPH. v. 25.

*mf* JESU, with thy church abide,  
Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,  
While on earth her faith is tried :

We beseech thee, hear us.

Arms of love around her throw,  
Shield her safe from every foe,

*p* Calm her in the time of woe :

We beseech thee, hear us.

*mf* Keep her life and doctrine pure,  
Help her, patient to endure,  
Trusting in thy promise sure :

We beseech thee, hear us.

Be thou with her all the days,  
May she, safe from error's ways,  
Toil for thine eternal praise :

We beseech thee, hear us

May her voice be ever clear,

*p* Warning of a judgment near,

*cr* Telling of a Saviour dear :

We beseech thee, hear us.

*mf* All her ruin'd works repair,  
Build again thy temple fair,  
Manifest thy presence there :

We beseech thee, hear us.

All her fetter'd powers release,

Bid our strife and envy cease,

*p* Grant the heavenly gift of peace :

We beseech thee, hear us.

*mf* All her questions reconcile,

Let not Satan's touch defile,

Let not worldly snares beguile :

We beseech thee, hear us.

*cr* May she one in doctrine be,

One in truth and charity,

Winning all to faith in thee :

We beseech thee, hear us.

*mf* May she guide the poor and blind,

Seek the lost until she find,

*p* And the broken-hearted bind :

We beseech thee, hear us.

*mf* Save her love from growing cold,

Make her watchmen strong and bold,

Fence her round—thy peaceful fold :

We beseech thee, hear us.

May her priests thy people feed,  
Shepherds of the flock indeed,  
Ready, where they call, to lead :

We beseech thee, hear us.



# Titanics.

May they live the truths they know,  
And a holy pattern show,  
As before thy flock they go :  
We beseech thee, hear us.

♫ May the grace of him who died,  
And the Father's love abide,  
And the Spirit ever guide :  
We beseech thee, hear us.

♫ All her evil purge away,  
All her doubts and fears allay,  
Hasten, Lord, her triumph day :  
We beseech thee, hear us.

♫ Help her in her time of fast,  
cr Till her toil and woe are past,  
f And the Bridegroom come at last :  
We beseech thee, hear us.

♫ May she then all glorious be,  
Spotless and from wrinkle free,  
Pure and bright and worthy thee :  
We beseech thee, hear us.

Fit her all thy joy to share,  
In the home thou dost prepare,  
And be ever blessed there :  
We beseech thee, hear us.

Amen

## Doxologies.

a. [L.M.]

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

b. [L.M.]

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom earth and heaven adore,  
Be glory, as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

c. [C.M.]

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore. Amen.

d. [D.C.M.]

To God, our Benefactor, bring,  
The tribute of your praise ;  
Too small for an Almighty King,  
But all that we can raise.  
Glory to thee, bless'd Three in One,  
The God whom we adore,  
As was, and is, and shall be done,  
When time shall be no more. Amen.

e. [S.M.]

To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, ever bless'd,  
The One in Three, the Three in One,  
Be endless praise address'd. Amen.

f. [D.S.M.]

Praise as in ages past,  
Praise as in glory now,  
Praise while eternity shall last,  
To thee, O God, we vow ;  
Whom all the heavenly host  
And saints on earth adore ;  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be glory evermore. Amen.

g. [SIX 8s]

Immortal honour, endless fame  
Attend the Almighty Father's name ;  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died ;  
An equal adoration be,  
Eternal Comforter, to thee. Amen.

h. [SIX 8s.]

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heaven's triumphant host  
And suffering saints on earth adore,  
Be glory ; as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last,  
When time itself must be no more. Amen.

i. [7s.]

Sing we to our God above  
Praise eternal as his love,  
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

k. [SIX 7s.]

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
As by the celestial host  
Let thy will on earth be done :  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven. Amen.

l. [D. 7s.]

Holy Father, fount of light,  
God of wisdom, goodness, might ;  
Holy Son, who cam'st to dwell,  
God with us, Emmanuel ;  
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
God of comfort, peace, and love ;  
Evermore be thou adored,  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. Amen.

N.B.—For metre Ten 7s. begin this doxology by prefixing the last two lines thus :—

• Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,  
Evermore be thou adored,  
Holy Father, &c.

# Doxologies.

m. [8s. 7s.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
Praise to thine eternal merit,  
Long as ceaseless ages run. Amen.

n. [D, 8s. 7s.

Let the voice of all creation,  
Earth and heaven's triumphant host,  
Praise the God of our salvation,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
See the heavenly elders casting  
Golden crowns before his throne :  
Hallelujahs everlasting  
Be to him, and him alone. Amen.

O. [8s. 7s. 4.

Praise the Father throned in heaven :  
Praise the everlasting Son ;  
Praise the Spirit freely given ;  
Praise the blessed Three in One.  
Hallelujah !  
Long as ceaseless ages run. Amen.

*N.B.—By repeating the "Hallelujah" in the fifth line, this doxology is applicable to hymns of metre 8s. 7s. 7s.*

p. [10s.

All praise and glory to the Father be  
And Son and Spirit, undivided Three,  
As hath been alway, shall be, and is now,  
To thee, O God, the everlasting Thou. Amen.

q. [104TH M.

By angels in heaven,  
Of every degree,  
And saints upon earth,  
All praise be address'd,  
To God in Three Persons,  
One God ever bless'd ;  
As it has been, now is,  
And always shall be. Amen.

r. [6s.

To Father and to Son,  
And, Holy Ghost, to thee,  
Eternal Three in One,  
Eternal glory be ;  
As hath been, and is now,  
And shall be evermore :  
Before thy throne we bow,  
And thee our God adore. Amen.

s. [7s. 6s.

O Father ever glorious,  
O everlasting Son,  
O Spirit all victorious,  
Thrice Holy Three in One,—  
Great God of our salvation,  
Whom earth and heaven adore,

Praise, glory, adoration,  
Be thine for evermore. Amen.

t. [6s. 4s

To Father and to Son  
And Spirit, Three in One,  
All praise be given,  
As hath been heretofore  
And shall be evermore :  
Let all his name adore  
In earth and heaven. Amen.

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To Father, Son, and Spirit, praise  
From earth and heaven ascend :—  
The loftiest notes that saints can raise  
World without end. Amen.

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Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Hallelujahs round thy throne  
Rise eternally. Amen.

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O God, for ever blessed,  
To thee all praise be given ;  
Thy Name Triune confessed  
By all in earth and heaven ;  
As heretofore  
It was, is now,  
And shall be so  
For evermore. Amen.

*N.B.—By accentuating the second è in "blessèd" and "confessèd," this doxology is suited for Hymn 22, P.M.*

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Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Thou One in Three,  
Praise to thine eternal merit,  
All praise to thee :  
From the morning of creation,  
From the tribes of every nation,  
Glory, power, and adoration,  
Thine ever be. Amen.

y. [P.M.

O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God of our salvation,  
From earth and all the heavenly host  
To thee be adoration :  
As hath been from the ages past,  
As shall be while the ages last  
Eternal Hallelujah ! Amen.

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O Holy Father, Holy Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
As was, and is, and shall be done,  
Glory to thee, O Lord. Amen.

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